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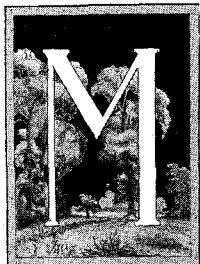
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GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

BY ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.



R. KNOFF'S edition of Maupassant¹ needs saving from its friends. We are told that Maupassant "ranks with Balzac, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky and Chekhov." The jackets describe previous complete editions as teeming with "gross errors, omissions and suppressions," and flung together in a most haphazard and chaotic way. Mr. Boyd, helped by Storm Jameson and Clara Bell, claims to rectify all this. He adds posthumous works and many hitherto unpublished stories, and has arranged all in chronological order, "thus presenting a conspectus of Maupassant [*sic*] development in the art of which he became a master." Maupassant would have been as cynically amused by this, had he lived and not written it himself, as by his latest biographer's description of him as "poor, clean-minded Guy!"

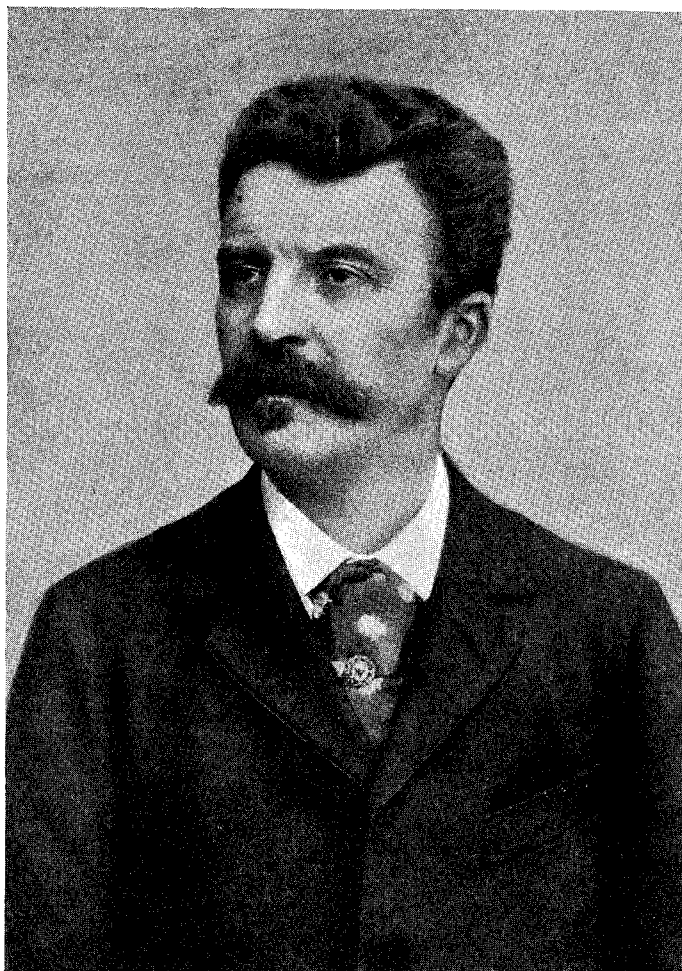
This beautiful edition can afford to stand on its own bottom, like the tubs in Bunyan. A careful reading of the eighteen volumes leaves one appeased. There are quaint misprints, such as "Champs Elysée," "possessedg a feelin," "Providende," "a storm of bows" (blows) falling on a servant, "the sad courageous farewell of a proud spirt" (spirit), and one line, in this case without excuse of bashfulness, jumps from top to bottom of its page. Translations, marginal or otherwise, might have been given of quotations from French writers, and we miss some definite rule in dealing with such nicknames and double meanings as "La Grenouillère," "La Trombe," "Mouche," "Fracasse" and

"voler." But these handsomely produced books make easy reading; Mr. Boyd and his assistants have changed good French accurately into good English; and I notice an exceptionally happy choice of equivalents when more obvious and facile words would have missed the mark. It is on the whole an extremely competent translation.

Maupassant occupies a place so exclusively his own that he is difficult to review—and indeed to edit. No dates are given; we are not told that he wrote "La Main de l'Ecorché," his grim first story, under the pen-name of Joseph Prunier in 1875; and "The Legacy" precedes its rough draft, "The Million." But one wonders why so able a critic as Mr. Boyd should overestimate the value of chronology as showing Maupassant's development. His real life-work, practically finished within a decade, began where Mr. Boyd actually begins it—with "Boule-de-Suif." This appeared in 1880, in a volume of short stories of which Zola's "Attaque du Moulin" was one. Within a day Maupassant was famous. The

only parallel case seems that of Byron. "Boule-de-Suif" is nearly perfect. Nor does one easily detect any marked development of human sympathy, though there is a growing disillusion. He began at the summit.

A more difficult question arises when one asks whether he gains by a complete and unabridged edition, however inevitable. Dr. Thomas Bowdler would have given an emphatic answer. But a hundred editors of Family Shakespeares and Family Gibbons could not produce a Maupassant who would "no longer raise a blush on the cheek of modest innocence, nor plant a pang in the heart of the devout Christian," and "could with propriety be read aloud in a family." *Tempora et nos* have changed since Bowdler's



Guy de Maupassant.

¹ "The Collected Novels and Short Stories of Guy de Maupassant." Translated and edited by Ernest Boyd. 18 vols. 7s. 6d. each. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

day and, after all, a rigid censorship defeats its own ends. Continental beaches were crowded one summer with readers of a famous novel frowned upon by the French Academy and the Vatican, and our bookshops could tell the same tale. There are stories in this collection that no English magazine would dare to print, and no reviewer care to quote before a mixed audience. Some were banned in France, and some were written, as Maupassant admitted, to please the erotic tastes of journals for which he wrote. We are a queer people in our inconsistencies, even if freedom of the press is worth a mass.

Only the supreme excellence of his finest stories has saved many others from oblivion. The pearls lie in banks of mud. Our attitude is so different from the French (at least the French for whom Maupassant wrote), that an English reviewer finds himself faced with curious difficulties. After all a Frenchman of a very different feather, Blaise Pascal—though he mortified with a spiked girdle the flesh which Maupassant indulged—said that morals were a matter of latitude and longitude. In each of us doubtless are dark Africa and its prodigies; and there is a Maupassant in the soberest little English draper. But Greenwich, not Paris, is our meridian; we rarely flaunt folly as a panache, or explain a world in terms of the divorce court, the Parc aux Cerfs or Bankside.

The autoscopia—the illusion of self-seeing—from which he suffered is traceable in much of his work. His characters are himself in other clothes and bodies; his god is Maupassant—and indeed “the bad Passer-by”—who is cruel to lesser creatures, and has made free love “the only merry and good thing on earth.” Marriage, in Maupassant’s view, though socially necessary, was the acme of bourgeois imbecility. One recalls a passage in Victor Hugo’s “Nôtre Dame”: “Phœbus de Châteaupers also came to a tragical end; he married.”

In his preface to “Pierre and Jean” Maupassant anticipates a criticism I was on the point of passing—that he is not strictly speaking a novelist. I may be wrong, for the short story, the romance and the novel are very difficult to distinguish and define. Is “The Million” a short story, with its seven pages, and “The Legacy,” with ninety-four, a novel? Characters and situations are the same; only names and words are changed. I will content myself with saying that I see exquisite word-pictures, ingenuity, the gift of fascinating narrative; a deeper knowledge of psychology than he is generally credited with, because passages in “Mont Oriol,” “A Woman’s Heart” and elsewhere adumbrate recent thought. But he is far from being the peer of Tolstoy, Turgenev, Balzac, Dostoievsky, and one misses the clean, pure airs of human pity and Olympian concern which cleanse the tragedy of Thomas Hardy and of the Greek drama; in mass his books deny the promise of his earlier work; he is too local and too limited to be very great.

“Bel-Ami,” an overrated book, is a vivid, brilliant and callous story of an adventurer in the corrupt days of the Third Empire. “Mont Oriol” has some excellently drawn characters in the Spa doctors, the Jewish financier and the vine-dresser’s family. The closing scene in “Strong as Death” almost touches

greatness when the heroine, eclipsed by her daughter, burns Olivier Bertin’s love-letters at his request. Bertin, by the way, is Maupassant. “A Woman’s Heart” is an unpleasant and sordid story of different types of love. “A Woman’s Life,” which opens with a delightful account of a young girl leaving her convent school for a wider world, is a story of disillusion, though it ends with the verdict, “Life, after all, is never so good or so bad as people think.” It has some wonderful word-pictures of Corsica, and of Normandy with its peasantry, petty aristocracy and fisherfolk. Most of Maupassant’s backgrounds I know—the country round Yvetôt and Etretat, where his happiest days were passed; Brittany; the Esterels; Corsica, Algeria, Italy; I have wandered through the depressing Suburra of Rouen, and remember the Paris of his later life and my boyhood. His descriptions are full of colour and beauty. Here is one of Paris from his short story, “Night”:

“The Avenue was deserted now. Two solitary policemen were walking near the cab-stand, and a string of vegetable carts was going to the Halles along the roadway, scarcely lit by the gas-jets, which seemed to be dying out. They moved along slowly, laden with carrots, turnips and cabbages. The invisible drivers were asleep, the horses were walking with an even step, following the carts in front of them, and making no noise on the wooden pavement. As they passed each lamp on the footpath, the carrots showed up red in the light; the turnips white, the cabbages green, and they passed one after another, these carts which were as red as fire, as white as silver, and as green as emeralds.”

I am inclined to place “Pierre and Jean,” in spite of its painful theme, at the head of his novels. It is well constructed and the characters are finely drawn. But it does not place him in the first rank of novelists.

In his short stories he does sometimes achieve greatness, notably in “Boule-de-Suif,” “Madame Tellier’s Establishment,” “The Child” and “The Olive Orchard.” “Boule-de-Suif” is certainly a great little story. He was thirty when it was written at Médan. The background was the cataclysm of 1870–71 which had taught him the stupidity and futility of war, “made by bigwigs,” as the church beadle says in this story, and not by the poor. The generous, noble, pathetic little prostitute induced to sell herself by the contemptible respectabilities at the inn will live when most of Maupassant’s work is forgotten. “Boule-de-Suif” is worth a library of manuals on the art of the short story. He had learnt from Boulhet the value of a hundred flawless lines holding the essence of even a second-rate man’s talent and originality, and Flaubert, by correcting, revising and inducing him to suppress immature early work, taught him the power of a word rightly placed, and the importance of observation in a world where no two grains of sand, no two flies and no two noses are absolutely alike. I recommend all young story-tellers to study the skill with which the two nuns, the least conspicuous of the occupants of the diligence, become at a crucial moment the most significant of all. This is great art.

If Flaubert had lived to supervise and suppress much of his pupil’s later work! After reading this collected edition one emerges in the condition of Maupassant’s heroine who saw life at an odd angle through a maze of

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

RAFAEL SABATINI.

fifteen thousand novels. He stands on no higher pinnacle than that on which a few glorious, familiar stories had already placed him. One wearies of a world of men and women faithless, without honour or conception of truth or common loyalties; even brilliant flashes of wit, such as in "The Legacy," "In a Railway Carriage," "One Night's Entertainment"—and in the adventures of the naughty little Baronne de Grangerie and the naughty little Marquise de Renne-don—fail to atone for a monotony of seductions, adulteries, rapes, murders, suicides. But "Madame Tellier's Establishment" touches greatness and justifies itself.

"Finis," the last story Mr. Boyd gives us, ends with the last significant words: "He sat down opposite his reflection, crushed at the sight of his wretched appearance, murmuring, 'Finis Lormerin!'"

The last words Maupassant was heard to murmur in the asylum where he died were, "*Des ténèbres! Des ténèbres!*"

Truly a dark ending to this man; of whom Mr. Robert H. Sherard in "The Life Work and Evil Fate of Guy de Maupassant"¹ gives a grimly fascinating account. Everyone who is interested in Maupassant should read this book, verbose as it sometimes is, and marred by an extravagant hero-worship as it almost always is.

¹ 218. (Werner Laurie.)

The widest charity should keep two eyes open, even if the frequency of success in letters and failure in life makes one ask how far a painful price has to be paid for the revelation of every corner of human experience in our books. But one need not be Anatole France's priest of pity to echo with Mr. Sherard, "Poor Guy!" Maupassant's agony and terror, when general paralysis of the insane—that fearful disease with the implacable memory—was drawing nearer and nearer like some Hound of Hell, make one of the saddest chapters in literary history. Yet there is a hint of another chase as relentless but invincibly kind; a suggestion of the secret fulfilment of George Herbert's noblest aspiration. From the glass of blessings had been poured birth, fame, strength, looks, honours, wealth, health:

"Let him be riche and wearie, that at least
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast. . . ."

In his coarser vein Maupassant used the crucifix as a background to a sordid story of the courts, and again as a lure for a woman's amours. The man who was losing all stopped (said his valet) before a Calvary in a new reverence; and the last book he read before reason left him, taking all his world away, was the "Imitation of Christ."

ST. BEGA.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM WORDSWORTH.

BY M. BRADFORD WHITING.

WORDSWORTH'S "Stanzas off St. Bees Head on the Coast of Cumberland" is not one of his

best known nor one of his most admired poems, yet a special interest attaches to it from the fact that, though a staunch adherent of the Church of England, he allowed it to be quoted in full in the "Life of St. Bega"—one of the series of "Lives of the English Saints" edited by F. W. Faber—and that Faber gratefully acknowledged the liberal-mindedness of the poet in giving this permission.

The discovery of a letter from Wordsworth to Faber in a private collection of autographs is therefore worth noting, since it throws some further light on the subject.

The letter is dated

Rydal Mount.

Aug. 6th, 1844.

"MY DEAR MR. FABER,

"You will do me honour by attaching my lines to your Life of St. Bega. Be so good as to affix the date of the lines. When the poem was first printed, viz. in the volume entitled 'Yarrow Revisited,' two of the stanzas exceeded the others in length, a fault which was afterwards corrected in the edition of 1837, as the lines have stood

since. The last stanza I wish you would print thus, that being the only alteration I purpose to make in future:



William Wordsworth.

'Alas! the genius of our
age from Schools
Less humble, draws her
lessons, aims and rules,
Would merge, Idolatress of
formal skill
In her own Systems God's
eternal will;
To her, despising faith in
things unseen,
Matter and spirit are as
one Machine,
Better, etc.'

It will be necessary to notice what is said in the advertisement to the Poem of the new College of St. Bees, otherwise these lines will be unintelligible. I am concerned about what you say of your eyes. Do remember the old adage of the Goose and golden eggs. You will in the end get far more work out of yourself if you spread it over a longer space of time.

"Dear Miss Fenwick is in Somersetshire. All are pretty well here and send best remembrances.

"ever dear Mr. Faber,

"affectionately and faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM WORDSWORTH."

Wordsworth and Faber had become friends before the latter left the Church of England. Faber took his

degree at Oxford in 1836, and he was not appointed to the living of Elton (Hunts) until 1843. Some part of the intervening time was spent by him in clerical work in the Lake District and, having been introduced to Wordsworth, he was frequently at Rydal Mount. Poet and priest found that they had so much in common that they were not alienated by the subsequent cleavage in their religious views. Wordsworth's stubborn opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill was matched by many outspoken passages in the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*—such for example as that in the "Revival of Popery," published in 1827:

"The saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green!
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their gods of wood and stone; and at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the Altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue."

Faber was a constant student of Wordsworth's poetry, and therefore he must have known that that which was to him most sacred was called idolatry by his friend; but at the same time he believed that Wordsworth was broad-minded enough to recognise that his own idea of truth was not necessarily the idea cherished by others, for he seems to have had no hesitation in asking him to allow his poem to appear in the "Lives of the Saints" which he had undertaken to edit at the suggestion of Cardinal Newman.

Ten years before, in the 1833 edition of his Works, Wordsworth had published his "Stanzas off St. Bees," and remembering his eulogy of the Sweet Votaress, Faber was anxious to append it to his *Life of the Saint*. Bega, Virgin and Abbess, was the daughter of an Irish king, a Christian, who reigned in the early part of the seventh century. She was baptized in infancy, and as a child dedicated herself to the service of God, so that when the heir to the throne of Norway came to ask her hand in marriage and she found that her father had given his consent, she escaped from the palace by night, took ship, landed on the coast of Cumberland and vowed to found a holy House on the headland where the College of St. Bees still stands.

Wordsworth tells the tale in his poem:

"When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed;
She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease;
And, from her vow, well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of
St. Bees.

"Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,
Who in these Wilds then struggled for command;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak;
Till this bright Stranger came, fair as daybreak,
And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed Light that crowns the Headland of
St. Bees.

"To aid the Votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
So piety took root; and Song might tell
What humanising virtues near her cell
Sprang up and spread their fragrance wide around;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of Gospel truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

"When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place above
The silent stars, among the angelic choir,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St. Bees."

That Wordsworth feared that some of the sentiments expressed in the poem might offend the stricter members of his own Church, is shown by the note that he appended to the next stanza:

"There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept
Sickened or died) in pious memory kept;
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees
Who to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

"I am aware that I am here treading on tender ground, but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results, and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless, and even praiseworthy; since some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalising sublime instincts and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy; they were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages, or of the present time."

That Faber fully recognised both the firmness of Wordsworth's own opinions, and his tolerance of the opinions of others, is shown by his acknowledgment of the poem in the "Life of St. Bega":

"By the kind permission of the author we are allowed to reprint entire Mr. Wordsworth's beautiful 'Stanzas on St. Bees,' written, be it observed, so long ago as 1833. The date is noticed as giving a fresh instance of the remarkable way in which his poems did in divers places anticipate the revival of Catholic doctrine among us. When anyone considers the tone of sneering which was almost universal in English authors when treating of a religious past with

which they did not sympathise, the tone of these verses is very striking indeed—the more striking since Mr. Wordsworth's works prove him to be very little in sympathy with Roman doctrine on the whole. Yet the affectionate reverence for the Catholic past, the humble consciousness of a loss sustained by ourselves, the readiness to put a good construction on what he cannot wholly receive, are in this poem in very edifying contrast with even the half irreverent sportiveness of Mr. Southey's poems when employed on similar subject matters. The poet, it may be observed, assumes on the authority of County historians, a cell of St. Bega destroyed by the Danes, and so traces the history of the sacred headland down to the modern College. The reader, acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's poems, will find an alteration in the last stanza; it has been printed as it is here given at the request of the author himself."

The "request" was made in the hitherto unpublished letter quoted above, and Faber was careful to print

the stanza in the desired form, an undoubted improvement on the earlier rendering:

"Alas! the genius of our age from Schools
Less humble, draws her lessons, aims and rules;
To Prowess guided by her insight keen
Matter and spirit are as one Machine.
Boastful Idolatress of formal skill,
She in her own would merge th' eternal will:
Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,
Her flight before the bold credulities
That furthered the first teachings of St. Bees."

According to the statement in the letter, the alteration in lines 3, 4, 5 and 6 were to stand for the future, but if the poet were to see the Oxford University Press edition of the collected Poems dated 1913, he would find that the editors have reverted to the text of the edition of 1833.

W. R. INGE.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

I

HABENT—but I must not use the old tag. Indeed it only came to mind because I suddenly recollected a particular application of it. Can those who

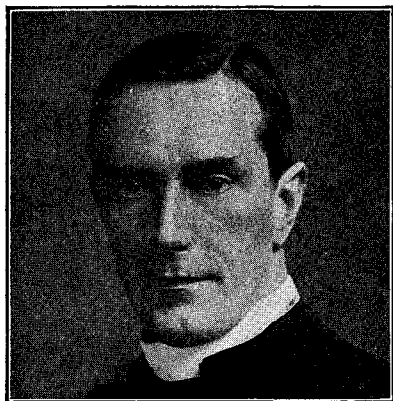


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Dean Inge.

collect books, who order the value of first editions, who set the standards of literary taste, who write the history of criticism—three very different classes of people—explain why it is that men of letters who happen to be priests, or whose writings are mainly theo-

logical, stand so comparatively low? Once it was not so—at least as far as criticism was concerned. Mr. Max Beerbohm pointed out in a teasing essay how, in Dr. Johnson's day, the bouquet, the aroma, the wealth of sermons seemed as important as to-day seem the more flagrant and flavourous qualities of popular novels. Your sermon-taster was quite as serious a person as our novel expert. But that has also passed. There is no doubt that it is a grave disadvantage for a distinguished author to write on matters of religion or theology. Even the old classics are suspect. Who reads Chillingworth? Or South? Or even William Law? Coming to more recent times, we can safely say that the literary reputation of such men as Dr. Church, Dr. Westcott, George Tyrrell, J. R. Illingworth, Scott Holland, Neville Figgis would have been far greater had they been fiercely or quietly agnostic. To go even higher. One of the imperishable glories of our literature, one of the books which must live beside the great confessions of the world, is Newman's "Apologia." In popularity it is still secure; even in criticism it holds its definite place—his standing among English men of letters is incontestible, but in the book-market Newman's great work cannot rank with far feebler efforts

of non-clerical authors. Fifteen years or so ago I bought a first edition of the "Apologia" and all its contributory pamphlets for thirty shillings, and yesterday I saw an exceptionally good and beautifully bound copy in a London bookshop for three pounds. Is it not absurd, when for a first edition of "The Way of All Flesh" one may be asked some fifteen pounds? No doubt one reason for the depreciation of theological literature is that it more quickly dates than any literature except that concerned with physical science; there is a sound instinct in the refusal to take a purely artistic view of books concerned with matters so tremendous.

Occasionally however there are other elements in the work of theologians and preachers which prevent the reader's critical judgment from being unbiased; and it is, I think, elements of this kind which have made literary critics ignore Dean Inge. He is pugnacious; he is petulant; he is evidently and deeply prejudiced about many matters of current interest; he is positive, and some of us think he is generally wrong—all of these traits lead his readers to fasten with dislike or admiration on qualities in his work which, whatever else they may be, are not literary qualities. This is a misfortune of course which he shares with other and greater men. All authors who have approached public affairs in the spirit of a prophet must risk achieving notoriety rather than fame. It has happened with the greatest. Neither Voltaire nor Ruskin—to name two men widely apart—stand as high in the estimation of lovers of literature as they would had they kept out of that political world which is so exciting at the time and so dull to most of posterity. It is difficult for us to remember how solemnly our fathers took the symptoms of Carlyle's dyspepsia; and we can hardly remember the names of the minor prophets of that age of wind and fury. Then in one other thing Dean Inge has risked literary discredit. He seems to be ill-tempered; and ill-temper is very bad for art. No great work has been done by a man in a tantrum. Great and righteous anger may produce literature; but peevishness or irritability only amuse those of us in the future who are interested in the pathology of greatness. As I turn over the pages of

"The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" I find that even the butterfly's sting has lost its venom, and if I go to Swinburne's "Under the Microscope" I feel more pity for the author than for his victims. No man's quarrels are ever as exciting as he thinks them, and no man's ill-temper will survive the cool stare, the indifferent turning aside of a posterity which can see in all this dust-raising nothing but an old-fashioned man imitating a dogfight. The voice which is raised highest does not carry farthest down the avenues of the future; and nothing is so soon taken back to silence as the noise of scolding.

II

There must be many readers of his Bampton Lectures and of the book on Plotinus, and even many readers who know only "Outspoken Essays," who feel jealous for the reputation of that author. In those books we found a serenity, a security and an imaginative intelligence which we grudging to the service of the daily press. It has been suggested that the Dean of St. Paul's had to turn to the newspapers because the pulpit is not the power it was; and that from the cathedral pulpit he could not reach men as Liddon reached, or Dean Church, or that great spirit and great poet with whom St. Paul's is for ever associated—John Donne. I have never heard Dr. Inge preach, and so do not know whether as a preacher he could rival any of those orators; but anyhow there seems to me nothing in the argument. No man anxious to restore importance to the pulpit would think the best method would be by contributing to the newspapers; and no one who has heard Dr. Orchard or Father Vernon, or the late Father Figgis or Dr. Gore, will admit that the pulpit has altogether lost its power. Dean Inge's adventures into journalism may I think be explained by the very simple fact that he wants to say things which he thinks are better not said in the pulpit; his position is like that of that parson, most disgracefully neglected by church authorities, Sabine Baring-Gould. Only Dr. Inge has been luckier; for he was Dean of St. Paul's before he was a journalist, and in looking through the "Lay Thoughts of a Dean" * I often found myself murmuring that, had these thoughts been those of a lay journalist, they would not have secured the prominence or popularity which they get as the thoughts of a Dean. It is not however with Dr. Inge as a journalist that I am concerned. He is often a good journalist. He has that one invaluable trait—he surprises. The reader, unless he is very familiar with Dr. Inge's mind, never knows where to have him. His is a genuinely free mind, if to be unsettled and inconsistent is freedom; and Dr. Inge always means sincerely what he says at the moment, and he never hesitates to say, and say briskly, what at any moment he may be happening to mean.

Writing of this kind does not make a very good book; nor does the author make much claim for "Lay Thoughts"; he himself provides its excuse and its harshest criticism when he tells us that he has put these papers together, "tempted by the opportunity to make myself better known to American readers."

The literary essays in this volume reveal a cultured, cautious, essentially timid nature. Dr. Inge is afraid. He fears the results of poisons and drugs on minds

less sceptical than his own. If I wanted to find Dr. Inge's real predilections in literature I should turn to his essay on Romanticism, in which he compares the Greek view of life with the romantic. I would suggest with diffidence that he underrates the element of romance in Greek literature. It is not quite safe to assume that the great tragedians were representative; and even then you find romance in Euripides and in the "Philoctetes" of Sophocles. There is, however, plenty of romance in the Anthology, and it would be a narrow judgment which excluded it from Plato. Still, romanticism as a principle, not a mood, as a right, not as a *desiderium*, is a Christian thing; and Dr. Inge puts extremely well the position occupied by romance in the Middle Ages:

"What was best in the Middle Ages was the Romanticism introduced by Catholic Christianity. Their romance was the romance of Christ. Even the heroic folly of the Crusades was Christian knight-errantry, though mixed with much baser metal. Their art, of which the Siennese school of painting is a type, was romantic to the core. The great churches, built when the people lived in squalid huts, testified to much more than the overweening power of the Church. Their legends, which clustered round the beautiful story of the Holy Grail, express the same brooding and visionary elevation in another medium. Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur' is perhaps the supreme classic of romanticism. . . . The story of the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere, and of their repentance, too late to save the Table Round, but not too late to save their own souls, is in Malory's version one of the most exquisite things in literature. When we observe the reverence which he pays to a deep emotion, even when wrongly directed, as an error which brings loss and misery, but which can be fully atoned for by deep penitence, we feel that he is not only more romantic than Tennyson, but more profoundly Christian. When the hermit has a vision of Sir Lancelot being borne up to Heaven, 'by more angels than I ever saw in one day,' we feel that Lancelot the sinner has deserved the honour."

I feel sure that this tribute to the spirit of romance is a genuine one, and represents a side of Dr. Inge's genius which has been insufficiently recognised; much of his hatred of certain modern forms of art and politics springs not from a dislike of novelty, but from a fear that they will disturb beauty, which the romancist has always looked upon as a tender thing to be protected, not as an army, marching triumphantly and unconquerably, of which the lovelinesses of romance are only the uniforms and the banners.

I have often thought that of all prominent men now living Dr. Inge is, with the possible exception of Mr. Baldwin, the most English. The claim might be made for Mr. Chesterton, except that Mr. Chesterton is a mediæval Englishman, and the mediæval Englishman is a European. Mr. Chesterton could not, even in his sleep, write the solemn nonsense which the Dean can write quite sincerely and seriously about public schools. Dr. Inge has that natural and youthful feeling that, not only is the Englishman obviously superior to the foreigner, but that it is only perversity or stupidity which prevents the foreigner—especially the Irish—from recognising the fact. All races are inclined to exaggerate their racial supremacy; but only the English think and write of it as if it were a natural force, something as obvious as the air we breathe, as undeniable as the sunlight and the stars. It was then a good idea of the publishers to ask Dr. Inge to write a volume on

* 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.**

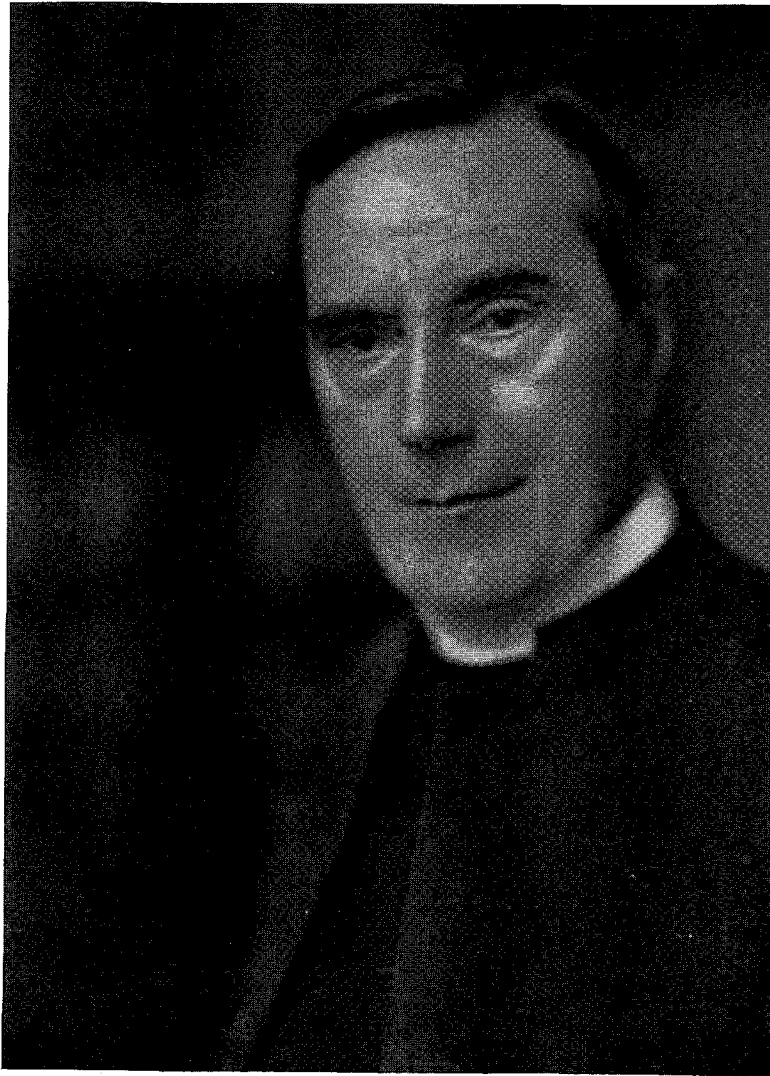


Photo by Lenare.

DEAN INGE.



*From "THE CULTURE OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME,"
By F. Poland, E. Reisinger and R. Wagner
(Harrap).*

STATUE OF A GODDESS.

"England."* He says in his preface that he has found its preparation "the most difficult literary task I have ever undertaken." The book is in that series—"The Modern World"—in which have already appeared such masterly essays in political history as Sir Valentine Chirol's "India," Mr. Gooch's "Germany" and Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "Ireland." This volume does not compare with those. It is hasty, full of uncertain judgments and of destructive criticism. Dr. Inge is not an historian; he lives uneasily with facts, and has the typical vices of the arm-chair observer—a too ready acquaintance with theories and a sad ignorance of the persons who profess them. I must quote one passage which shows how, under the pressure of prejudice, both a sense of humour and a sense of fairness can desert even the most intelligent of men:

"The French also took pains to ruin the Greeks by concluding a separate peace with Mustapha Kemal in 1921, behind the back of Great Britain. This act of treachery not only occasioned the fall of Lloyd George, but led to the extermination of the Greek-speaking population of Asia Minor, the sect of St. John's 'Seven Churches,' and the original home of Greek philosophy. This blow at the Christian religion followed, as I hear on private but good information, an abortive attempt by the Vatican to persuade the Ecumenical Patriarch Meletios to make his submission to the Roman See."

Dr. Inge must know that you cannot refer to "private" information when you are attacking in a sober history a friendly Power—you must quote some authority; and how could he slip into that "not only"—"not only occasioned the fall of Lloyd George," that dreadful tragedy, but also strewed Asia Minor with inconvenient and Christian corpses!

The most important, the most typical of Dr. Inge's recent books is neither "England" nor the "Lay Thoughts." It is a little pamphlet with the rather alarming title, "Science and Ultimate Truth."† It is an address which Dr. Inge delivered at Guy's Hospital in March of this year. At the very beginning the Dean strikes the note which we find in his "Christian Mysticism," which has made some of us never miss anything of his writing when he is writing on ultimate

* 10s. 6d. (Benn.)

† 1s. (Longmans.)

things. He shares with Mr. Bertrand Russell the power of making philosophy readable, and of making metaphysics delightful. How good is this enlargement of a familiar saying of Pascal's:

"The Psalmist, long before the age of science, was struck with the smallness of human life in the great spaces of nature. 'I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man that thou art mindful of him? What is man but a species which, during a brief period, has been dominant over other species on a dwarf planet, revolving round a dwarf sun, which is an average undistinguished specimen of a large class of elderly stars which have seen better days? What is man, that God should be mindful of him, or that he should take himself seriously? Well, man is a being that knows all the things that we have mentioned and much besides. This wonderful and glorious vision of a boundless universe, all as far as can be ascertained, compounded of the same elements and obeying the same laws, is either reflected in his mind or created by his mind. We must not regard the world of science as an objectively existing fact, wholly independent of us who observe it.'"

There you have, put simply and quietly yet with real force, the abiding argument against mechanism. In the end the mechanist argument is only valid if it is not valid—it depends, that is, for its very existence, let alone for its authority, on a theory of consciousness, on a theory of the human being which only exists by denying it. This cannot be said too often or too strongly; for it is the gravest of errors to suppose that metaphysic has not a practical bearing, of a very intimate kind, on every action of our lives, personal and social. Metaphysic is after all only the search for truth carried into regions where we feel bound to adventure, just because we know finite minds can never here and now find ultimate truth. To abandon that adventure is to fail in the very purpose of our being. And here is Dr. Inge's value in the world of to-day. We may feel at times that in his writing he fails to relate the world of facts with the world of values; but we cannot help feeling, in all his serious work, that he is a man obstinately set on the pursuit of truth. That he sometimes overpasses it, that he sometimes fails to recognise it, is only to say that he too is human.

THE CASE OF MURRAY GILCHRIST.

BY THOMAS MOULT.

ACROSS the moors from the house where the present writer was born and had his youthful being, lies Eyam, the Peakland village renowned in history for the heroism of its parson throughout a terrible plague several centuries ago. At Eyam, until a few years since, lived Robert Murray Gilchrist, author of "A Peakland Faggot" and a score of novels and other collections of short stories, and the thought was exhilarating to me that he and I were not very distant neighbours, nourished on the same air of limestone-stark spaces which stretched across that noble county; and that he was writing little masterpieces while I was dreaming my dream of writing great ones.

It was natural therefore that I should recall the case of Gilchrist when recently I read of an interview with Mr. Gilbert

Frankau printed in an American journal. Our best-selling novelist, whose eight books have sold half a million copies in England alone, denied to the interviewer the possibility of an artist with true gifts ever being allowed to starve in a garret. The idea, declared Mr. Frankau, is "all bosh." Possession, one supposes, is still nine points of the law, and the self-possession of Mr. Frankau will make the crude negative entirely convincing when applied in nine cases out of ten. But there are a few historical instances of neglected genius (one need not specify them) which refuse to be swept aside in this summary manner.

Other examples moreover, perhaps not so important or so noticeable, are all the while quietly accumulating;



Photo by Seaman, Chesterfield.

R. Murray Gilchrist.

and the memorial volume of the collected short stories of Robert Murray Gilchrist is in itself substantial proof that the world sometimes allows good work to go unrewarded. Gilchrist's case is not that of an outstanding genius; but it is especially to be emphasised because while he was living and working, his talent for short-story writing was publicly encouraged by several fellow-writers of discernment and influence.

In the introductory note to "The Country of the Blind," for instance, Mr. Wells ranked Gilchrist, as readers will remember, with such pre-eminent short-story writers of the period as George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, Stephen Crane, Henry Harland and Mr. George Moore. And in a sympathetic preface to the present selection of Gilchrist's stories* Mr. Eden Phillpotts speaks of the author's "unknown masterpieces, unique in our literature," and expresses the belief that "for the like cameos one may look to Turgenev, with whose work, in the notebooks and sketches, Gilchrist claims affinity."

In another passage Mr. Phillpotts writes that when Gilchrist passed away in 1917, at the age of forty-nine, he was "too little known and valued by his own generation. But the character of the man was so fine, his indifference to fleeting popularity so genuine, that he did not suffer under the slight. He held the work supreme, the reward of small account." The loss was the public's that overlooked him. It ought to be pointed out, though, that the blame for this is not to be attributed exclusively to the public. Always in such circumstances there is a partial explanation to be found in the temperament or conduct of the artist himself.

In Gilchrist's career it is so especially. For when, as a young man, he wrote the stories which first began to attract the attention of a discerning handful of his contemporaries, he was already at the crossways where the majority of artists find themselves called upon to make a vital decision. He had to decide between continuing to limit his art or expanding it; to decide whether he was to be a "regional" writer or a world writer—for his early work had been distinctive through its concentration on a phase of Peakland life.

In the "Life of William Sharp," written by Sharp's wife, I once found a letter from the "ghost" of Fiona Macleod to Gilchrist, and my re-reading of the stories in "A Peakland Faggot" led me to turn to it again, for Sharp was one of Gilchrist's earliest admirers, and in that letter he offered him advice which, because it was not accepted, now reads pathetically.

"I believe in you, *camerado mio*," wrote Sharp, "but you must take a firm grip of the reins; in a word, be the driver, not the driven. . . . I think you should see more of actual life; and not dwell so continually in an atmosphere charged with your own imaginings—the glamour through which you see life in the main at present. Probably you are wise to spend the greater part of the year as you do; but part of the year should be spent otherwise. . . . Take your pen and paper, a satchel, and go forth with a light heart. The gods will guide you to strange things, and strange things to you. You ought to see more, to feel more, to know more, at first-hand. . . ."

* "A Peakland Faggot." The Collected Stories of R. Murray Gilchrist. Introduction by Eden Phillpotts. 8s. 6d. (Faber & Gwyer.)

When Gilchrist received that advice his age was twenty-six—it was sent in 1894—and Sharp was his senior by thirteen years. But the disparity in ages does not appear to have made Gilchrist amenable to his elder's suggestion. He had made such a *succès d'estime* with his first volume about local folk and local happenings that, having created an atmosphere not merely "charged with his own imaginings," but an atmosphere in which he evidently thrived best, he was too reluctant to emerge from it.

His books continued to have their setting in the Peak, notably the rugged district around Eyam, and as he was not one of the giants who are able to lift themselves clear above their conditions, he became more and more rooted there, content to jog along in a rut. He allowed the opportunities for wider experience, and consequently a wider range of characters and incidents, to remain unreached after, nor did he concern himself about them until it was too late. Eventually his talent shrank into itself, just when it ought to have been widening.

He began to repeat himself, without being aware of doing so; he used the same plot over and over again and, what was worse, he deceived himself into believing that the most trivial incident of local village or moorland life was worth making into a story, whereas it often lacked sufficient substance to be retailed even as an anecdote. In the collection introduced by Mr. Phillpotts we encounter (and here the editing seems at fault) many variations of single themes—especially that of an old lonely spinster and an old lonely bachelor discovering that they have loved each other all their lives and, but for a misunderstanding, might have been wedded fifty, sixty years ago; a charming and pathetic theme no doubt, and the charm and pathos are enhanced by the homely graces of Gilchrist's style. But it is a theme that not even he was able to keep interesting.

I think that the readers who were prepared to remain his whole-hearted admirers must have wearied of those repetitions, and as his alternatives, through lack of experience, were generally plots of thinnest fibre, of slenderest thread, this artist with potentialities which have been compared to those of Conrad, Gissing and even Turgenev, made little more than a local appeal. The truth must be granted by those who believe the stories entitled "A Strolling Player" and "Nicholas and Mary" (both are reprinted in this volume of selections) to be certain confirmation of Mr. Phillpotts's claim that Gilchrist wrote "unknown masterpieces, unique in our literature."

This to a large extent is the explanation why Robert Murray Gilchrist, as Mr. Phillpotts explains, is unknown even by name to "most of the younger generation who write on literature." And yet they and the reading public cannot be altogether relieved of their share of responsibility. Gilchrist's dialect and homely, localised situations, as one realises while reading over again such works as "Good-bye to Market," "The Courtesy Dame" and "Honeysuckle Rogue," do not make less apparent that they were being employed by a man of mastery. And that mastery, with all its limitations, ought to have been and should still be more generally acclaimed.



From a drawing by Kathleen Shackleton.

ANITA LOOS.

ROMANTICISM AT LARGE.

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

IT was my good luck to hear Mr. Abercrombie deliver two of the three lectures which make up the present volume,* and it is not easy to forget the constant impressiveness, or the occasional vehemence, with which he recommended his theory of Romanticism. His eloquence caught the audience at a disadvantage; you could not question, you wished not to demur, you yielded wisely and gladly to his "masculine persuasive force." Damnable heresies, cunning sophistications, assertions the most hazardous, arguments the most insincere, might have been poured into unprotesting minds; but on reading the lectures quietly now it is apparent that the lecturer did not abuse his audience. The reader, pondering over Mr. Abercrombie's brilliant and energetic phrases, can see what it was that impressed him as a listener, and know that there was neither perversity nor prejudice in the elaboration of a simple main argument.

That argument cannot be stated briefly or without an introduction. Mr. Abercrombie remarks that the term Romanticism is so variously used by various writers, and applied so capaciously and so capriciously, that a definition is necessary. "One poet is romantic because he falls in love; another romantic because he sees a ghost; another romantic because he hears a cuckoo; another romantic because he is reconciled to the Church. The word may be intelligible in all these cases, but not very useful, unless we can see that all these senses somehow converge and give us common ground." He finds Mr. Pearsall Smith's analysis of the origin of "romantic" lucid enough; it was first used to mark certain qualities of landscape capable of suggesting the setting or mood of mediæval romances. From this statement of the origin of the phrase Mr. Abercrombie proceeds to his inquiry concerning the nature of the thing, and he affirms what we have all noticed at one time or another—that the Romantic movement of a century or so ago did not mark the beginning of romanticism, but its examination and deliberate activity. Reading Collins, for example, or Blake or Smart, everyone has cried out that here was an anticipation of romanticism—speaking negligently but not quite wrongly. You may go back through the eighteenth century, and then through the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, and so mark the romantic character in poetry and drama. And farther back still, "far from being a modern affair, romanticism moves in a rhythm that seems to include in its process the whole record of literature"—so it is that the great names of Greek and Latin writers are inscribed in the author's list of romantics.

From this Mr. Abercrombie goes on necessarily to reject the assumed antithesis of romantic and classic. Romanticism is one of the elements of art; classicism is not an element but a *mode of combining the elements*; and the true antithesis is between romantic and realistic. Both elements are necessary

to what he terms the health of art, and both are present in classicism; though it is true that perfect health, the perfect balance of elements, is perhaps as rare in art as in men.

So then we approach Mr. Abercrombie's own definition of romanticism; and its first expression seems trivial. "The romantic feeling for nature is practically commensurate with the feeling for *views*." It is distance that makes the romantic, as that chief of romantic novelists knew—Scott, whose journal contains a striking reference to the magic of distance in the portrayal of brave and sad subjects alike. But there is more than this—the romantic tendency is a tendency away from actuality; and again, the habit of mind which has acquired the name of Romanticism is the habit that withdraws from outer things and turns in upon itself—withdrawal from outer to inner experience. The definition involves the author in difficulties which he has space to meet only in very general terms. For instance the romantic feeling of "The Ancient Mariner" lies far less in a feeling for views (or any other form of nature) than in the psychological attitude of the poet and the peculiar psychological activity of the Mariner; and the argument needs to be pressed to this consideration. And again, it involves him in the assertion that the fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are not romantic, because they are not remote but sharp and specific, and have a reality peculiar to themselves. I think there is a catch here from which our author has not disengaged himself in his argument, more especially since this contention against the romantic might extend to "The Ancient Mariner," which he admits to be romantic. Mr. Yeats's fairies, it seems, are more romantic than Shakespeare's—this surely is to discredit romanticism!

Mr. Abercrombie's next step is to look for a poet who makes romanticism, as he defines it, serve as a theory of being—a philosophical poet with romantic inclinations. He does not choose Wordsworth, for he denies him the term romantic; he goes back to a Greek, to Empedocles who wrote before poetry and



A Tudor Street—Worcester.

From "England in Tudor Times." By L. F. Salzman (Batsford).

* "Romanticism." By Lascelles Abercrombie. [6s. (Martin Secker.)]

philosophy had been disentangled. He brings in Blake, whose mysticism is romanticism, and Shelley, who stands for an unmystical phase of the same thing—Shelley's desire being not for another kind of life and another universe of being, but for the perfection of this present imperfect world. Mr. Abercrombie reconciles all three within a formula—they all derive from some mode of reliance on inner experience, as something superior to outer. It is this allusion to a possible superiority that crystallises the question which Mr. Abercrombie might well answer. If the concern with inner experience is indeed higher than the concern with outer, is not romanticism, according to Mr. Abercrombie's interpretation, overwhelmingly superior to realism, and an unromantic writer subordinate to a romantic? Blake is a romantic writer—true! but so is Fletcher; and what formula will embrace securely the authors of "Auguries of Innocence" and "The Faithful Shepherdess"? Does Fletcher rely upon inner experience? His experience is all outer—of the senses. Mr. Abercrombie's definition is already so generous as to take in the greater part of imaginative literature, but it can scarcely cover the *externally romantic* Fletcher or Keats as well as the internally romantic Blake or Patmore. Mr. Abercrombie's answer to objections so obvious cannot but be agile and attractive, and I regret that a fourth lecture did not deal with points such as these, and illuminate for us both the subject and the mind of the poet-lecturer. To

start so many hares, and leave them bounding and unregarded, is a pity when a crowd is waiting to be fed.

The last lecture centres upon the remark that romanticism takes its most obvious though not inevitable form in *egoism*, and of this a chief instance is Nietzsche. In him then is found the exaggeration of an exaggeration, though Mr. Abercrombie sees grandeur in Nietzsche's *egoism*. The reference is somewhat surprising, and does little to help in the consideration of the final statement of the definition. But our author loves to startle his audience: "Wherever romanticism flourishes, incest is likely to appear; a theme romantic precisely in its impassioned discord with conventional decency." Not less does he startle it with his assertion (which no one will want to rebut hastily) that apart from his youthful work Shakespeare is perfectly the dramatist of classicism—classicism, that health, sanity and balance of elements and activities.

Mr. Abercrombie's book has a quality which his earlier prose has shown less clearly—a quality of ease. His matter is difficult, but he has used it simply, and I do not know of a recent book upon an æsthetic question which provokes so much liveliness of mind and so much satisfaction to the reader. It helps us to do what is so hard—to distinguish between different elements and to mark their influence, in looking backward at things which familiarity so often makes a little dull in our eyes.

ENGLISH PREACHING IN 1350-1450.*

BY MONSIGNOR WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

I CANNOT copy out the full title of this extraordinary book; the substance or purport of it is indicated in my heading. The man to review it should be Cardinal Gasquet, who by some rousing articles in the *Dublin* many years ago became its occasional cause. Did preaching of the Gospel flourish before the Reformation? Did it not come in with Wycliffe, and cease when the Lollards were put down? These are questions worth answering and they deserve an answer, which in this volume they receive to the full. It is quite readable, I hasten to say, instructive always, often amusing, and a marvel of industry. Dr. Owst, from whom we receive the book, has lived in libraries four solid years, travelled over England for the evidence which is here set out, and accompanies every statement with its due authority. The result is what he calls a "little book" of just upon 370 closely-packed pages, equal to an encyclopædia, but the production of a single mind. At last then we can judge for ourselves how preaching went on in England previous to Lollardy, and at a time when the Mediæval Church flourished, although shaken by the Great Schism of the West, not to dwell upon other calamities, like the Black Death. That century, then, is to be one which saw the full fruit of Mendicant preaching in this country, the revival of our English tongue—an age of mysticism, of simmering revolt and impending reformation.

So far Dr. Owst. While reading him we should keep

open on our table Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," the "Vision of Piers Plowman" and Shakespeare's Henrician dramas. Through such glasses an Englishman to-day can still get a glimpse of times which have sunk below memory into an oblivion fostered by a "long Protestant tradition, which even reckons Paul's Cross and the 'Sermons on the Card' among its triumphant inventions." And if he thinks at all of mediæval preaching, he would expect it to abound in "empty, ridiculous harangues, legendary tales, miracles, horrors, low jests, table-talk, fireside scandal." Let him turn over the table of contents now full in my view, and he will correct his judgment. I like the introductory chapter on "Bishops and Curates" for its vivid account of the plain public speaking which did not spare dumb or dissolute prelates. Thanks indeed to Archbishop Arundell's "Constitution" of 1409, directed against the rising heresies which moved undoubtedly towards anarchism, a policy of silence set in later. It had fateful consequences in the "Mar-Prelate" storm when more than one Archbishop of Canterbury perished and the Puritan became a Presbyterian, utterly rejecting Bishops. We should never forget how mediæval kings and nobles thrust into the sanctuary their own kinsfolk, often illegitimate and constantly scandalous, yet for whose misconduct the Church was made to answer. At all events many a bold "curate" lifted up his voice in stern denunciation of such negligent pastors, until freedom to preach at all was more and more restricted.

* "Preaching in Mediæval England." By G. R. Owst, M.A.(Cantab), Ph.D. 17s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

E. F. BENSON.

But long before this we hear of the Mendicant Friars, whose very calling it was to preach as they moved among the people. "Under the Cluniac and Cistercian revivals," says Dr. Owst, "monastic oratory had enjoyed its golden age a full century previous to the successes of the Mendicants." From the Venerable Bede onwards monastic preaching can be illustrated among men of English descent like Stephen Harding and Richard of St. Victor. But that seems to have been mostly a thing of the past when the Friars came. The older monastic ideal, with its cloister and retirement, did not allure the inventive, exploring and restless fifteenth century, now well aware that it was leaving the genuine Middle Ages behind. Nay, within the Franciscan Order itself revolution was rife, and Luther would be claiming the "Irrefragable Doctor," William of Occam, who was a rather perplexing son of St. Francis, as his own ancestor, by and by. However, the Friars did preach; and almost every dispute into which they entered "seems to have raged around the pulpit steps." In those days the pulpit anticipated the modern newspaper with its latest news, advertisements, and even its current story. The Friars "wrangled"—if I may borrow a technical term from Cambridge (now, I am afraid, obsolescent)—with universities, the parish clergy, the prelates. "In politics, behind the throng of noisy rebels and discontents, whether in the rebellion of Simon de Montfort, the Peasants' Revolt or the risings which follow the deposition of Richard II, we catch glimpses of passionate, eloquent Friars stirring men on to resist the tyranny or the usurpation which mars the hour." Thus the survey of Mendicant preaching tells us; and what a fine Shakespearean ring there is about such a sentence! Their way of catching an audience, says our author, "with jests and collection bags," did a great deal to provoke the wrath of Wycliffe when he attacked their system. But meanwhile there is hardly a phase of mediæval existence that we may not recover as we turn the pages they have left.

Altogether we cannot question, in front of this evidence, that preaching in the years between 1350 and 1450 was much as at this day, essentially Christian, but often more unconstrained, popular and showmanlike. It had superb examples in Augustine and Bernard; masters not less attractive than Richard Rolle of Hampole, whose discourses found wide circulation; and a crisis to encounter in the Lollards where it seemed to win, yet only put off the evil day. Dr. Owst reports all that he has found—an immense booty from the neglected past—with candour and little bias, intent on the enterprise, at once necessary but difficult in a supreme degree, of reconstructing a past from which the eyes and imagination of Englishmen have long been turned away. His volume should maintain a distinguished rank in the series it adorns. History never can be brought to the tests by which science is verified; but where evidence of past events is yet accessible, to collect and collate its details will save us from the otherwise never-ending battle of partisans, "where ignorant armies clash by night." With adamant industry, good humour and an unaffected style, the author has accomplished something which will not soon be out of date.

I ought not to conclude this grievously inadequate review of a volume on which learning and research have been lavished with heroic freedom, until I add a word of gratitude for the "Cambridge Studies in Mediæval Life and Thought," where it holds a place of its own. The editor, Professor G. G. Coulton, of St. John's College, announces a most practical system, thanks to which any errors detected in these publications shall be corrected with least possible delay. Though, as I said, historical statements cannot be tested like alleged scientific facts, yet verification of the evidence may be within reach, and controversy find an end where it has raged too long. The prospect is exhilarating.

THE VALUE OF CRITICISM.

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY, ARTHUR RACKHAM, SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, STACY AUMONIER, W. W. JACOBS, HUGH WALPOLE, AND MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.

JOHN GALSWORTHY:

Knowing what a bad critic I myself should be, I have always had a "feeling heart" for critics. They have a rather thankless job, of which not the least discouraging side is the incorrigibility of authors. Perhaps, however, authors do well to be somewhat incorrigible, in a country where criticism is decidedly haphazard; and learned, devoted, lifelong critics such as Professor Saintsbury, Sir Edmund Gosse, Mr. Edward Garnett and the late William Archer cannot be picked off every tree. Suppose authors were open to deflection by the cross-currents of ordinary criticism. This way and that way—how they would have to dodge and dance! Criticism is sometimes merely soporific; sometimes it is written by the bright and early, as a prelude to or a rest from authorship. All sorts of allurements lie in the path of the critic. To remove what's in one's way—to be clever at the expense of others—must be very tempting. And to be thorough is always a bore.

In fact criticism must be professional and impersonal; it cannot be written to any good purpose by amateurs indulging their nerves. But it's an honourable profession, of real use to Letters, and enrolls many a worthy practitioner. From one who, out of sheer love of Letters and without self-indulgence, appraises our novels, our poetry or our plays, we can take the rough with the smooth and be grateful. But authors are always restive, and rightly restive, under criticism, unless they feel it is the genuine outcome of a love and knowledge of good literature.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

ARTHUR RACKHAM:

Contemporary criticism should rather be intended for the consideration of the public than for the author, and so long as it prepares the ground for the production of genuine art it justifies its existence. I do not think I have found the published criticism of my own

work of any value to me as an artist and, after a very brief experience, years ago, of a press cutting agency, I do not now seek to read it. Not that I have any objection to what may be said—I should hardly publish my work if I didn't want it to be noticed—but simply that any criticism, of whatever nature, is bound to come at a time when I have done with the particular



Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Arthur Rackham.

work under review, and am absorbed in a fresh impulse. An impulse is rather easily chilled.

General criticism is another matter. If it is good enough—Coleridge, say—it gives something the same encouragement that participation, as

spectator or audience, in any fine work of art always gives.

There is no doubt that an author had better not read the contemporary reviews of his work. The writers cannot mean them for him or they would write to him privately.

"To be praised to one's face
Is public disgrace"

we know. And the other thing may lead to that "haltercation in the streets" from which "no good never came." So, when we have put forth our effort, let us quietly retire to our workshop again and try to do better next time.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE:

In dealing with fiction I have always found the critics fair and reasonable, but I cannot say that I have ever had anything of value from their criticism. That may have been my own fault, but the fact remains.

In dealing with psychic subjects, upon which I have now written seven books, I am amazed at the absolute want of conscience which permits men so often to jeer at matters which they have never studied and of which they have no personal experience. They seem to be entirely unaware that they are incurring responsibilities



Photo by Swain.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

for which they will have to answer. With the exception of the *Morning Post* and to a less extent the *Daily News*, I cannot recall any London daily which has ever shown any knowledge of this, the greatest of all subjects.

I am offended by the way in

which editors choose their critics for particular books, picking out in many cases those men who are least likely to give an unbiased opinion. Thus when I brought out the six successive volumes of my "History of the British Campaigns in France" a leading literary organ had bitter reviews upon each, in which no notice was taken of the fact that I was giving for the first time such all-important facts as the exact composition of the British battle line in each successive engagement, but dwelling entirely upon petty little details, doubtful in themselves and of no consequence if true. The thing seemed so absurd that I inquired into the matter, and found that the volumes had been sent for review to a rival historian of the war, who with all the will in the world could hardly be expected to take a detached view. These depreciatory articles undoubtedly, and most unjustly, shook the authority of my volumes and marred my work.

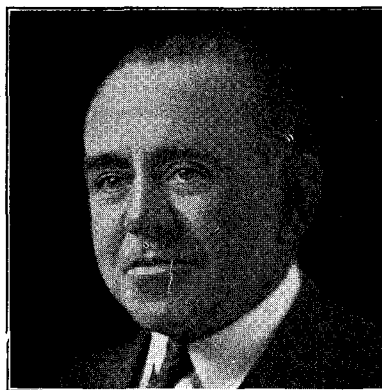
Again I recently published a "History of Spiritualism," a book which represented years of labour and many years of experience. The leading paper in this country sent it for review to a Jesuit priest. Another leading literary organ had it reviewed by Sir Ray Lankester, a lifelong opponent of the subject in question. I think an author has a fair grievance in such cases.

On the whole, however, as I look back upon my long literary life I do not feel that I have much to complain of, and I have a recollection of much that is kind.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM:

What you are asking us to do really is to criticise our critics, which is in a way an invidious proceeding when we think of our next novel shortly to be entrusted to

**Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.**

their tender mercies. You might as well ask us to express our opinion of publishers as a class! If I may enter briefly into the discussion, however, waving a white flag and deprecating recrimination, I should say that the practical value of criticism to an

author is scarcely so great to-day as some fifteen or twenty years ago. The reading public nowadays have formed their own ideas as to what they like and what they don't like, and in these times of universal novel-reading are not so easily influenced. I am not sure that I should not consider the good will of the principal librarians as important an asset to an author to-day as the best press notices a novel could receive.

At the same time, apart from the influence of kindly or destructive criticism upon the public, there is also the author himself to be considered. A favourable and appreciative notice of his work is often an inspiration to the writer, whereas those few sarcastic lines, which

a short time ago were rather the fashion amongst a certain type of reviewer, although they may do him little harm with the public, are often unduly depressing to their sensitive victim. Disraeli has told us that the ranks of the critics are recruited from those who have failed in their own attempts at creative work. That was probably true about a century ago, and may easily have accounted for a certain virulence, happily absent from the pens of most modern reviewers. The vogue of deliberately destructive criticism is certainly on the wane. Where a periodical of repute thinks well to give a lengthy notice to a work of fiction, it is nearly always appreciative and encouraging.

If one were to seek to find fault with the English reviewer, one's complaint might be that he is too apt, having read one or two, say of X.'s novels, to take up a further volume by the same author, and believe that he knows all about it before he has read half a dozen pages. Any variation of theme or treatment is lost upon him. It is an "X" book, it is to be put in the "X" category of merit or demerit, and where you started in the estimation of that particular reviewer, there you will remain to the end of your days. The last criticism I saw of one of my own novels came to me from an American newspaper two days ago, in connection with which I should perhaps explain that, owing to unusual circumstances, it happened to be the third during the year. The notice was terse, and there was a finality about it which amounted to genius. It ran as follows:

"Prodigals of Monte Carlo," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Another OPPENHEIM! GEE!!"

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

STACY AUMONIER:

The essential factor I insist upon (and I have written on this subject many times and nobody takes any

notice of me) is that all criticism should be *signed*. Not by a pseudonym or an initial but by the critic's real name. If this were done in every case, I don't think any artist, in whatever branch of the arts he might be working, would have any objection. Criticism is inevitable, and in

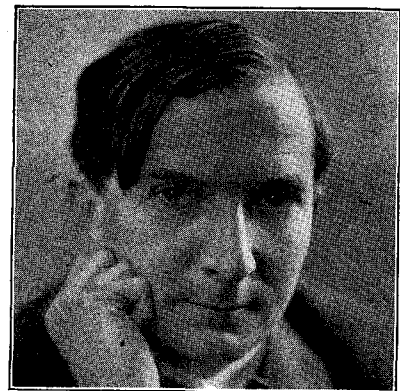


Photo by
H. Walter Barnett.

Mr. Stacy
Aumonier.

many cases extremely valuable. What we do object to is being stabbed in the dark.

Moreover unsigned criticism is unfair in that it carries more weight in the eyes of the public than signed criticism. When the average reader reads a criticism of a book, a play, or a musical composition, signed by a name, he immediately envisages the fact that this is the opinion of one man upon another man's work (or woman, of course). When he reads an unsigned criticism he is apt to accept it as a kind of official pronouncement. And all criticism is simply the opinion

of one man (or woman) upon another's work. I do not think this point can be insisted upon too much.

Personally I do not know that I have ever derived any particular benefit from any single printed criticism, but I certainly have from an aggregation of them. If you wait till everything has been said about your book, and then get all the criticisms together, sift them, discard those that are just inane, and think about the rest, you will always find, I think, a substratum of criticism that is valuable to you.

With regard to modern criticism in general, I happen in my time to have been associated with a goodly number of the arts, one way or another. If I might venture a broad general criticism of criticism I should say that the best work at the moment is being done by literary critics, with dramatic critics close behind, and the worst by musical critics. There are obvious reasons for musical criticism being at a low ebb. As a job it is underpaid and overworked. A man may read a book at his leisure and in comfort, a dramatic critic cannot attend more than one theatre in the evening. What is rather insolently termed an "art" critic has plenty of time to amble round the comparatively few exhibitions there are during the year. He does his work conscientiously rather like a schoolmaster without a schoolmaster's authority. But these poor jaded musical critics very often have to try and rush round to four or five concert halls during the day (manfully trying to dovetail their engagements with the local licensing regulations). Their ears get tired, their nerves on edge. They cannot possibly be expected to listen and judge impartially. It is a dog's life.

STACY AUMONIER.

W. W. JACOBS:

I hardly know what to say in answer. I think that criticism may be indirectly helpful. Every man must be more or less of a critic of his work, as he does it, and unconsciously steer clear of some of the pitfalls indicated by his kindly mentors. In that way his work may get a little (much needed) shaping.

W. W. JACOBS.

HUGH WALPOLE:

Looking back over my twenty years of producing novels, I would say that I have been helped very little

by criticism. I have had plenty of all sorts, but with one exception none that was unfair or unjustly biased—but the trouble is that one's faults are part of one's work. Nothing can eradicate them, and if you improve in one direction you probably lose in another. Moreover



Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Hugh
Walpole.

critics are themselves so individual that they scarcely ever seem to be able to do more than state their personal reactions. I like to have critical opinions, but they are not I think of much *creative* value.

HUGH WALPOLE.

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES.

Every author has definite views on the value or otherwise of criticism, if by criticism is meant a reviewer's considered opinion of a book. It would be absurd to deny that nothing helps a novel, especially a first novel or a novel by a still comparatively unknown writer, as does a burst of genuine, enthusiastic, printed criticism.

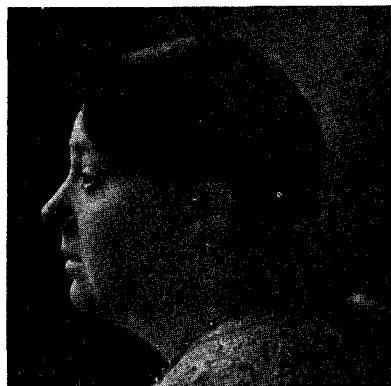


Photo by E. O. Hopfé.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.

Now a burst of such criticism can be, and on many

and many an occasion has been, deliberately engineered. This happened to George Eliot in connection with the anonymous publication of her first book.

John Henry Lewes wrote to every leading reviewer of that day commending to his notice a forthcoming volume of short stories called "Tales of Clerical Life." In our own times a publisher occasionally makes the same kind of effort. That is he writes a number of personal letters to editors and reviewers declaring that in his opinion he has never published so remarkable a first novel as—. If he does not do this too often, and if he is regarded as an honest man with a sincere interest in literature, such letters certainly receive a certain amount of respectful attention.

In my opinion a printed chorus of dispraise can injure a book considerably, especially if it be criticism of a novel by a well-known author. I remember a recent case where I feel sure the hoped-for sales were probably halved, owing to the fact that the book was widely reviewed as dull and, in a word, not up to the author's usual standard.

To turn to a very different question, and to the only question which should really matter to an author. To my thinking not one review in a hundred is likely to be in any sense helpful or, in a constructive sense, of

real value to the writer reviewed. This is owing to the fact that the exercise of the creative gift is a most peculiar thing, and, in a sense, can only be likened to the wind which "bloweth where it listeth." Every creative artist, not wholly blinded by vanity, knows very well when he has produced a piece of really good work or, on the other hand, of poor and undistinguished work. Even so I admit that, after a certain time spent in the exercise of his art, a writer looking back must often say to himself, "Oh, if I had only known this!" or "What a pity no fellow-writer ever told me that!" But I find it hard to believe that any writer has ever looked back and said, "How much I learnt as a young author from that signed review! How grateful I ought to feel to the great Mr. Jones, or the famous Mr. Smith!"

Although perhaps one in a hundred thousand reviews is inspired by malignant or revengeful thoughts, it may be confidently asserted that British literary criticism is above suspicion. That is not to say that it is perceptive, intelligent, or helpful. I would even say that it seldom happens that the critical mind is found to be in advance of its time as to any form of creative art still lacking a certain kind of hall-mark. But that contemporary criticism is honest, only a writer temporarily blinded by personal anger or disappointment can deny. We may even say that, considering what a deadening effect the constant reading of invented stories *must* have on the mind of even the most vigorous reviewer, the real wonder is that the work is done with such evident carefulness, conscientiousness, and good temper.

By the way, an excellent corrective to the wounded feelings of any author who considers himself or herself a genius will be found by turning up the reviews of the novels of Thomas Hardy and of the late George Gissing printed in any one of the many distinguished literary reviews published in the eighties and nineties of the last century.

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES.

NEXT MONTH: SYBIL THORNDIKE, A. A. MILNE, O. DOUGLAS, NORMAN O'NEILL, GERALD GOULD, JOHN HASSALL, PETER WARLOCK, LEON M. LION, MARY BORDEN, AND STEPHEN LEACOCK.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

By ARTHUR RUTLAND.

YOU may sometimes hear it said that no living writer has taken hold upon the popular imagination and been able to inspire the general public with a warmth of personal affection for him as, in his day, Dickens did. But this is a slight exaggeration. There are one or two of our own time (there have never been more than one or two of any time) to whom the public does give that spontaneous personal regard, and one of them is Rudyard Kipling. It is the more remarkable in his case because he has always, in the homely phrase, kept himself to himself and never gone out of his way to foster these friendly relations with the crowd. One does not forget how, when he once lay dangerously ill in New York, the cabled news could not have been waited for more anxiously from day to day if he had been a reigning monarch. I remember at that period

a generously appreciative article by Christie Murray in the *Sunday Sun*, which closed with what on looking back one sees to have been a very emotional appeal that all who read his words would at noon that day, in unison, put up a prayer that Kipling might live. An extravagance of sentiment, you may say, but a sentiment which was shared just then by a multitude of others. That was long ago; but it is only a year or so since there was a good deal of that same feeling about when the ominous bulletins were appearing again. I had been away and, on the second or third day of their appearance, getting into the train on my return, had barely opened my newspaper when a man at the other end of the carriage leaned forward and said, with an odd urgency, "Excuse me—do they say there how Mr. Kipling is to-night?" And I heard of another

living in the loneliness of the country who was prompted to take a two-mile walk to the nearest town to get an answer to the same question. It is curious and significant that a man who is supposed to be somewhat hard and brusque, and who has remained so much aloof, should be able to influence people so profoundly through his books alone.

More than a decade has passed since Dixon Scott wrote what is still the most shrewdly critical and penetrating study that has yet been written of the art of Rudyard Kipling.

Talking of the magic of his popular appeal, he reminds us of how, when Kipling was a newly-risen star, the literary epicures of the nineties received him as one of themselves, but their select coteries had no sooner made room for him than, to their chagrin, "the exasperating fellow went popular." But, he goes on,

"What I want to insist on is the entire wholesomeness of that popularity. It was—and is remaining—healthy and sound. There is probably no living writer who is regarded in England with such widespread and spontaneous veneration. It is the nearest thing we have nowadays to the reverence that used to be excited by the great literary figures of last century. It is touching, it is beautiful, it is altogether honest, real and good. Bank clerks and clerics, doctors and drapers, journalists, joiners, engineers—they all speak of this man and his work much as another kind of people speak of Wagner. Only, honestly. There is no priggishness about it, not any desire either to impress or be improved; and yet they find beauty in his work, they find magic and strangeness, and they find hints of inscrutable forces and mysterious powers, and constant reminders of something unimaginable beyond; they experience that rich commotion of the blood we call romance, and are thrilled and renewed by it much as others are supposed to be thrilled and renewed by past poetry. And at the same time, unlike so much of their 'romancing,' it is never a mere dallying with lotus-land sensations, a coloured refuge from the drudgery of day. Its action is always to excite their zest for actual life, to send them back into reality more exultantly."

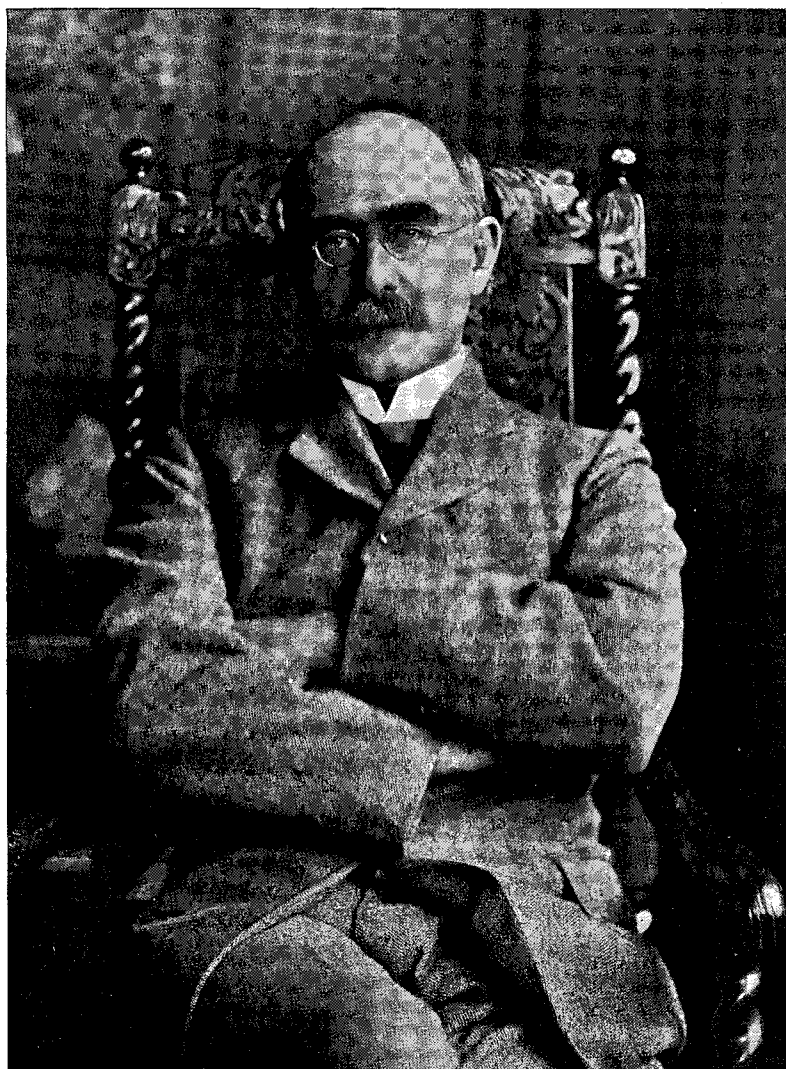
That is always one great quality of Kipling's work: he can be as real as life itself, but his is the larger, fuller life of the world that has too much work to do to be

everlastingly psychologising itself in dark corners; he is for the high seas, and leaves the little men to go dabbling in the cesspools. Even some of those early Anglo-Indian stories of his that, with their cynical sophistications, slightly shocked our more reticent fathers, are as natural as sin and wear a robust, breathable atmosphere, and are not sickly with the tainted miasma that envelops so much of the niggling, pretentious stuff that is offered to us now as realism. But there are other sides to his genius; however far he

has travelled in the world of men, he has never lost touch with the world of childhood; the hand that wrote "The Story of the Gadsbys" wrote also the *Jungle Books* and "Puck of Pook's Hill." If he has painted life as it is with the most uncompromising candour, he has in other moods transfigured it to lively or tender fantasy with the humour and zest and sensitiveness of a boy who has grown up but has not grown old.

His new book, "Debits and Credits," contains stories and verses widely differing in style and character but linked each to each and brought into unity by the strength and charm of the unmistakable personality that lives in every line of them. Here are tales of soldiers and sailors, of their doings in the late

war, or of their coming together and their doings and sayings when they are, many of them, broken men, and the war so far as they are concerned is over. Here are two new "Stalky and Co." stories; a quaint allegorical retelling, in curiously suggestive, richly imagined Oriental fashion, of the fall of man; "The Eye of Allah," an eerie, grimly imaginative story of occult significances; a vivid and bizarre realistic fantasy of a bull who could think; an amusingly satirical tale about Prohibition that will please as many Americans as it disgruntles; and, to say nothing of others, "The Gardener," a poignant, beautiful thing, one of the subtlest, most quietly human stories Kipling has ever written. Of the verses, "The Changelings," prelude to a war story of the sea, has the old deft touch and characteristic blending of whimsicality and realistic detail; "We and



Copyright of *The Sphere*.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

They" has the fancy and wry criticism of life of some of the best of his children's poems; the authentic Kipling touch is in nearly all of them, but none is more elusively edged with emotion nor more wholly charming than "Jane's Marriage," an epilogue to "The Janeites," which tells of certain soldiers who were enthusiasts for Jane Austen:

"Jane went to Paradise:
That was only fair.
Good Sir Walter met her first,
And led her up the stair.
Henry and Tobias,
And Miguel of Spain,

Stood with Shakespeare at the top
To welcome Jane——"

Of course the stories and verses in "Debits and Credits" are unequal; much is in its author's happiest, highest vein; some is not; but I am one of the many who have got past the inclination to be hypercritical with Mr. Kipling's work and are contented to enjoy it, and there is more than enough of excellence to be enjoyed in this book to make amends for the little here and there that one might wish away. If one could say that of many books the critic's life would be an easy and a happy one.

TWO INTERESTING SINNERS.

BY NEWMAN FLOWER.

II. EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I ALWAYS consider that the most interesting sinner in literature is Edgar Allan Poe. For surely he stands apart among literary mystics. He was such a child of unhappy circumstance. All the cruelty the world could heap upon a sensitive soul it gave to him in full measure. Sorrow bore him down with an everlasting load; he lived with disappointment striding beside him as his companion. I do not wonder that his pen reflected the bitterness of his moods; I do not wonder at the excuses in which he sought to find solace. Perhaps if I wanted to find the clay feet of a god, I would confess that he attained vice before he knew the meaning of literary success or even literary achievement.

He was never more than driftwood on the surging current of life. At the age of two he had lost his parents, and was adopted by a friend. He was sent over to England and received a smattering of education at a little school in Stoke Newington. They did not understand this child from Baltimore; they did not want to understand him with his curious reserve, and his big eyes that seemed to wander about seeing nothing. He returned to America. The undercurrent of youth caught him up and spoiled him; he went off to fight for Greece, and the last person who ever knew why was himself. He forged the name of his guardian to a cheque, and entered the death-chamber of his guardian's wife drunk.

In those few early years the world ruined him. His weakness bore him down, and only his agile brain saved him from being forgotten. He had a cleverness that would not be smothered. America began to fret and bother about his literary criticisms, but it did not know that the work which seemed to have been so lightly thrown off was the produce of superhuman effort that destroyed his nerves and made him a victim to neurasthenia. A victim to alcohol.

One of the oddest things about a man's ambition is that it is often aimed at a star to which his temperament is utterly unsuited. Poe had one dream in life—to run and own a successful magazine. He who had never known the meaning of money had a craving to finger it. He admitted that he would sell his soul to know what it meant to be able to spend money lavishly. When he took over the editorship of *Graham's Magazine* it was selling five thousand copies an issue; he speedily

put it up to fifty thousand. And all the while he was living on alcohol; so badly had the disease caught him that one of his later supporters wrote to him and urged him to give up the habit of drinking before breakfast!

He passed from one editorship to another; he beat up circulation after circulation. His criticisms of books became the talk of literary America, but his soul was rebelling against making successes for others. He must rule a magazine; he wished to be a literary potentate with a bevy of literary menials, with splendidly printed pages and wide margins, and all the literary lights of his time writing for him for nothing, or next to nothing. He became a literary beggar. He plunged and fought—rebelling against those commonplace minds who owned things; begging and whining to this person and that for articles for a paper which would be his ideal.

So he started the *Penn Magazine* and it failed. He started the *Stylus* and it failed, to be resurrected into a fresh failure. Chance was against him. He could edit for others, but for himself he could not edit successfully. The exchequer of his periodicals could not keep pace with his dreams. And then he conceived the idea of getting all the successful authors of America to combine secretly. Each was to put two hundred dollars into a publishing concern, he was to run it and they to write for it, and the spoils were to be shared out equally. He carried this great and impossible dream through the years, and that it never matured was one of the greatest sadnesses of his life.

The disappointment made him vicious. Because he could not write a full-length novel he attacked anyone who could. Because he was not capable of very long poetry, he forgot that he had a God-given gift for beauty in shorter verse, and bore down with a pen of vitriol on those who attempted verse beyond his own measure. He became swallowed up in self with its embittering of poverty. He lived and dreamed hate.

And yet he was the literary force of America through two decades. He was a little man with a thin body and a wonderful prominent forehead, and extraordinary eyes with deep circles round them which seemed to fling them out as if they were burning lights. He rushed round and round a room while he talked, and would come to a standstill with the perspiration, caused by mental excitement, running down his cheeks. He had no sense of money because he had never handled money

in any quantity. Once he was found sitting idly on the steps of a theatre and said he had to get the money before one o'clock next day to still the tongue of a badgering landlady.

Although he would work for unending hours on a piece of literary criticism for which he was paid a pittance, he would produce verse which was not ephemeral to pay a bill. He had a *flair*, and flung it aside and used it only when he wanted to borrow money. He knew he was one of the greatest writers of America, but he could not live up to it.

The cruel poverty and endless suffering began to break him. He opened up a war against Longfellow, whom he accused of having plagiarised his "Haunted Palace" in "The Beleaguered City." He carried his attack to the point of libel, but the old Professor knew his man and merely smiled. Poe was mad; with all his genius openly and frankly discussed in America, he was mad. When Dickens came to America Poe sent him his books much as a commercial traveller would send advance goods, and then called on the English novelist and asked him to find a publisher for his works in London.

Always the yearning after money. He did not know the value of his goods, but he wanted money. He had the soul of a dreamer, and then in another mood his body wanted to make him a plutocrat so that he might indulge his vices the better. He was drinking hard, he had always been drinking hard. And now he had taken to opium.

But sometimes the gentle soul of the man would steal away as if the fleshy creature were not looking, and he would write some beautiful work. "The Raven," which was the product of several years' travail, was originally called "The Owl." When at last he finished it he sold it for two pounds, and then went round finding famous actors who would recite it. Still the artist looking for the best exploitation of his work. When after a while Murdoch, the great actor, recited "The Raven," Poe disappeared for weeks on end in a great debauch.

His attitude towards women was to my mind one of the most curious paradoxes of his life. Throughout the years he was fond of women. When poor, when he had not the clothes to go to a decent function, he found that lure in women which made him borrow a suit of clothes from anyone so that he might not be shut out. He danced. He began and carried through the most desperate of platonic friendships. He developed a habit, which he once confessed became an absolute tyranny,

of writing love-letters. He started an infatuation in a mad moment, and tried to live up to it long after any memory of the woman to whom he wrote his wild letters was dead. It is on record that he once cut in the street a woman to whom he was writing the most impassioned letters, because he had absolutely forgotten her. Women made no mark on him; he suffered

nothing by them, though he acclaimed them as the makers of his martyrdom.

He lived dreams. Some women made his dreams. Some love-affairs that never happened, but which he thought happened, have given us many of the best chapters of our literature.

Who was Annabel Lee? Poe would have said she was a dozen women. She might have been Mrs. Whitman, to whom he was engaged in a passionless fashion to be married, or she might have been his child-wife, Virginia, who died slowly of his poverty. Or she might have been some dream girl to whom he wrote those mad letters, the majority of which have happily been destroyed.

Some kink in the brain gave us "Annabel Lee"; "The Raven" was a mood; "The Bells" was a mood.

All those wonderful pieces

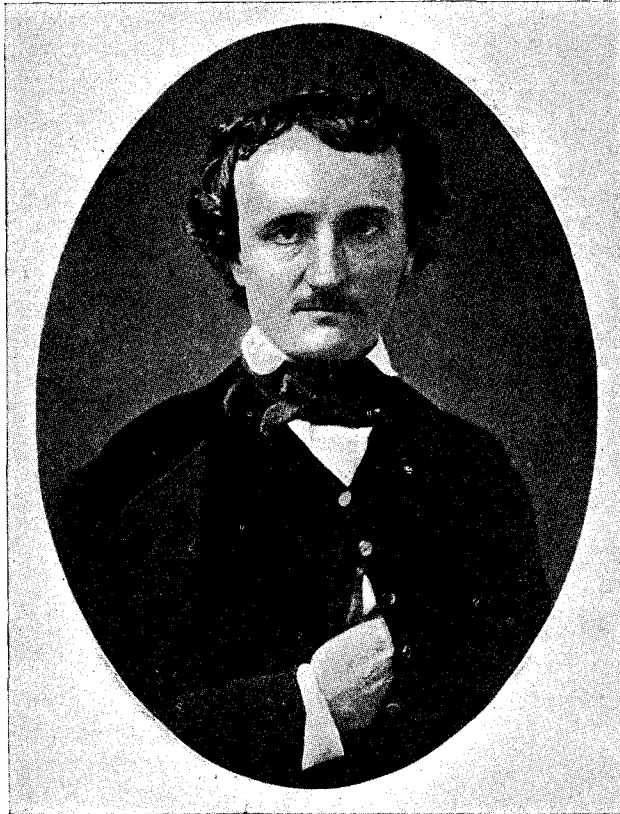
of imagination—"The Gold Bug," "The Masque of the Red Death"—were moods. Moods of a rather frantic soul.

There was only one stable thing in Poe's life. All the rest was the ambition or the despair of an hour. One thing alone went on—his love, that curious cold adoration for his child-wife, Virginia, his cousin. She never understood him; she only guessed that hidden in him, in his wild debauchery, in his softening moments of human feeling, was a man and a genius. The world howled him down for his madness, but she still acclaimed him a genius. He would slink home, after his wild fits of mental and physical despair, without the means to buy a loaf of bread, and she still knelt at the knees of a misunderstood genius.

He was a misunderstood genius, and Virginia was the first person in the world to know it.

And the tragedy of Virginia! All that she had dreamed of her husband were hopes placed on a broken reed. When for the last time he came back to Fordham cottage, his health was failing, as it had ever been failing, and his dreams were smashed. He had reached the last stages of penury; there was not enough money in the house to buy a meal, let alone a meal for a woman dying of consumption.

But all the suffering they had endured she set at the door of the world which had stolen her husband's



Edgar Allan Poe.

From a daguerreotype, circa October, 1848.

genius and thrown it away uncounted. These loves for other women—they were only his moods, just splashes of sunlight in his day which she had never wished to destroy or spoil. She had that blind faith in him one finds sometimes in women, which is more enduring than any earthly thing.

So she lay quietly in the morning-room at Fordham cottage—a room which had been given over to her because the sunlight stole into it and warmed her. A friend who visited her during those last days described her as lying on a pallet of uncovered straw, and only a coverlet over her shrinking body. Cold—trembling with cold. She coughed terribly, and her face had the pallor of the grave. But lying coiled on her chest was a large ginger cat. A poor beast that had clung to her and, in its animal fashion, had seemed to know of her hurt, and had lain on her chest that needed warmth and so gave her the votive comfort of its body.

The death of Virginia killed all the resistance, all sense of fight—and it had been little—in Edgar Allan Poe. Born in Baltimore, he had drifted far in one mad hazard after another. His name was talked about

on two continents, but he loved the sound of it the better in some evil place where fame was a useless possession that could not be juggled with. All his dreams, his wonderful dreams, could not rid his body of the pestilence.

So he came back to the city that bore him, went out on one last wild debauch, and died with the cry on his lips, "Lord, pity my poor soul!"

What he has left—the heart of mankind in some of his simpler poems such as "Annabel Lee," the great imagination of those fragmentary tales which seem to be the figments of a mind adrift among the stars—is sufficient evidence of thwarted genius.

But when Time has swept over us and cleansed us and left us bare for judgment, Edgar Allan Poe will appear, not as a flicker of genius under some ill-fated star, but rather as a figure pitiful yet sublime. All his mediocrities will have disappeared, gone all recollection of his debauches, his whining clamouring for money, his passionate motives. And there will stand out a writer, human because of his frailty, but one ahead of those that march in good order who has reached a horizon known only to a lonely few.

THE ART OF W. W. JACOBS.

BY HORACE NEWTE.

I AM afraid that most of the unnumbered thousands who read Mr. W. W. Jacobs's famous stories read them merely for the tale and the humorous situations. Indeed the general are blind to the subtleties underlying the dialogue. This privilege is reserved for the judicious, who happily savour these subtleties as they should be savoured. For, in a telling phrase for those who have eyes to see, he is not assisting only to relate the story, but to reveal as in a flash a shining phase of a given character. Nor is this all. For here and there, and particularly in the character of the immortal Night Watchman, are a thousand and one penetrating comments on immemorial human nature which could have been written only by one who was no indifferent student of the eternal human comedy.

And as an example of what I mean by the telling phrase, I will give a few illustrations from Mr. Jacobs's last published story. Ginger Dick has been taken ill with a mysterious complaint. His cronies pick up what they think is a doctor in a public-house; and when he is asked to have a further drink, he prefers this time "a special" because it is better. Then says Mr. Jacobs:

"Peter told 'im, and the landlord 'ad to tell 'im three times 'ow much it was afore he understood. He seemed 'arf dazed, and the noise Sam made smacking 'is lips over his wine nearly drove 'im crazy."

And a little farther on in the same story, when the mock doctor tells Ginger to put out his tongue:

"Ginger put it out, and then put it in again to tell Sam that when 'e wanted to 'ear his remarks about it he'd let him know."

And again:

"He said the poison 'ad got from Sam's finger down into 'is liver, and an abscess was forming there. He showed Sam where 'is liver was—a thing he 'adn't known afore—and found out where the abscess was

with 'is thumb-nail. He found it twice, and was just going to find it agin when Sam pulled 'is shirt down."

Sam's ignorance of the situation of his liver is suggestive of the immortal M. Jourdain, who had talked prose all his life without knowing it.

Regarding Mr. Jacobs's shining comments on human nature, I will quote from the Night Watchman in the same story.

He had been poisoned by some salmon that "the woman—if you can call 'er a woman"—had given his wife, and presently remarks:

"It's funny 'ow soft and kind-earted illness makes you. Three times yesterday arternoon I called my missis upstairs to tell 'er that I couldn't pass away without letting 'er know I'd forgiven 'er. She on'y came the first time, but that wasn't my fault. I called 'er loud enough."

Over and beyond what this tells us of the relations existing between husband and wife, phrases like these are object lessons in concentration to the literary beginner.

Again—this time in "Shareholders":

"One poor chap I knew 'ardly ever came ashore without getting married; and when he was found out there was no less than six wimmen in the court all taking away 'is character at once. And when he spoke up about Solomon the magistrate pretty near bit 'is 'ead off."

Also, in "Paying Off":

"I've spent the best part of my life trying to do my fellow creeturs a good turn. . . . All my life I've given 'elp and advice free, and only a day or two ago one of 'em wot I 'ad given it to came round here with 'er 'usband and 'er two brothers and 'er mother and two or three people from the same street, to see her give me 'wot for.'"

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.**



Photo by Vaughan & Freeman.

W. W. JACOBS.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.**



*From "DUTCH PAINTING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY."
By C. H. Collins Baker
("Studio").*

VIEW IN DELFT
(J. Vermeer—The Hague Museum).

Lastly, in "Dirty Work":

"Say wot you like, a man's best friend is 'imself. There's nobody else'll do as much for 'im, or let 'im off easier when he makes a mistake."

This is surely one of those eternal truths we have all been dimly alive to, but is startling when it is put into words.

In addition to being a humorous writer, Mr. Jacobs excels in the art of the tragical story. The most outstanding tale of this sort is of course "The Monkey's Paw." Indeed this is a story that those who are far more competent to judge than myself have declared is one of the finest, if not the finest short story, in the language. Despite its sensational incidents, it is told with a wealth of sobriety and restraint which reveal the true artist. And one who knows his job from A to Z. "The Toll Gate," "Jerry Bundler," "The Three Sisters" are all remarkable in their several ways. To my mind "The Interruption," which is the story of a man who has poisoned his wife, is, apart from its merits, significant for its infinite suggestions not only of what has happened before the story opens, but the prevailing atmosphere after the murdered wife has been buried.

Mr. Jacobs is also the author of several long stories, and with Mr. Louis N. Parker was responsible for the successful play, "Beauty and the Barge." Many of his stories have been turned into one-act plays. He has either done these himself or in collaboration with others. Apart from his gifts as a writer, it seems to me he possesses an advantage that he has in common with Marryat—an advantage that may provide him ultimately with some sort of immortality. This because they have written in the one case of conditions that will soon be "improved" out of all recognition. And in the other, of things at sea which have long since ceased to obtain.

In appearance Mr. Jacobs is quite unlike the popular breezy conception of a world-famous humorist. He is both boyish and ascetic looking. Temperamentally he is blessed (or cursed) with an acutely logical mind which enables him to see at once the inherent weakness of an argument; and had he so minded he would for this reason have made a success at the Bar. Together with this shattering gift of being ruthlessly logical, Mr. Jacobs possesses a pretty wit which has more than a touch of unexpectedness.

Incidentally it might not be amiss to write a few words about his latest volume of stories which has just come to me from the publishers. This is called by the rather poetic name of "Sea Whispers" *; and apart from the humorous stories which are what his public expects from Mr. Jacobs, this volume to my mind is noteworthy for a pen picture, and for a story called "The Model." The pen picture is a sketch of what Wapping was some twenty or more years ago. And "The Model" is outstanding, apart from its merits as a story, since it unmistakably reveals an unsuspected depth of tenderness and emotion which make the greater appeal because they are treated with the restraint that betrays the finished artist.

"Wapping-on-Thames" is the name of the pen picture no one should miss. Apart from its unflinching

interest to lovers of old London, it is an object-lesson to budding writers, whose name is legion, of how to obtain effects with a meet frugality in words. To show what I mean I will give the following extract:

"The old church and the charity school, with the overgrown churchyard opposite, with its rank grass and dingy trees, are the remains of those days. The green of the churchyard is a relief to the bricks and mortar, for trees are scarce in Wapping, though there are a few others in front of the old-fashioned houses on the breezy pier-head hard by—trees which, having been coaxied to grow in that uncongenial spot, conscientiously endeavour to indicate the seasons, and make very few mistakes, considering."

I am sure my readers will see what I mean. You can see what the author is describing. And it is done with a shining economy in words.

It would not be fair to Mr. Jacobs to tell the plot of "The Model." But as I have said, it reveals to those who have eyes to see a new Mr. Jacobs; and in his telling us of a high-minded painter, and of his model who has erred and strayed in the past, and of her exquisite atonement, I was touched as I did not think this writer could touch me.

I have reason to believe that, were he so minded, this would not by any means be the only story of this pathetic sort which Mr. Jacobs could give us. But prominent writers are commonly averse from breaking out in a new place. They have their large public to think of; and large publics like to know just where they are with one of their favourites. If these do not get what they expect, there is trouble; and trouble of the sort which deprives a successful author of the delight of paying super-tax.

Nevertheless this vagary on the part of the public is



Wrapper Design.

"Sea Whispers," by W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated by Bert Thomas.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

* 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

often a pity. It cuts many of us off, as in this case of Mr. Jacobs, from reading what we should love to read.

In conclusion I should mention that his stories have been translated into many languages. What they are like, in Icelandic for instance, I do not know. And it

must be rather hard to get the French equivalent for riverside slang. Also he figures in a certain German scientific catalogue which was published before the war. In this occurs :

“ ‘ Sea Urchins ’ - - - W. W. Jacobs.”

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS. OCTOBER, 1926.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

“ The Prize Page,” THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that Competition I will be for the best original lyric until three months' notice of a change has been given.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS.; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

- I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.
- II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.
- III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original fable in not more than two hundred words bearing on any topic of the time.
- IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.
- V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

- I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Muriel D. Blanckensee, 19, Frognal, N.W.3, for the following :

VISION.

In the thronged summer street,
Where sunlight beat on pavements hot and dry,
The people hurried tensely, swiftly by,
Or lagged on listless feet.

I shunned the dust and glare,
The indifferent crowds on rigid errands bound ;
When suddenly I heard a tapping sound,
And saw a blind man there.

A blind man, moving slow,
Tapping a stick along a wall for aid,
Unseeing the coloured street, the drifting shade,
The sunlight's deepening glow.

I closed my pitying eyes,
Shut out the scene the blind man could not see,
That for a moment I might be as he,
Sightless 'neath summer skies.

Then I looked forth, to find
That everything was aureoled with light
And all the world was lovely in my sight . . .
Because a man was blind.

We also select for printing :

TEMPERAMENT.

A time together and alone
Came at last. Had she but known
Why I was quiet a moment, silent grown,
She would have understood—
I think she would.

But she said,
With a quick movement of her head,
“ Come, I have only half an hour to spare ! ”
And suddenly,
Before I was aware,
I heard a door shut softly in my heart ;
And then for all my inward prayers and tears
I could not speak as in the bygone years,
But saw the old sweet fellowship depart.

(Beatrice Cleland, 137, Venner Road, Sydenham, S.E.26.)

BIRDS.

My eyes are filled with wonder
At any little bird ;
On every tree and bush I see
A wing to give an ecstasy.

A goldfinch sitting on a thorn
Can make of me a man reborn ;
But sparrows in the mud suffice
To carry me to Paradise.

(C. H. Lay, Aldringham, Leiston, Suffolk.)

THE YOUNG.

There are no might-have-beens in their light mirth,
No broken idols, and no dreams that failed ;
They scarce believe that loving can be staled
By surfeit of the thing that gave it birth.

Their faith is knowledge, and their pride is power,
Their strong young knees bend with no doubts in prayer ;
And so they cannot understand despair,
Or dread the ending of a jewelled hour.

For they are strong, invulnerable, cold,
Yet lonely sometimes, and too proud to seek
The tender pity of the aged and weak,
So strong in pity, and in love so old.

(Margot K. Mackillop Brown, The Dutch House,
Brookvale Road, Southampton.)

We also specially commend the lyrics by J. Kilmeny Keith (Kensington), Liam P. Clancy (Hampstead), Winifred Barrows (Malvern), Winnifred Tasker (Gidea Park), D. F. Larkin (Newhaven), Ruth M. Niven (Englefield Green), Constance Pendlebury (Wallasey), Una Malleson (Kensington), W. Goodridge Roberts (Canada),



By Annie M. Thomas.

Phyllis E. Noble (Long Melford), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Monica Mair (Guildford), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), John Strachan (Scarborough), Rudolf Robert (Lee, S.E.), Teresa B. Noble (Long Melford), D. M. Cleaver (Northampton), Irvine Cway (Norwich), Olive F. Crowe (Hanwell), May H. Clarke (Woolwich), Annie T. Riddell (Victoria, B.C.), Gertrude Pitt (London, N.), E. Robin (Geneva), Mrs. G. W. Harrison (Toronto), Ierne Ormsby (Addiscombe), Violet I. Wiseman (Walsall), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), Freda Baxter (Blackheath), Mary Mair (Minehead), Phyllis Wake (Northampton), Ann B. Boulton (Torquay), Margaret Ferguson (Eastbourne), J. A. Bellchambers (London, N.), Ellen Boyd (Northwich), T. Green (Halifax), Henry Bevis, M.A. (Frampton-on-Severn), O. Frederick Simpson (Market Drayton), Helena Derezinska (Alsace), Edith Pryor (Brighton), Pamela S. Groom (Crouch End), Edith M. Walker (Bournemouth), T. Maudsley (South Croydon), Iza Helen Mather (Manchester), Alfred E. Haigh (Wakefield), May Mullane (Glasgow), Freda I. Noble (Long Melford), W. Gladden (Crewe), Thomas A. King (Birmingham), J. Parson (London, S.E.), Kathleen Simonds (Carshalton).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to M. Kelly, 45, Curzon Street, Maryport, Cumberland, for the following:

IT'S NOT DONE. BY WM. C. BULLITT. (Brentanos.)
 "They couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads (Etiquette)*.

We also select for printing:

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED. BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Hutchinson.)

"His head was turned—and so he chewed
 His pigtail till he died."

THOMAS HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown*.

(May W. Harrison, Pracebridge Heath Hospital, Lincoln.)

AN ANCIENT MYSTERY. BY ARTHUR MACHEN.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
 How I wonder what you are!"
Nursery Rhyme.

(A. E. Nelson, 8, Northbrook Road, Leeson Park, Dublin.)

WOMEN'S PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

BY LEONORA EYLES. (Labour Publishing Co.)

"Getting and spending."
WORDSWORTH, Sonnet.

(J. N. Banister, Malden Street, Leyland, Lancashire.)

HEAT. BY ISA GLENN. (Knopf.)

"His brow is wet with honest sweat."

LONGFELLOW, The Village Blacksmith.

(H. A. Hibbs, 42, Tyrwhitt Road, S.E.4.)

THE HOUSE. BY RICHMAL CROMPTON.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing."
SHAKESPEARE, Sonnet.

(Constance Rennie, 5, Montem Road, S.E.23.)

HEAT. BY ISA GLENN. (Knopf.)

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled."

FELICIA HEMANS, Casabianca.

(D. Burcham, Sidcot, Winscombe, Som.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best bookplate design for any well-known author is awarded to Annie M. Thomas, "Swallow-eaves," Halsdon Avenue, Exmouth, whose design is reproduced on this page.

We also select for reproduction the designs of Evelyn Simpson, "Willowmead," Willow Grove, West Chislehurst, Kent, and K. I. Noble, Bridge House, Lyston, near Long Melford, Suffolk, to each of whom a special prize of a new book has been awarded.

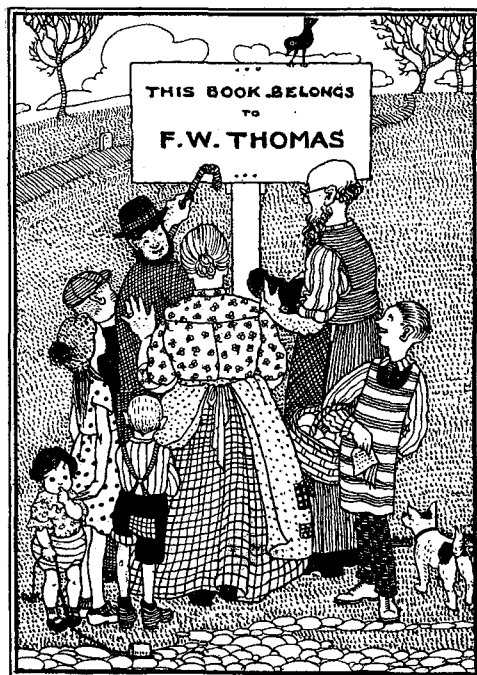
Designs by the following are also highly commended: Mollie Jarvie (Kensington), Martha Bell (Northwood). Of the others, some are very well done, but are not bookplates.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred word review is awarded to W. M. Spriggs, 22, Dick Place, Edinburgh, for the following:

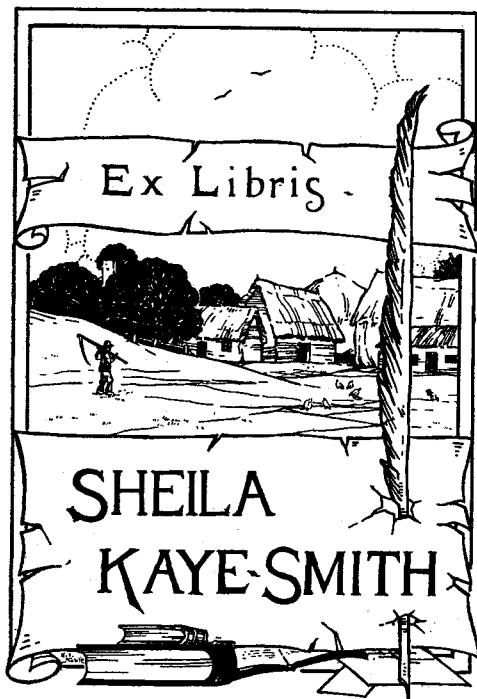
THE HOUSE OF FAR DISTANCES.

BY FLORENCE DRUMMOND. (Methuen.)

Dedicated
 "To the Autumn-hearted," this little book comes with a message of courage and hope when both are needed. The author is confined to the house by illness, but it is a House of Far Distances, and she sees therefrom cottages and corn fields, dawn and sunset, hills and the



By Evelyn Simpson.



By K. I. Noble.

THE CHRIST OF THE INDIAN ROAD.

By E. STANLEY JONES. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is a wonderful book! It will leave some good, sound people gasping at first, but at the end nearly everyone, even those who believe Christ belongs to Europe, will find themselves thinking: "Why, this is just what I have thought, but could not put into words, all my life!" That is because truth is compelling. It is the truth in Christ, apart from Westernised Christianity, that is drawing India, the nation of "seekers," to Him. India will give back to the material West a finer conception of spiritual values in Christ than the West has ever conceived. Only

sea. Her spiritual vision is wider still, and she sees things that are hidden from others. A delicate love-story runs through the book, but the "romance of the soul" is even more thrilling. Miss Drummond reminds us that the horizon widens as the river reaches the sea.

We also select for printing:

to read this book once will teach much, but you will want to read it many times!

(A. Lys, 27, Murrey Road, Northwood.)

JOHNNY JONES, GUTTERSNIPE.

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. (Daniel.)

I feel it a duty to make known this book. The reading of it will make the public understand many of the problems of slum life. In clear but carefully chosen words the author shows the disgust and almost despair with which a lad of artistic feelings is compelled to endure for years the overcrowded bedroom of his little home, and the sights and sounds of a Manchester "poor" neighbourhood. One realises the heavy handicap imposed on children brought up under these conditions and yet one sees glimpses of lowly homes filled with kindly Lancashire hearts, where every effort is made to give the children such little treats and pleasures as a very slender purse can afford.

(J. N. Cheetham, St. Andrew's Church, Onitsha, Nigeria.)

We also mention for special commendation the reviews by S. K. Dunford (Norwich), W. H. Edge (Stockport), Clare Prime (Godalming), H. F. Smart (Wellington), Aileen Wright (Brough), James A. Richards (Tenby), Mrs. Maude R. Fleeson (Withington), Isa M. Jackson (Glasgow), Ethel M. Kennedy (Kensington), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Norwich), G. Arnold (London, S.W.), Kathleen Evans (London, N.), Amy H. M. Peacock (King's Lynn), E. M. Salmon (South Croydon), Jack Dickens (Ruddington), Kathleen Simmonds (Carnalton), Margot K. M. Brown (Southampton), Winifred Simmons (Kew), Dorothy M. Wood (Cricklewood), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), William Pool (Pontefract), K. Haines (Sydenham), Frances H. Curl (Wokingham).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Jessie Bridle, 95, Blatchington Road, Hove, Sussex.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S SUMMER HOLIDAY WINDOW-DRESSING COMPETITION.

The photographs received have been even more numerous than in last year's Competition, and reach a high average of excellence. In arriving at a decision the judges, as before, have allowed for effectiveness and artistic arrangement in display, giving special marks for originality of design. The following are their awards:

1st Prize, 30 Guineas:

Eason & Sons Ltd., 40/41, Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin. (Photograph reproduced on page 98.)

2nd Prize, 20 Guineas.

Thomas Leach Ltd., 2 & 4, Bath Street, Abingdon, Berks. (Photograph on page 99.)

3rd Prize, 10 Guineas.

J. Gulliford & Sons, St. Mary Street, Cardiff. (Photograph on page 99.)

5 Prizes of 5 Guineas each.

1. The Central Education Co., Ltd., 18, St. Peter's Street, Derby.
2. W. & R. Holmes, 95, Yorkshire Street, Rochdale.

3. George Sexton, 17, St. Leonards Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

4. William Lewis, 78, Queen Street, Cardiff.

5. R. Harris & Son, 6, Bridge Street, Northampton.

10 Prizes of 2 Guineas each.

1. Sisson & Parker, Wheeler Gate, Nottingham.
2. Charles T. King, 105-6, High Street, Lymington, Hants.
3. A. & R. Milne, 229, Union Street, Aberdeen.
4. W. G. Spencer, 43, London Road, Leicester.
5. G. C. Brittain & Sons Ltd., 33, Church Street, Ripley, near Derby.
6. Marsh's Library, 100, Brighton Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.
7. J. & H. Platt, 36, Fishergate, Preston.
8. R. W. Hunter, 31, Chapel Road, Worthing, Sussex.
9. James Thin & Sons, 55, South Bridge, Edinburgh.
10. G. Loosley & Sons, 176-8, High Street, Bexhamstead.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Christmas BOOKMAN is now in preparation and readers are urged to place their orders for it as early as possible in order to be sure of obtaining a copy. Particulars of contents will be given next month.

We are to have from Messrs. Heinemann very soon the "Life and Letters of Joseph Conrad," by M. Jean Aubry, one of the most intimate of his friends, and when this is published, Mrs. Conrad tells us in her "Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him" (6s.; Heinemann), "and all is known of this great man of letters, to most he will appear more strange, more complex than ever." In his wife's very intimate chronicle the character of Conrad as it is revealed in many anecdotes of his domestic life, his habits of work, his relations with his family and with friends and strangers, is strange and complex enough, but with all his eccentricities, reticences, frankness, assertiveness, curious shyness, one grows more conscious of the man's rough homeliness and awkward kindness, and has a feeling that his oddities and unconventionalities were nothing but the natural expression of a certain big simplicity in him that was always spontaneously breaking the trivial bonds of custom and conventionality as easily as Samson broke the cords of the Philistines. Some of the anecdotes are delightfully amusing ;

some, such as that of his behaviour under stress of a premonition that his eldest son had been killed in the war, as poignant as they are strange. "Few artists are well fitted to deal with the ordinary difficulties of life, and Conrad had far too lively an imagination for everyday events," writes Mrs. Conrad. "He lived life as a novel ; he exaggerated simple trifles, though quite unconsciously."

This frank, sympathetic record of a great man's life behind the scenes brings you very closely acquainted with him, and if it shows him occasionally in absurd, fantastic, undignified crises, it shows him also in the completed picture as an intensely human, intensely interesting, curiously attractive personality.

"The Dark Corner," a new novel by Dornford Yates, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

One of the things a prophet might safely risk his reputation

on is that there will before long be a great revival of interest in George Gissing. He has a distinctive and permanent place among later Victorian novelists and one feels it is more than time somebody gave us a collected edition of his books. Meanwhile, one of the most interesting of this autumn's announcements for a good many of us is that the "Letters of George Gissing to Members of his Family" are to be published by Messrs. Constable. The letters, which have been collected and arranged by his brother and sister, Algernon and Ellen Gissing, and will have a preface by his son, are supplemented by extracts from Gissing's diary and journals.



Mrs. Jessie Conrad.

Drawn by Kathleen Shackleton.

Mr. John Freeman's new narrative poem, "Solomon and Balkis," will be published this month by Messrs. Macmillan.

A book for children which will delight the nursery folk this Christmas is "Clever Bill," by William Nicholson, the first book of the kind to which this brilliant artist has yet put his hand. It tells a simple, whimsical story in delightfully quaint, coloured drawings with a line of narrative along the foot of every page.

"The Magic Lamplighter," by Marion St. John Webb, with illustrations in colour by Margaret Tarrant, is another Christmas book for children that should be popular this season. It will be published about the end of next month by the Medici Society, who are also issuing two small books of verses and colour pictures, "Heath Fairies" and "Weather Fairies," by the same author and artist. Mrs. St. John Webb's most successful books, so far, seem to have been "The Littlest One" (now in its fortieth thousand) and "The Littlest One Again." She has completed a third book of verses about this same Littlest One, and Messrs. Harrap are arranging to collect the three series into a single volume which they hope to publish early next year with new illustrations.

Messrs. Harrap have also in preparation a selected edition of the poems of the late William Canton, including, I understand, some that have not before been printed, and some, like the poem we reproduce on page 26, that have appeared in magazines, but not in book form. Another book of Mr. Canton's, "Yesterday, To-Day and For Ever," is to be published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. This, on which he was working until shortly before his death, is the story of the influence the Bible has had on the lives of men and women all over the world.

The London County Council is doing a great work for London topography by the publication, through

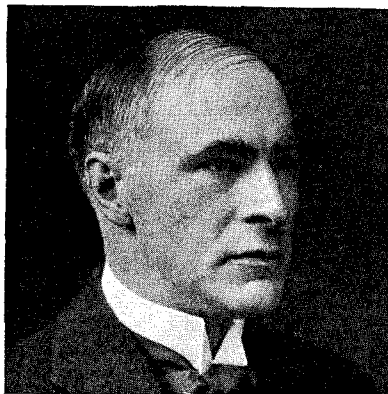


Photo by
J. Russell & Sons.

**Dr. J. Morgan
de Groot,**

whose new novel, "Nets and Cages"
(Alston Rivers), was reviewed in last
month's BOOKMAN.

Messrs. B. T. Batsford, of its splendid "Survey of the Metropolis," of which nine volumes have already appeared. A tenth volume, fully illustrated, is announced for early publication. This will deal with the Parish of S. Margaret, Westminster, a centre of great historical interest, and a limited number of copies will be on sale to the public at £2 2s.

The vogue of Stevenson still continues and shows no sign of passing. "Treasure Island" and "Kid-

napped" and "Catriona" (the last two in one volume) are to be had in the handy and admirable "World's Classics" series (2s. per volume; Oxford Press); and five further volumes are now ready in Messrs. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson's very handsome "Lothian" edition (3s. 6d. per volume). The new five are "The Black Arrow," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Weir of Hermiston," "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Virginibus Puerisque." The "Lothian" is an ideal library edition at a price even a small purse can afford.

"This tale," you are told in a foreword to "Out of These Things," a novel by Mr. James A. Morley, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month, "has to do with the affairs of age; a twelve-year-old and a man in love; innocence and vice; scientific research and the discovery of a

secret passage. Behind the events there stands the House, which was accountable for all things." The house is a strange, old place that exerts a benign or sinister influence on those who dwell in it; the story is told by a looker-on who studies the various characters and notes the growth of that influence upon them; and the suggestive summary in the foreword promises something out of the common.

"The Little Angel," a new collection of essays by Mr. Robert Lynd, will be published this month by Messrs. Methuen.

The National Book Council, which is doing such excellent work in fostering the love of books and



Mr. Harborough Sherard,

Author of "Life of Guy de Maupassant" (Werner Laurie).
Reviewed in this Number.

reading, asks me to announce that a course of five lectures on "Reading for the Young" will be delivered at Mortimer Hall, Mortimer Street, W., on the following Thursday evenings at 8.15:

October 14th.—Mr. W. C. Berwick Sayers, F.L.A., on "An Analysis of Child Reading." Chairman: Mrs. A. Hutton Radice.

October 28th.—Dr. C. W. Kimmins, M.A., D.Sc., on "Changes in Children's Taste: Infancy to Adolescence." Chairman: Viscountess Erleigh.

November 11th.—Miss Rose Fyleman, on "Writing for Children." Chairman: Mr. Stanley Unwin.

November 25th.—Mr. Frank Sidgwick, on "Poetry for Children." Chairman: Mr. H. Scheumier.

December 9th.—Mr. George Sampson, M.A., on "Reading at School." Chairman: Major R. S. Williams.

The Committee of the Council have arranged to give two prizes (of £3 3s. and £1 1s.) for the best critical essays in 400 to 600 words, on the series as a whole. Each prize will take the form of a voucher for the purchase of books from any bookseller. Full particulars concerning these lectures, etc., can be obtained from the organising secretary, Mr. Maurice Marston, National Book Council, 30, Little Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

I learned with very deep regret last month of the death of Mrs. Alfred Noyes. She was stricken with a sudden illness at St. Jean-de-Luz, in France, where she and her husband had been spending the summer months and, after lingering some days and making a partial recovery, died on September 8th. Mrs. Noyes (Garnett Daniels) was born at Washington, and her father, the late B. G. Daniels, was a Colonel in the United States Army. No poet ever had a more ideal partner



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mrs. Alfred Noyes.

than Mr. Noyes found in her, and everyone who knew her will sympathise most deeply with him in his great loss. Through the nineteen years of their marriage she was his inseparable companion, accompanying him on his lecture tours in England and America, and taking always the keenest and most sympathetic interest in his work. She had the charm that goes with kindness, and will be very greatly missed by all who were privileged to count themselves among her friends.

It has been objected that writers writing of country life represent it

as harsher and more violent than such life is, as it is known to some reviewers. For this reason some reviewers discredit it as unreal. But if you have lived in the country and mixed with the people—a much simpler, more unsophisticated people than you will ever find in town—you know that ignorance is at the root of such scepticism. Human life in country places is rough and untamed, character is character in the raw—as Mrs. Henry Dudeney shows in

her eleven short stories in "Fly Leaves" (7s. 6d.; Collins). They are eleven glimpses into the inner lives of men and women, whom she depicts with keen understanding and a strong sense of drama. Set in Sussex—the Sussex in which she lives—they bring to us vivid pictures of the love and hatred, chiefly of rustic types dwelling around her own doors. She writes of people she knows with a more intimate knowledge than they know themselves, entering into their thoughts and passions, as only one possessed of her sympathetic imagination can do. Whether she describes, as in "The Porch," the old dying grandmother who has outlived her usefulness, or young love, or, as in "Yeast,"



Photo by Claude Harris.

Mrs. Edythe Glanville, C.V.E.,

whose new novel, "The Pinnacle," was recently published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

love thwarted and unfulfilled, she reveals again that intensity of feeling which gives strength and realism to all her work.

Mr. J. B. Priestley has written his first novel, "Adam in Moonshine," an ironic fable of modern life, and Messrs. Heinemann are publishing it this autumn.

One hundred years ago was begun the work of erecting the present college-like buildings of the University Press at Oxford. The pile took four years to complete, and in the process was celebrated the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first Oxford printed book. This year's centenary is in turn being commemorated by an extension of the main edifice, the Press being thus able to enlarge where the Bodleian cannot, owing to differences of position. It is only natural that one supremely

interested in everything connected with the Press is its newly-appointed Controller, Mr. John Johnson, who has succeeded the late Frederick Hart as Master Printer to the University and the Clarendon Press. Mr. Johnson comes of a Norfolk family, which lived at Runton, near Cromer, for many years. His education began at Magdalen College School, where he won a classical scholarship and passed on to Exeter College, the home of great athletes, as well as of great bookmen. There he graduated in 1904, with a First in "Mods" and a Second in "Greats." The same year Mr. Johnson entered the Egyptian Civil Service and as an Inspector to the Ministry of the Interior served till 1907, when political changes induced him to return to England. Life in the East had been a time of experience and profitable study. It

resulted in his complete mastery of Arabic and pass distinctions in two exams. in the Egyptian Penal Code. Thereafter Mr. Johnson won a Senior Demyskip at Magdalen and devoted himself to research work as assistant to Professor Grenfell at Queen's. The seven years immediately following were given up to the study of ancient manuscripts and excavation enterprise on behalf of the Graeco-Roman branch of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. At Antinoë, in a mound, the half of which had

already been carted away for manure, and in a stratum of potsherds, the least favourable environment for papyrus or vellum, he discovered fragments of a Byzantine library, consisting of works on history, theology, grammar, Euripidean drama and medicine. Then came a part of a papyrus book, containing, on ten pages, some six hundred lines of the Idylls of the Greek pastoral poet Theocritus of Syracuse, the largest and finest frag-

ment of the "sweet singer of field and fold" ever discovered—third century B.C.! After this real triumph Mr. Johnson turned to the long exhaustive task of editing the papyri in the Rylands Library, a very scholarly achievement. Rejected by army doctors when war broke out, Mr. Johnson volunteered to carry on in the great handicap at the Oxford University Press. With a skeleton staff and junior labour he was so entirely successful that the Press refused to part with his services when peace returned. The result is that in Mr. Johnson, M.A., the Delegates and Council have one of the most loyal, efficient, and indefatigable of servants and colleagues.

Mr. John Hawke is a very daring anthologist, and in editing "The Grasmere Wordsworth"

TITHONUS TO AURORA.

Come quickly, thou most beautiful! On what far Eastern height art thou?

What stays thy radiant footsteps? In the dewy woods I wait.
I rise to meet thee in the pines; To me life's one delight art thou;
I wait thy coming. Art thou coy? Doth shyness keep thee late?
Come quickly from thy garden East. A joy in all men's sight art thou;

To me more fair than mortal maid, more dear than wealth or state,
More precious than the dreams of youth, more sweet than sleep at night art thou—

The one undying loveliness defying time and fate!

The years grow grey, the world grows old,
Faith feeble and devotion cold;
But thou, clear-eyed, with hair of gold,
Art shining in immortal youth!

Thy lovers, the primeval men,
Who sprang from dust are dust again,
But thou, strange beauty, now as then
Art shining in immortal youth!

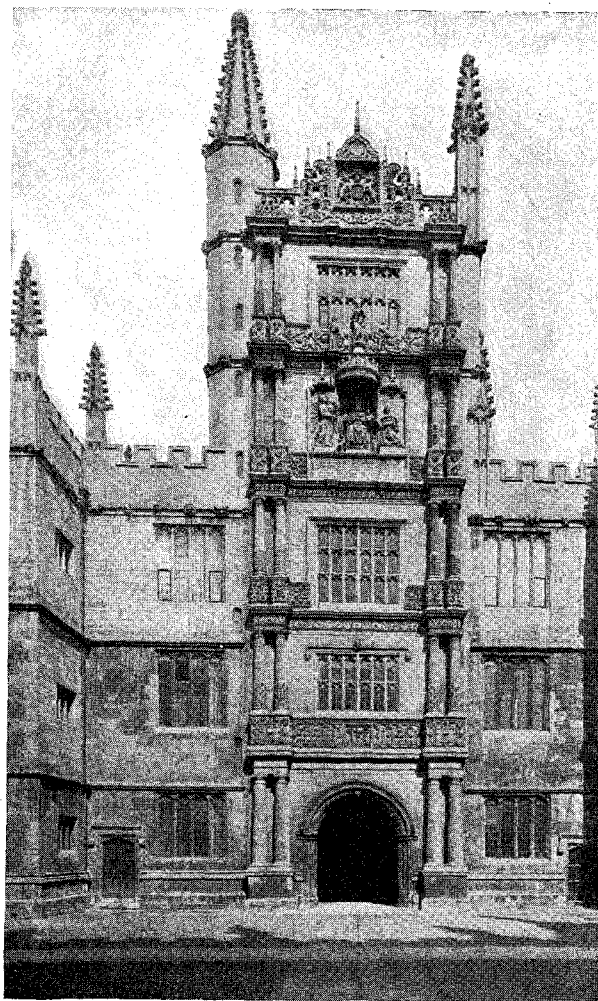
And race have vanished after race,
And land and sea have changed place,
And gods have passed, but thou, sweet face,
Art shining in immortal youth!

Undying, beautiful, divine, beloved in time's despite—art thou
Less loving; do thy sleepless eyes ne'er cloud with tender ruth?
A goddess of the ancient world, and still the world's delight art thou;
And ages hence new men shall find thee shining in immortal youth.

WILLIAM CANTON.

(7s. 6d.; Selwyn & Blount) not only condenses Wordsworth's poems by omitting superfluous verses from some of them, but by altering an occasional word or line, when necessary, to join up the stanzas such an omission has brought together. This will shock the pious Wordsworthian, but Mr. Hawke's book is not meant for him. It is meant for the general reader who has not the leisure to read all that was written by so voluminous a poet as Wordsworth, and will be indifferent to these slight revisions, since they serve the useful purpose of giving him the best of Wordsworth untrammelled by some of his worst. For such readers Mr. Hawke has done his work carefully and capably in this large and representative selection. The book is well printed and attractively bound.

It is over eighty years since William Maginn died and was buried in a nameless grave, for he had fallen on evil days at the end, and his death followed shortly after his release from a debtor's prison. He had been successful and popular in his day; was one of *Blackwood's* most brilliant contributors in the early years of last century, and the first editor of *Fraser's Magazine*. He was a witty, humorous and sometimes learnedly critical writer, and his miscellanies would fill half a dozen volumes—I have a good selection of them that was long since



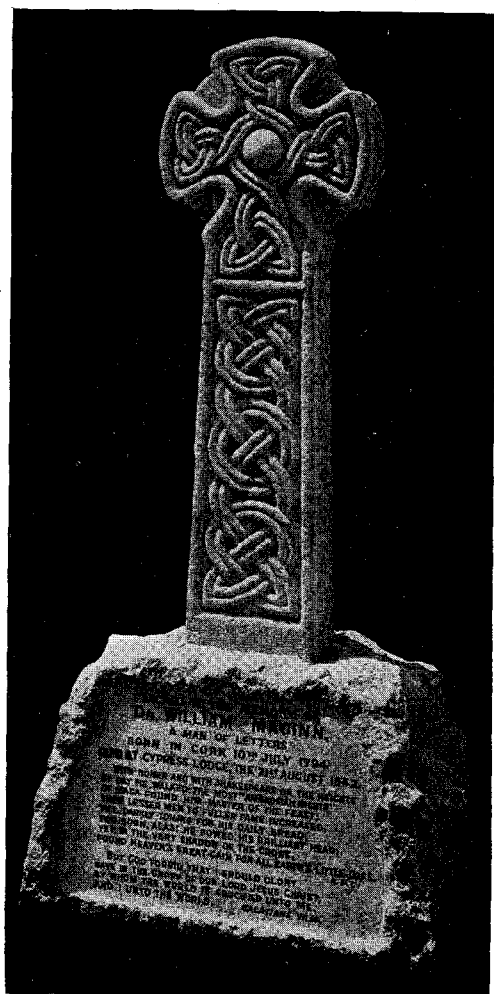
The Tower of Five Orders.

From "Guide to Oxford and District" (Ward, Lock).
Reviewed in Supplement.

collected into two. But posterity has not held him much in remembrance. It must be two years ago since his nephew, the Rev. C. A. Maginn, first called on me about his project to raise a subscription and erect a memorial over his uncle's grave, and I am pleased that he has succeeded in carrying out his purpose. A Celtic cross of Cornish granite, designed by Messrs. Maule, the sculptors, of Euston Road, and bearing the inscription and the verses by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves shown in the photograph on this page, was recently placed above the grave of William Maginn in the churchyard of Walton-on-Thames. The Rev. C. A. Maginn is now editing a selection of Maginn's stories, and arrangements are afoot for publishing this.

Mr. Douglas Goldring, whose "Merchant of Souls" was recently published by Messrs. Jarrold, has completed a new novel which the same publishers have in hand for next spring.

To their International Library Messrs. Stanley Paul have added a selection of Guy de Maupassant's stories, translated by J. Lewis May, with an admirable Introduction by Holbrook Jackson. This Library already includes books by many famous authors of France, Italy, Russia and Spain, and is doing good service in making these available in well produced half-crown volumes. BOOKMAN.



Celtic Cross

recently erected in memory of William Maginn in Walton-on-Thames churchyard.

THE BOOKMAN SPECIAL COMPETITION.

FORTY-FIVE POUNDS FOR SHORT STORIES.

THE BOOKMAN offers for the three best short stories three prizes of £20, £15 and £10, on the following conditions:

- (1) All stories submitted must be original and unpublished.
- (2) No story may be more than 2,000 words in length.
- (3) MSS. should be typed.
- (4) No competitor may send more than two stories.
- (5) Competitors may use a pseudonym, but his or her real name must also be on the MS., and

will be printed in the event of a prize being awarded.

(6) The Competition is open to all writers of English in all parts of the world.

(7) MSS. should be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, and "Short Story Competition" written on the envelopes in which they are sent.

(8) The Editor's decision shall be final.

All MSS. must reach the office of THE BOOKMAN not later than February 15th next, and results will be announced and the Prize Stories and a selection of the others printed in next April Double Number of THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

There is always a large public waiting for a new novel from Miss E. Everett-Green, and "The Back Number" (7s. 6d.; Stanley Paul) is in as happy and interesting a vein as any she has written. The Barbertons and the Darks, the first a newly rich and the other an old county family, are well drawn, but there is nobody in the story so charming as the cousin from Australia, Susan Garth, the "back number," who seems refreshingly old-fashioned by comparison with the unconventional, very up-to-date Barberton girls. To those who enjoy a quiet, well told tale with some good characterisation and streaks of excitement in it, we recommend "The Back Number."

It is inevitable that when a book dealing with the fascinating subject of names is put into your hand, you ignore directions in a hasty search for what you have always wanted to know. The present reviewer wanted to discover the meaning of Foage, Cunegar and Noon Veres, but they are among those not given in "Cornish Names," by T. F. G. Dexter (Longmans, Green). Nevertheless "Cornish Names" is a valuable book. Its exposition of the subject is clear and systematic, the cross-references are abundant and there is a refreshing absence of irrelevant pedantry. Mr. Dexter tells us there are probably over 20,000 Cornish names and that his book gives between sixteen and seventeen hundred of them. All interested in the subject must hope he will find time to tell us in a later volume of those which have not been included.

It is a strange paradox that brings the merriest wit and chuckles out of the "Granite City," but such is the case, and even though it contains some real chestnuts, this second little collection of "Mair Canny Tales Frae Aberdeen," compiled by Allan Junior (1s. 6d.; Valentine), is as brimful of merriment as its predecessor. Tammas whether at home or abroad is equally astute, and shows a remarkable capacity for taking care of the pence as well as his reputation. Here is a typical tale which accompanies one of the numerous excellent illustrations: A char-à-banc accident took place in Union Street. Several of the injured were lying about waiting attention. A native came on the scene and asked one of them: "Has the insurance man been round?" "Not yet," was the reply. "Ah, weel," he said, "I'll just lie doon aside ye!" And again: "We have it on reliable authority that whereas in the old days Scotsmen emigrated to London, they are now being born there to save the expense of railway travelling."

Peakland humour may have its own peculiar flavour, but there is no doubt of its existence, and in "Peakland Humours," by William Platt (1s.; Folk Press), the author has gathered together numerous little incidents which happily reflect it and show his appreciation of the sterling qualities which these "slow-thinking, sturdy, vigorous, obstinate, proud" dwellers in this somewhat isolated district seem to have drawn from their rigorous surroundings. This modest booklet is a happy tribute of respect.

Sir John Hall, who has long proved himself a master of historic criminology, has made a most interesting volume for the "Notable Trials" series—"The Trial of Abraham Thornton" (10s. 6d.; Hodges)—out of the sad romance of Mary Ashford. The curious thing—so hallowing the influence of time—is that Midlanders remember the name of the victim better than the name of the accused, so that "The Trial of Abraham Thornton" is less of a recommendation than it should be for a most engrossing study of a murder a century ago and its amazing sequels. For Thornton was not only rearrested after acquittal, thanks to public condemnation, but he escaped by resorting to an all but obsolete ruse—the challenge of "ordeal by battel." The result was to have it repealed without delay. One word in the evidence has tripped the editor up, by the way. "Fordrough," still used in the Midlands, is good old English for "No Thoroughfare."

Absolutely written and admirably illustrated by various members of the Print Society, "How to Distinguish Prints," edited by Hesketh Hubbard (21s.; Print Society), tells in a simple and easily understood manner the details of more than a dozen different methods by which prints are produced. Mr. John F. Greenwood writes on Wood-Engraving, the editor on Linoleum Cutting, Mr. T. T. Blaylock on Colour-Block Cutting and Printing, Mr. Ian Macnab on Colour-Etching, Mr. Leslie Ward on Lithography, Mr. Marsden Wilson on Mezzotinting, and half a dozen other experts on half a dozen other ways of etching and engraving. And each section is appropriately illustrated. While the practical information given in a precise manner makes this volume a useful handbook for the student, it will also be welcomed by the collector and general reader who wants to know exactly by what means the prints he most admires are produced.

It is a colourful and vivid picture of the "white city of the Arabs" that is presented in "The White Camel," by Lacey Amy (7s. 6d.; Jarrolds). Tunis as



Dr. A. J. Harrop,

whose "England and New Zealand" (Methuen), is reviewed in this Number.

it appears not only to the average visitor but to the artist, with all its alluring mystery, its magic colouring and its squalor. Jasmine Synge not only attempted to convey this to canvas but also to achieve the impossible. Her pathetic attempt to sink her individuality in that of the Arab, after falling under the spell of Ahmar ben Alalla, ends in the only possible way. If the strange fascination of the

East is convincingly drawn, so too, we fear, is the attitude of the European tourist whose lack of respect for older civilisations and other beliefs is so often to be deplored.

The history, management and training of Terriers are dealt with in Mr. Pierce O'Connor's very practical book, "Sporting Terriers" (4s. 6d.; Hutchinson), which is quite evidently written by one who is thoroughly acquainted with all breeds. Mr. O'Connor begins with a chapter on ancient and mediæval earth terriers. The earliest mention we have in ancient literature of any dogs used for hunting underground is to be found in a book by Oppian, written about two hundred years before Christ. But most readers will pass on to the everyday instructions as to how to proceed when organising a badger or otter hunt, and these directions are very carefully given; with diagrams of the necessary trenching, and of the necessary tools. There are also many other pictures. A valuable chapter is that on "Rats and Ratting." Mr. O'Connor himself prefers working without ferrets. A light ratting bar, and a small spade, and dogs who know how to wait and keep silent when given the word, are his equipment.

Intelligence tests have not yet gone out of favour or fashion, and "Needlecraft and Psychology," by Margaret Swanson (7s. 6d.; Longmans), is an excellent handbook on educational needlecraft full of stitchery tests designed to draw out the child's intelligence and promote her sense of beauty. It comprises a course of lessons for girls from four to thirteen years old, and is the result of careful class-room experiments. Using colour, structure, and rhythm as a base for the measurement of intelligence, the author throws out many valuable suggestions. The book is abundantly illustrated in black-and-white and colour.

"The Alsatian," by David Brockwell (7s. 6d.; Hutchinson), is written with the utmost care, and will be quite invaluable to the Alsatian lover. "The training," says our author, "should proceed step by step, one exercise leading to another. Never hurry, and never tire your dog. If he is obstinate, the lesson should be continued till he obeys. The lesson should never be less than fifteen minutes." The chapters on "Training" are most reasonable and intelligent. The dogs should be fed twice daily. Diseases and accidents will of course occur, these are fully

dealt with here. The fine portraits of champion dogs add to the attractions of this well written handbook.

Surely all that a housewife can possibly want to know on this vastly important question of tempting and satisfying the inner man is to be found in Warne's "New Model Cookery," edited by Mrs. Mabel Wijey (7s. 6d.; Warne). The subject has been treated from every thinkable point of view, from marketing, equipment and utensils, labour-saving devices, food values, preparing of menus, etc., down to the table arrangements and folding of serviettes. Several features will be found very commendable; the name of each dish, for instance, is given in both English and French—this will be very handy when one is preparing a special meal. The proportions, too, are always given for a certain number, so that it is a simple matter to increase or reduce according to the number of guests. All the modern methods of cookery form the subject of special articles; while upwards of 290 illustrations, 90 of which are in colour, display the most attractive dishes, all prepared from the recipes given.

"The Dance," by Margaret Newell H'Doubler (15s.; Jonathan Cape), is not a manual of modern ball-room dancing, but a treatise which attempts to define the place of dancing in life and more particularly in education. The author has for some seven years conducted classes for interpretive dancing at the University of Wisconsin and the book is a summing-up of her experiences. Miss H'Doubler claims for the dance a more important position in the educational curriculum than most teachers would accord it, but her pleading is very persuasive and almost convincing.



L. Adams Beck
(Mrs. E. Barrington),

whose new novel, "The Exquisite Perdita" (Harrap), is reviewed in this Number.

THE BOOKMAN LITERARY CIRCLE.

LONDON.

AUTUMN AND WINTER PROGRAMME.

OCTOBER, 1926—APRIL, 1927.

1926.

October 6th.—Mr. Pett Ridge—"How to Read Short Stories." Chairman: The Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*.

October 20th.—Miss Madeline Mason-Mannheim—"Modern Poetry: English and American." Chairman: Miss Almey St. John Adcock.

November 3rd.—Mr. Philip Guedalla—"On Writing History." Chairman: Mr. H. A. Jones, Official Air Historian.

November 17th.—Sir Philip Gibbs—Title of Address later. Chairman: Mr. C. Lewis Hind.

December 1st.—Conversazione and Dance. Reception by Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, C.V.O., and Lady Hodder-Williams.

December 15th.—Mr. Compton Mackenzie—Title of Address later. Chairman: Mr. Michael Sadleir.

1927.

January 5th.—Mr. Shaw Desmond—"The Irish Mind and the English." Chairman: Mr. Shan Bullock.

January 19th.—Mr. Frank Swinnerton—Title of Address later. Chairman: The Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*.

February 2nd.—Mr. Robert Lynd—"Dr. Johnson and Women." Chairman: Mr. J. B. Priestley.

February 16th.—Dr. Hubert Norman—"Literature and Lunacy." Chairman: Mr. Fred A. Turner, F.R.Hist.S.

March 2nd.—Annual Dinner. Chairman: Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, C.V.O.

March 16th.—Miss Radclyffe Hall—"True Realism in Fiction." Chairman: Miss Nellie Tom Gallon.

April 6th.—Mr. A. G. Hales—"My Own Story." Chairman: Dr. J. D. Mullins.

April 20th.—Mr. Temple Thurston—Title of Address later. Chairman: The Editor of *THE BOOKMAN*.

Programme now ready. Particulars of membership from Mrs. Sophie Hine, 3, Holly Terrace, West Hill, Highgate, N.6.

On Saturday, September 4th, an enjoyable afternoon was spent at Moor Park under the auspices of Mr. Francis H. Yates. The demesne of Moor Park, in Hertfordshire, is not to be confounded with the place of the same name in Surrey, is of considerable extent, accommodating four golf courses, not to mention some of the finest trees to be seen in the neighbourhood of London. The views from the house and the surrounding hills are magnificent, and the party were fortunate in having a really peaceful September afternoon, the tender glow of which contributed to the harmonious feast of colour, though the enjoyment was tempered by the lengthening shadows, hinting that autumn draws on. "The leaves decay, the leaves decay and fall."

The present building was erected by Leoni, about 1730, and the details and proportions are of the most correct type, while the monumental scale makes it a very representative Georgian edifice of its class. It was built for the South Sea speculator, Benjamin Styles, who lies with his wife under an adjacent plot. Part of it, however, was pulled down fifty years later by a subsequent owner, Mr. Rous. The park itself has been in existence at least five hundred years, and in the days of Wolsey, Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Aragon were frequent visitors. Later "Capability" Brown, mentioned by Pope in the "Moral Essays," laid out the Italian and pleasure gardens, which so pleased Sir William Temple that he had them copied in his own garden at Moor Park, in Surrey. The

Hall contains fine specimens of plaster work in high relief. Some of the ceilings were painted by Thornhill after designs by Guido, and the House contains, in addition to the mural decorations by Amiconi, paintings by Rubens, Benjamin Constant, etc.

Altogether a place well worth seeing, and the Circle owe a debt of gratitude to the Committee and the Secretary of Moor Park Golf Club for the courtesy shown to them.

FRANCIS H. YATES.

MANCHESTER.

AUTUMN AND WINTER PROGRAMME.

October 5th.—Mr. St. John Adcock, on "Dickens and the Victorian Woman." Chairman: Mr. Cuming Walters, M.A.

October 19th.—Mr. Sidney Wicks, on "Sheila Kaye-Smith." Chairman: Mr. Rowland Cragg.

November 2nd.—Miss Berta Ruck, on "Half-Forgotten Novels." Chairman: Stanley Jast.

November 16th.—Members' Evening. Miss A. B. Rankin on "Lancashire Authors." Chairman: Mr. H. Pilkington Turner, M.A., LL.M.

November 30th.—Mr. Cecil Roberts, on "Some Poems, Some Observations." Chairman: Mr. Gordon Phillips ("Lucio" of *Manchester Guardian*).

December 14th.—Christmas Supper.

January 11th.—Members' Evening. Mr. Rowland Cragg. Chairman: Mr. Neville Cardus ("Cricketer" of *Manchester Guardian*).

January 25th.—Rev. J. Bardsley Brash, on "Don Quixote." Chairman: Professor J. A. Findley.

February 8th.—Mr. W. Riley, on "Literary Associations of Yorkshire." Chairman: Mr. Douglas Miller.

February 22nd.—Dr. Guppy, on "Some Treasures of John Rylands Library."

March 8th.—Mr. Ernest Raymond, on "The Craft of the Novelist." Chairman: Miss Madeline Linford.

March 22nd.—Mr. T. W. Mercer, on "Chesterton." Chairman: Mr. W. P. Watkin.

All applications for membership of Manchester Circle to be made to the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Wharmby, Box 510, G.P.O., Manchester.

The Manchester Circle has suffered a sad loss in the death of its Chairman, Mr. George Popper, who became a member when the Circle was started and was unfailing in the encouragement he gave it. "No matter what our difficulties were," writes Mr. Wharmby, "and we had many at the start, he was always in attendance to give the Committee the benefit of his advice and eager to carry his share of any burden. He was held in the warmest regard by his fellow-members, and I should like to record for them and for myself our deep regret and our sympathy with those related to him."

HASTINGS.

October 8th.—Mr. Ernest Raymond—"The Craft of the Novelist."

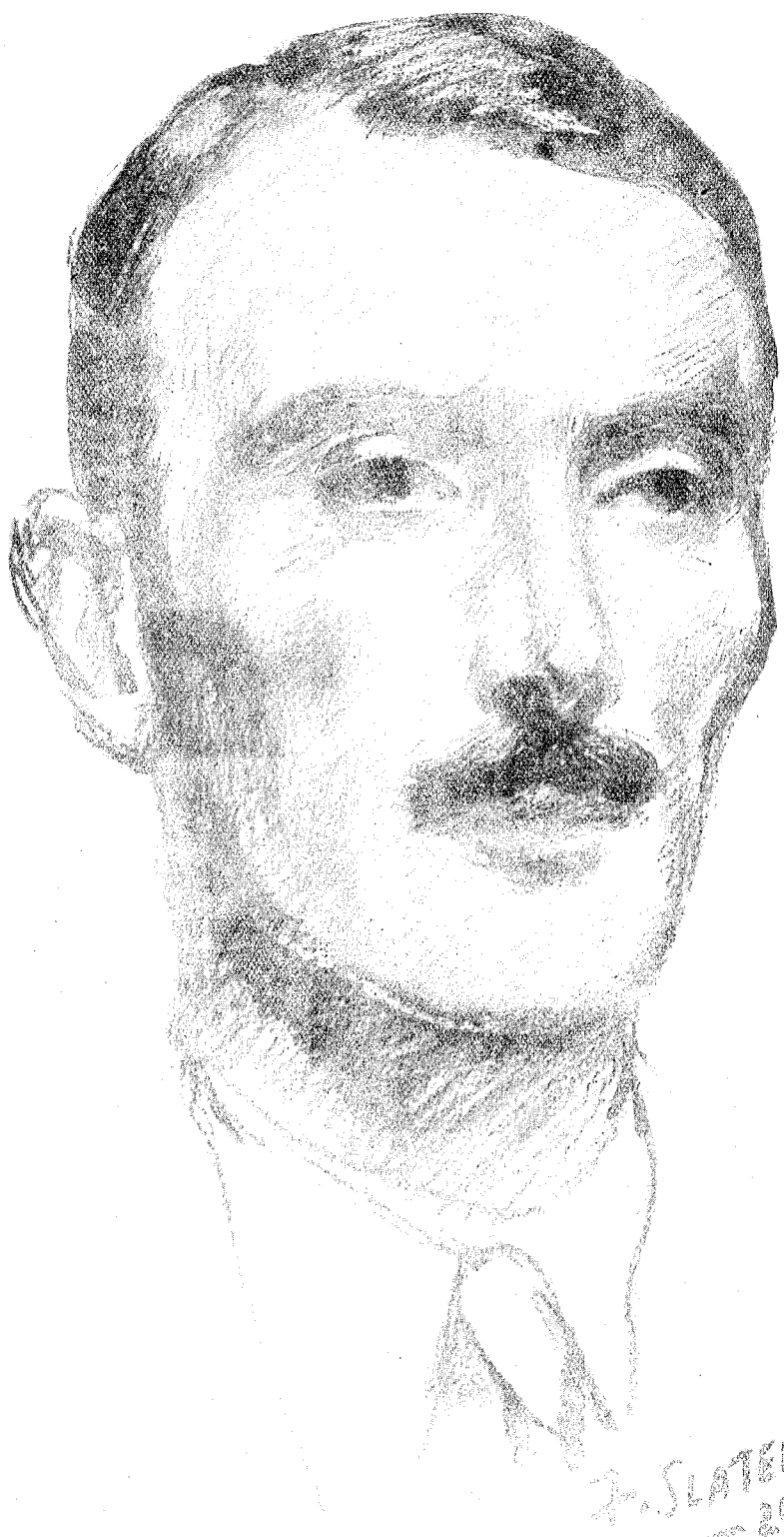
October 20th.—Mr. Pett Ridge—"How Not to Write a Novel."

November 3rd.—Mr. W. H. Hills—"The Bibliography of Sussex."

December 8th.—Mr. St. John Adcock—"Dickens and the Victorian Woman."

December 14th.—Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

All applications should be made to the Secretary, Mr. Kenneth V. Saville, The Hastings Bookshop, 16, Robertson Street, Hastings.



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

DORNFORD YATES.

INDIANA
PUBLIC LIBRARY
SEP 10 1927

New Books.

THE PROGRESS OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD.

In this second volume of "The World of William Clissold"¹ the narrative interest broadens and grows in intensity, and if the didactic interest is less copious it loses nothing of its variety, nor of the brilliance and torrential energy with which from the outset it has been presented. As one had expected, William's brother Dickon emerges into prominence here; he becomes a power in the advertising world, amasses a fortune, bulks largely in William's life, and is cunningly drawn as a confident, pushful, successful, somewhat cynical, essentially modern man of affairs. He has his weaknesses; at times lacks a sense of humour and resents it in others; but is an enterprising, likeable person, and conventionally respectable by comparison with William.

William grows upon you, till you find yourself rather liking and sympathising with him, even though, unless you have become accommodating enough to allow every man to live by his own light instead of by yours, you will in many things altogether disapprove of him. For his scheme of conduct and his views on what is commonly accepted as morality smack more of the jungle than of any ordered social system. If everybody allowed himself all the liberties in which William indulges, human society would before long be reduced to a state of chaos; it is only because a tractable majority are wise enough or docile enough to practise a reasonable self-restraint that the vagaries of such as William can be borne; if the whole community adopted his code it would be quite practically disastrous and level us again with the cats and dogs. So instead of being scornful of the more or less conventional, William should be grateful to them for keeping the home fires burning, so to speak, and even give them a little encouragement. His marriage turns out a failure, and his divorce proceedings are another failure because his own indiscretions have come to the ears of the Queen's Proctor. Thereafter he has many bedraggled love adventures; the only one that is touched with something of beauty and poignance is his passion of love for the tragically married Sirrie Evans. He is faithful to her, as he had been faithful to his wife till she failed him, but after Sirrie's death he is adrift again, and you leave him at the end of this volume living quietly at Provence in dubious relations with the pretty, butterfly Clementine, who had a past before he met her.

There is no novelty in the lawless amours of William Clissold; he is almost as candid in revealing them as Pepys was in revealing his, which were, even then, not novel. Like Pepys, he uncovers his private life and personal character and, like him, discusses contemporary events and people, but with a depth of knowledge, a shrewd critical gift and a scientific philosophy to which Pepys had no pretensions. William's doings, moral or otherwise, his opinions, his outlook, are all as inseparably part of his personality and his story as Pepys's were of his; and it seems as foolish to object to an absence of reticence in the one case as in the other. That the Diary is fact and "The World of William Clissold" fiction is beside the point; for since Clissold represents (though he is far more intellectual and subtly imaginative than most of them) a type of man who exists round about us in sufficient plenty, he is essentially as real as Pepys was, and the art, the insight and uncompromising truthfulness with which Mr. Wells has recreated him are masterly.

Recently Mr. Belloc made a series of newspaper attacks on Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," and replying trenchantly to these in "Mr. Belloc Objects,"² Mr. Wells speaks of the pompous and superior attitude adopted by his assailant and adds, "I cannot inflate myself in this

¹ "The World of William Clissold." By H. G. Wells. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. (Ernest Benn.)—² "Mr. Belloc Objects." By H. G. Wells. 1s. (Watts.)

3rd EDITION

Messrs. HUTCHINSON & CO. have the HONOUR to ANNOUNCE the publication of an important book by a specialist on this subject, viz.:

LORD BIRKENHEAD

entitled:

FAMOUS TRIALS of HISTORY

(illus. 21/- net)

J. H. MORGAN, K.C., writing in the *Daily Mail*, says:—"The lawyer's brain is as sure as the artist's hand, for he is a complete master of his material. The lay reader will find this book as beguiling as any novel, and when he has finished it will think how easy it must have been to write it—until he tries to write like this himself. . . . reads like a romance, is yet another example of Lord Birkenhead's astonishing versatility." The Rt. Hon. EDWARD SHORTT, K.C., formerly Home Secretary, writing in the *Evening News*, says:—"Famous Trials of History" is a book which will be read with pleasure and interest by lawyers and laymen alike. The stories are told with just sufficient technical detail to arrest the attention of the legal reader, and are, at the same time, full of engrossing human interest."

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

From the House of HUTCHINSON & ITS ALLIED FIRMS

REFLECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

(illus. 21/- net) by LENA ASHWELL

This work by a distinguished actress deals mainly with the period of the tragedies, by one who possesses imaginative insight, as well as practical experience. Ready shortly

SAILING ACROSS EUROPE

(illus. 21/- net) by NEGLEY FARSON

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fashion. I was born and shall die 'familiar.' " That familiar style is part of his literary gift; one would say it was as natural to him as the colour of his hair, and it is part of the secret of his influence over all manner of readers. He handles abstruse and difficult subjects, as he handles everyday topics, with a grasp of detail and an ease and clarity of diction, a gusto and wealth of humour and imagery that make interesting and alive themes that the orthodox scholar invests with dullness. He seems to have a superabundant vitality that passes without effort into all he writes; he touches in some jewelled word or magic of phrase without any preciousness, and is a lord of language without giving himself any lordly airs about it. I have marked for quotation suggestive, keenly significant passages in "Clissold" concerning the coal industry, the futilities of the Money Power, protests against the sort of lives the majority have to endure, a dozen such things, to say nothing of vivid and sometimes acid little pen-pictures of well-known men of our time, or of a wonderful passage, too long for quotation, fully describing the Romer, Steinhart business, to which Clissold has harnessed his scientific knowledge, a sketch into which he puts far more of vision, fascination and poetry than Homer gets into his elaborate and famous description of the shield of Achilles. But it would need another volume to deal adequately with this one, it is so full of matter and so much of it controversial. "Life is more coloured by the morning paper," writes William Clissold, "than the literary man will admit," and a recognition of this fact contributes toward making his autobiography something new in the way of novels. There may be doubts about the ethical outlook of William himself, but there can be none about the genius of the hand that made him and is telling his story.

ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF GEORGE IV.*

Mr. Leslie makes it plain in his "prelude" that he is going to be the defender and recreator of a maligned prince and monarch. His very first page is quick with indignation and chivalry. His George, we see, has been the innocent victim of not one but a whole host of dragons, of whom Thackeray and Justin McCarthy were the most cutting and caustic. Indeed the man we were deluded into regarding in our young and credulous days as the gentle Justin had all the guile and style of a journalist; and what can be more painful than the make-up and methods of a journalist to a writer with a serious historical conscience? Impressed and awed by Mr. Leslie's righteous wrath, we blush for our own association with Fleet Street.

At the same time we are heartened. We are delighted with the prospect of a grand experiment in king-cleansing. Noble, and also lucky, is this new knight of the pen. The bookman who lights on a theme so big and so black as George the Fourth, and is able to make it white in the world's eyes, must be the envy of all his writing brethren. The labour has a moral as well as a literary value. "The

* "George the Fourth." By Shane Leslie. 12s. 6d. (Benn.)

fourth of the fools and oppressors called George" has been an ugly burden in our imagination. If it is now made beautiful we are straightaway enriched in the mental order. We feel too that other ills and ogres of history may also have had their charm, their appealing humanity. Other royal scandals, other soiled mortality, suffer a sea-change in retrospect, with a corresponding addition to our idealism and our trust in the reign of virtue.

Doubts however arise early, and they deepen with the march and glitter of Mr. Leslie's epigrams. We have an uneasy feeling that a champion of genuine worth would not set himself to be so airily entertaining. Mr. Leslie is too clever, too diverting, to be accepted unreservedly as the sincere venerator of kingliness misunderstood. His coruscating selfhood is too much in the foreground; too often we are made to forget the king in the quips. The explanation may be of course that Mr. Leslie has been unconsciously affected by the ways and wiles of those journalists he so much dislikes—it is hard in our days to escape the contamination! None the less it is a pity, an irony. In the solemn ritual of king-cleansing there should be never a note or touch of Fleet Street.

Apart from its friskiness, its wilfulness, its sometimes almost unseemly wit, there is valuable and indeed vivid lore in the volume. Its author has not merely studied, he has imaginatively relived his clamant and crowded period, much of which has now the colour and strangeness of Old Romance—though not seldom sordid romance!—and the essence he recovers has picturesque as well as piquant phases. Nevertheless his George is a dubious hero at the best; not really saved, or worth saving, from the "dragons."

He is granted royal honours to which he has no valid claim:

"The Victorian era is now as remote as the Georgian, and both can face perspective. The Victorian age was largely an extension of the Georgian, producing in quantity what it lost in quality. Except in Science and Theology, the stamp and mould of Georgian men was greater. Georgian architecture has remained to reproach later schools. Gibbon's masterpiece has not been surpassed by any historian. The greatest of English novels remains to the credit of Fielding, and the romance of Scott outlives that of Stevenson. Even in caricature Rowlandson and Gillray, however coarse, made Tenniel seem insipid, while the line of Beardsley, though it may equal, does not surpass that of Cruikshank. Characteristic of the reign of George the Fourth were the short-lived meteors Shelley and Keats. Byron could only be a Regency poet, Miss Austen a Regency novelist and 'Vanity Fair' a Regency novel. The world of art collects the masters who painted for the Georgians, and forgets the Pre-Raphaelites and Victorians who painted advertisements of soap or posters for the Oxford Movement. Under Royal Georgian patronage flourished Romney, Raeburn, Lawrence, and it is always a pleasure to record the Regent's admiration for the delicate work of Miss Jane Austen, who in her limited field remains the most perfect writer of English."

What influence had George the Fourth on the art and evolution of Keats, Shelley, Fielding, Scott, Jane Austen? About as much as Mrs. Fitzherbert!

W. P. RYAN.



George IV.

Profile by Lawrence in the National Portrait Gallery.

From "George IV." By Shane Leslie (Benn).

REALITY AND ROMANCE.*

How varied are the voices of Romance that draws its material from history is well shown by the four volumes that I have before me. Some hours ago they were just four volumes with diversely inviting pictorial jackets for piquing the curiosity; now they represent so many excursions into the past which I have taken with greatly differing guides into strangely contrasting surroundings, some historical only in "colour" and setting, with all the riotous imagination of the true romances, others in which the historical is but touched up and revived as it were by romantic addition.

By Mr. Rafael Sabatini we are taken back to that mediæval Italy which he knows so well how to make real for us, and are treated to a veritable orgy of romantic happenings in following the story of Bellarion who, possessed of the youthful belief that there was no such thing as sin in the world, "on a day of August of the year of grace 1407, departed from the Convent of Our Lady of Grace of Cigliano" bound as he thought for Pavia and, as he intended, for the acquisition of Greek and other learning. Wonderful indeed were the adventures into which he was forthwith plunged, adventures the most startling, and often of such a character that he was only saved for further adventure by the readiness with which he could lie, or the quickness of his wit. Early in his venturing forth into the world he happened upon the Princess Valeria, and though he was being hunted as the associate of a robber and murderer, we realise that this is as it were the crucial meeting on which all else is to depend. Nor does the author in any way disappoint us. His readiness of invention in discovering fresh hairbreadth 'scapes for his hero holds the attention of the reader in fascinated fashion, even as that hero's constant resourcefulness wins that reader's unflinching admiration. Mr. Sabatini is a veritable master of the art of presenting the colourful romance of history, and he has I think given us nothing better of its kind than this story of "Bellarion the Fortunate" in its vivid setting of the Italy of the early fifteenth century.

It is romance of a very different kind that we get in "The Exquisite Perdita"; instead of the broad, sweeping historical romance full of movement and episode, we come to something that has the effect of the biographical rather than the historical. Mrs. Barrington, who has specialised in this particular kind of novel, has taken as her new heroine that actress who blazed the comet of a few brief seasons at Drury Lane Theatre, and won a not very enviable fame as "Perdita," not so much by her genius as an actress as by her beauty and by the fact that that beauty caught, and held for a brief while, the roving fancy of that Prince of Wales who some twenty years after her death became King George the Fourth. The author gives us the life story of "Perdita," and in doing so has much to tell of the notable people with whom that story is linked—the veteran David Garrick, the rising Richard Brinsley Sheridan, his wife and sister-in-law and others, and though the story is heightened with romantic touches it presents an impressive series of pictures of the social life of London during the closing decades of the eighteenth century. The author now and again allows a somewhat artificial style to puzzle us with such a sentence as: "So encouraged she wrote more ambitiously and became a kind of fashionable London Sappho, which failings were decently buried on the score of genius which can scarcely be expected to run at ease in the harness of everyday punctilio."

In Mr. Bernard Hamilton's story too we get historical romance in the biographical form, a graphic, moving and deeply impressive presentation of the career of one of the greatest figures of the French Revolution—Georges Danton, "the wild amorphous Titan" of Carlyle. It is historical romance, if it may be said without being invidious, more serious and better worth while than that concerned with

* "Bellarion the Fortunate." By Rafael Sabatini. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Giant. Romance." By Bernard Hamilton. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Exquisite Perdita." By E. Barrington. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)—"The High Adventure." By Jeffery Farnol. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

S.P.C.K.

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In point of interest and variety the S.P.C.K. Autumn List has seldom been equalled. A few titles are appended. Complete lists may be had post free.

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the small talents and frailty of a prince's plaything. It is difficult to realise that the episodes in these two stories were roughly contemporaneous. Mr. Hamilton has, it is evident, closely studied his subject, even lived with it as it were, and has been able to present the result of that study with the glamour of romance while keeping to the broad facts of the man's history—he has indeed given us, what he terms a romantic biography of this prodigious Danton. Not since reading "The Gods are Athirst" of Anatole France have I come across any work rendering with such forceful reality some aspects of the great French Revolution.

With Mr. Jeffery Farnol we leave the actualities of history presented by the pen of Romance, for romance itself in the "setting" of a period which affords as it were the dramatic background to a tale of love and treachery that might almost belong to any period. The period he has chosen is that of about a hundred years ago or rather more—the days of dressy "bucks," of high play and (of course) of the prize ring. Full of incident and crowded with characters, several of whom are imagined and limned in a manner quite Dickensian, Mr. Farnol's new novel is marked by the vigorous presentation of exciting episodes, and suffused with the wholesome sentiment which he knows so well how to employ, and which together serve to make him one of the most popular exponents of the romantic spirit. WALTER JERROLD.



Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson.

However, the stormy events which terminated Sanderson's guardianship of the Russell boys occurred a few years before these published Journals commence, and it may be that by 1879 the writer had undergone a change in his religious views.

The Journals of Cobden-Sanderson are intensely interesting and all-revealing, a fine example of autobiography in the best and real meaning of the word. For these are the revelations of a supremely sensitive and deep-thinking man, the impressions of his mind, the records of his response to life and Nature, rather than an account of his public actions and the notable people he knew in the course of a long life (though he often does give vivid and illuminating glimpses of such people). As Lord Russell says, Cobden-Sanderson had a temper and was moody. These faults are all set down in the man's Journal and condemned in the hope of future amendment. His intimate domestic joys and sorrows are all here, together with his temperamental response to all aspects of Nature in sunshine or storm, in vernal spring or autumnal decay. Thoughts of death, the end, the unknown future, were daily and ever with him; they darkened even his happiest hours. A happy firelit scene of home; a garden in its splendour of June roses; the changing pageant of the river seen from his windows on Hammersmith Mall—all would lead, in the manner of Omar, to wistful speculation of the hour when he would no longer

be a part of the scene or episode, but gone—whither, ah, who can tell?

"The waves of the river are being blown by the wind on the shore—break, break, break. But the wind shakes the windows, and dies away and is still. The sun shines, and is shadowed. Time passes eternally—to what bourne? I rest this Sabbath morn, and sometimes I put my hands together and think, 'One day I shall be saying good-bye to all this, one day, some such day as this, these sounds will break on the shores of my being for the last time, these nights, this sun, for the last time be as the face of a dear friend, seen and seen no more. . . . The wind whistles to itself and moans in the window, and the door shudders and shakes.'"

He was deeply affected by the sentiment of Place, and loved his successive homes in 3, Paper Buildings, Temple; Goodyers, Hendon; 49 (now 55), Frognal, Hampstead; and those on Hammersmith Mall.

For a few years after his marriage, Cobden-Sanderson, with but little money of his own and middle-age at hand, was worried as to his future independence and the best means of earning his living in a way compatible with his aspirations that his work should be manual labour resulting in a thing of beauty. He said:

"My aim should be, not the survival of my own work or its 'price in the market,' but the creation and survival of the spirit with which I would have all work pursued, and all beauty designed."

With his ideals he combined a real sympathy for the so-called labouring classes, and he voiced the usual illogical tenets of socialism. On the other hand he was not in sympathy with William Morris's ideals of art and industry; rather he found his guiding star in Ruskin.

Cobden-Sanderson commenced his work as a bookbinder in 1883. His friends were dubious at the experiment, for

A DIARY OF SELF-REVELATION.*

Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson (1840-1922) will be remembered as the barrister who became a bookbinder and printer, of high ideals, and as a member of that distinguished group of artistic people—the Burne-Joneses, the Morriszes and the Richmonds—who shed a lustre upon the Hammersmith district, where the several families all resided thirty-odd years ago.

In his earlier years Sanderson (for the name of Cobden was only prefixed to his own surname after he married Anne, daughter of Richard Cobden, in 1882) had been associated with a very different set of people—the brilliant but eccentric family of Stanley of Alderley, with all its attendant ramifications of alliance with the Russells, the Carlises, the Fox-Pitts. Sanderson was an intimate friend at Cambridge of Lord Amberley (son of the first Earl Russell), who married a Stanley of Alderley, and it thus came about that Sanderson was appointed guardian to the present Earl Russell and his brother, Bertrand. In Lord Russell's book, "My Life and Adventures," published three years ago, he is the subject of some acid comment and described as "rather an unbalanced person," "wayward," and of "an ungovernable temper." Lord Russell's parents both died when he was still a boy, and Sanderson had been instructed to bring his wards up as agnostics: a curious choice of preceptor, because in Cobden-Sanderson's Journals there is no hint of sympathy with agnosticism, but on the contrary evidence of a wide-embracing belief in all things allied to Christianity and the unseen world.

* "The Journals of Thomas James Cobden-Sanderson, 1879-1922," 2 vols. £4 4s. (Richard Cobden-Sanderson: Thavies Inn.)

the combination of culture with a craft was a new idea forty years ago. Lady Russell wrote to him that she heard of the venture "with regret. With an education such as yours I should like better to hear that you were employing your mind on something which others of less cultured intellects could not do. I can however well understand the interest of being brought into contact with a class of human beings of whom we know little except by the articles they produce." Even William Morris was discouraging; he thought there was no necessity to multiply the "minor arts"; books should be bound in the cheapest market by machinery; and Cobden-Sanderson's "prices were too high." Five months previously Cobden-Sanderson had bound for Morris a copy of "Le Capital," by Karl Marx, and charged him £10. Fourteen years later this same volume realised £52 at the sale of Morris's library. But books bound by Cobden-Sanderson were to attain much higher values. Examples, executed at Hendon for F. S. Ellis, were sold for £177 and £133 in 1901, so he was justified in the choice of his profession even from the material point of view.

Cobden-Sanderson ceased to bind books personally when he opened (at first in association with Morris and the Kelmscott Press) the Doves Bindery in March, 1893, at "The Nook" on the Upper Mall at Hammersmith. The new name of the house and business was suggested by its proximity to the little tavern, "The Doves"—immortalised as "The Pigeons" in William De Morgan's novel, "When Ghost Meets Ghost." In 1900 Cobden-Sanderson extended his activities by becoming a printer; the Doves Press was opened at No. 1, Hammersmith Terrace, and continued its superlative output until 1916. During the storms and great winds of the autumn of that year, and stealthily at night, Cobden-Sanderson cast the beautiful type into the Thames—or as he says in his account of the bizarre proceedings—he "bequeathed it to the bed of the river."

Cobden-Sanderson removed his residence to the Doves Press (he had previously lived at No. 7 in the Terrace and at River House) and this was his last home. He vividly pictures in his Journals, during the war years, the aspects and effects of the air raids over the Chiswick reaches of the Thames. His last entry was on September 2nd, 1922:

"Every day, every day, my guide says to me, 'Are you ready?' And I say to my guide, 'I am ready.' And my guide says, 'March.' And to the end, one day more, I march."

Five days later he died. Cobden-Sanderson and his artistic achievement will not be forgotten; he will find a place among those notable men and women whose memories linger ever, for some of us, about the now mournful Malls by the riverside at Hammersmith and Chiswick. For

"We cannot go from where we dwell
And leave behind no lingering trace;
Where in the past our shadow fell
A shadow us of haunts the place."

S. M. ELLIS.

FORSYTE ONCE MORE.*

In the new Forsyte trilogy, "The White Monkey" was the first instalment and "The Silver Spoon" is the second. Here we have a further adventure of Mrs. Michael Mont, the egregious Soames Forsyte's over-indulged daughter, and that is the circumstance which justifies the title. Fleur, as her father confessed and her pale-blooded husband recognised, was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and therefore indulged whims, fancies, foibles and ambitions which, had her origins been in less-cushioned circumstances, might never have been. As was shown in "The White Monkey," Fleur is a shallow, pretty young woman, prepared to sacrifice anyone, and especially Michael, her husband, to her rapid desires. The call in that earlier book was mainly of love; but the departure of Jon Forsyte to America and his marriage there, as well as the arrival of her baby (who also had a silver spoon in his mouth) had removed that interest; so that now she needs

* "The Silver Spoon." By John Galsworthy. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

By ANTHONY SOMERS

I have discovered a remarkable method of learning French, Spanish, Italian and German. I only wish I had known of it before. It would have saved me much drudgery, toil and disappointment.

It has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Certainly I never did. At school I was hopeless. When the subject was French, German, Latin or Greek I was always somewhere near the bottom of my Form. Yet in other subjects I held my own quite well. I have now come to the conclusion—my recent experience has convinced me of this—that the reason I failed to learn languages was that the method of teaching was wrong.

Although I never "got on" with Foreign Languages, I have always wanted to know them—especially French. I have wanted to read Racine and Balzac and Anatole France, and that great critic whom Matthew Arnold so much admired, Sainte-Beuve, in French, and not merely through the medium of a characterless translation. And I have wanted to spend holidays abroad without being tied to a phrase-book. So I have often tried to find a method which would really teach me a Foreign Language. And at last I have found it.

Some time ago I read that the well-known Pelman Institute was teaching French, Spanish, German and Italian by an entirely new method. I wrote for particulars, and they so interested me that I enrolled for a course in *French*. Frankly, it has amazed me. Here is the method I have wanted all my life. It is quite unlike anything I have ever heard of before, and its simplicity and effectiveness are almost startling.

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must rule a *salon* and entertain "lions." And such lions! The babblers, the chatterers and the *poseurs* who dabble in the arts block the more fashionable pathways of public life by doing nothing talkatively, and generally belong to those futile sets whose elegant vulgarities and absurdities spoil the character of newspapers and sicken the hearts to whom life is not only an opportunity for selfishness and snobs. And that last is the word which makes the trouble of *Fleur Mont*. For Marjorie Ferrar, one of her guests, in the hearing of a number of people, including her hostess's father, describes *Fleur* as a snob; a solecism, yet a truth, which leads to immediate hatred, rejoinders, innuendoes, spyings and other mean tricks and vilenesses, some very clumsy efforts at peace-making which—especially with Soames who, as he had practised as a solicitor, ought to have known better—are inexcusably blundering, and culminate in a libel action. Mr. Galsworthy manages the scene in the Law Courts with conspicuous success, as he usually handles such scenes in his plays or his novels. The case of Ferrar versus Mont collapses through Marjorie's inability to answer helpfully a very frank question relating to her indiscreet past, but—and here is the sting of Mr. Galsworthy's purpose—through her defeat, and facing its consequences, at a party to which *Fleur* and her husband have also gone, she wins the sympathy of the crowd, while they, the virtuous, must suffer the cold shoulder. The touch is subtly and cleverly done. We leave *Fleur Mont* going with her father on a world tour in order to re-establish herself, and with Jon in the United States, as well as his impressionable brother-in-law, Francis Wilmot, there is ample opportunity for the future activities of this volatile lady before this massive *Saga* comes to its final full-stop.

Mr. Galsworthy is an artist with a sympathetic insight of the hearts and minds of his fellow men and women, but especially he can see their feathery vanities and criminal possibilities, and some of his people scarcely seem worthy of the care and skill he devotes to their delineation. For his style, and his courage in facing and dealing with the difficulties of his task and with the questions that arise out of it, are admirable; his thoughtful study of character and event is expressed with a lucidity and finish that are a model of literary workmanship.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

TERESA HOOLEY'S POETRY.*

"To one who has been long in city pent" Mrs. Hooley's poems are both a refreshment and temptation: a refreshment in that they



Photo by
Lizzie Caswell Smith.

Mrs. Teresa
Hooley.

create an illusion of the country sounds and sights and savours with which they are so lovingly concerned, a temptation to wander away from the smoke and noise, and even from such good books as hers, and turn the illusion into reality. For what Mrs. Hooley most often expresses, through her delicate, sure and simple craftsmanship, is a love of

nature passionate in its sincerity. To her the things of nature are a perfect consolation:

"So love between us is over? But the mountains and seas remain,
The blue of the world at twilight, and the sound of the summer rain.

* "Collected Poems." By Teresa Hooley. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

The touch of the face of flowers is soft as a child at the breast,
The trees of the wood bring healing, and the far-away star-fields rest."

Or they are a purifying influence:

"I came into the quiet fields
With anger in my heart,
And the fields sighed and said to me:
'With us thou hast no part. . .'
Sudden there sang a little bird.
His notes, like silver rain,
Washed all my bitter wrath away
And I was clean again."

But more often the poet's joy is pure and positive, fruit of no reaction against grief or bitterness, and her poems sheer hymns of praise. Mrs. Hooley's annotations are of an exquisite precision, the precision of affection, like that of the early Florentine painters, as when she writes of the birds—the blue tit:

"Clad in suit of willow green,
Blue, and saffron,"

the wagtail, "dapper in suit of black and white," or the stonechat with "the copper of his throat," his cap of black velvet and his collar of white. She can describe a country scene without comment, but with such truth that we do not merely see it: all our other senses are touched, as though we were actually there.

Not all Mrs. Hooley's poems are of the English countryside. There are songs of Egypt equally felicitous, though nearly always hinting nostalgia for England; tender poems of childhood; a few war-time pieces. But her thoughts are never far from the trees and the flowers and the birds, the winds and the waters. With them she is at home, and in them she finds her surest inspiration.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

INDIAN ART.*

This book is justified by its title. Captain Gladstone Solomon writes charmingly of the charm of Indian art. He strikes a deeper note in his essays on "The Women of Ajanta" and "Sanchi and the Indian View-Point in Art," but, for the most part, the note of the book is æsthetic. The student of esoteric art who approaches Indian art in the light of Indian (spiritual) culture and seeks to find its expression in the elaborate symbology of Indian art may miss in this book that deeper revelation. But it is refreshing to have the rapturous appreciation of Ajanta and Sanchi by a Westerner who never for a moment betrays his Western subjectivity in his wholly objective enthusiasm for these ancient masterpieces of Indian genius. It is where Captain Solomon lets his critical sense be swamped by his unqualified praise of the modern school of Bombay art that the most appreciative of critics would beg to disagree with him.

There is little in the Bombay art of the day that is common to the creative and imaginative art of modern Bengal. It is avowedly mixed in its conceptions, its intentions, its technique and its results. It worships at many shrines. What element of inspiration it derives from the frescoes of Ajanta and the sculpture of Ellora, Sanchi and other sources of ancient Indian art is to the good. But all that admixture of imitation that it derives from Victorian representational art is to the bad.

Delightful features of the book are the legends and fairy tales which the author has culled from a wide field to illustrate the origins of many of the decorative examples of domestic art which is so large a part of the Indian housewife's special province and which is in direct continuity of the æsthetic tradition of Indian culture. The book is not so much a serious study of Indian art as a rhapsody of the abundant manifestation of the artistic vision of the average Indian in his daily life. Captain Solomon is a poet and his view of art is identical with his

* "The Charm of Indian Art." By W. E. Gladstone Solomon. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

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E. BROWNING.

* "The Romantic Diplomat." By Maurice Paléologue. Translated by Arthur Chambers. 12s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)



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It will be seen at once that Ian Hay's satire is sharper than is his wont, and only three members of the company are presented for our admiration. Ian Hay calls his story "an improbable romance," no doubt with reference to the fantastical portion of the plot when Dido, Queen of Carthage, and her attendants take direction of the plot

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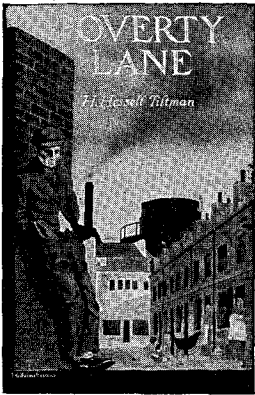
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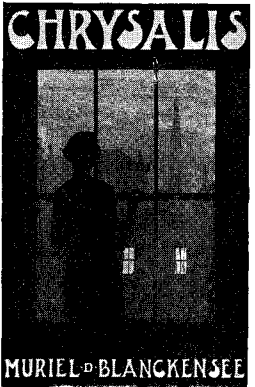
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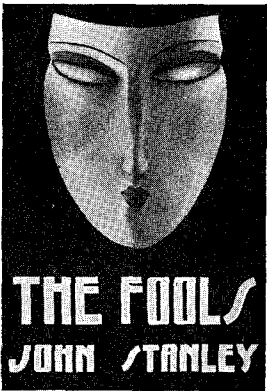
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and propose to execute summary justice on all the fools and bores. With the help of Dido the gallant Colonel is roused to sudden and violent action and, ceasing to suffer fools gladly he turns upon the astonished Jubberley and Bumpstead and wipes the floor with them. The Dido episode may seem to some readers a rather violent experiment, but Ian Hay's contagious high spirits carry him past the whirlpool into the quiet waters of a happy love story. If Ian Hay has one gift more enviable than another it is that he is a master of clean humour, and the success indicated by his large sales is creditable both to the author and his public. Long may it continue.

EXMOOR.*

Mr. Bradley must have spent many happy hours in calling up and piecing together these memories of his boyhood days spent on Exmoor. They are real memories too, garnered during the most impressionable and retentive years and undisturbed by later visits. They were indeed "crowded hours of youth" which cannot fail to make many readers envious. In his early teens the author was placed in the care of the rector of a parish which he calls Windycombe, to learn Latin, Greek and Mathematics. These subjects however formed a small part of the liberal education he acquired. All the lore of the moors, the rivers and wild rugged coast, with their bird and animal life, and all the mysterious knowledge of the country-side only to be learnt by close contact and under all weather conditions, lore without which no one was considered of any account in these parts, was imbibed by this boy. No more congenial surroundings could be imagined for one who had felt from the beginning an instinct, a sympathy for the country-side which later developed into almost a passion. Naturally it is a different Exmoor in many respects, of which we read, from that of the present day; Ilfracombe was "like a trip into the conventional world for us, though still a dozen miles from the railroad." In fact so isolated and lonely was Windycombe that in order to tempt the parson to take up his abode there, the sporting rights over 5,000 acres of wild moorland, including four miles of fishing, were included in the living.

The rector and his household stand out vividly from the pages and make us feel as though we were actually sharing in the varied adventures and excitements that formed their daily programme. The freemasonry of the vicarage is constantly in evidence, and results in many exchanges of visits in the wake of the gun or the fishing-rod. We are introduced also to what is now practically a tradition, the real "sporting parson," who keeps his own hounds. Outstanding among those mentioned is of course the Rev. John Russell, or "Jack Russell" as he was more often known, of whom there are several delectable tales. No mention of following the hounds can be made without giving "Kate" her due. "Kate" was a half-bred Exmoor bay pony who plays a vivid part in Mr. Bradley's memories; not only was she his constant companion but she was a distinctive personality about whose sense of humour there is much to be told, including her swift conveyance of a parson when he "covered half a dozen parishes in his endeavours to visit the denizens of his own."

Among the many delightful miniatures of the country folk is one of old Betty Pile, the chief witch of the parish. Living in a gloomy old cottage, overhanging a steep bank most conveniently placed, she cast the "evil eye" on those she did not like. What a strange creature she was, and decidedly original too, for she shod all her hens with flaps of leather she called "butes" to keep them from scratching up her mystic herbs. The vivid pictures too of Isaac, the parish clerk, and his self-imposed control of the church musical arrangements, are among the treasures of the book. These memories of course go back a few years before "Lorna Doone" popularised that part of the world and made it the centre of interest to hundreds of people

* "Exmoor Memories." By A. G. Bradley. 10s. 6d. (Methuen.)

annually. To these it must be slightly disturbing to read that there was no talk of Doones on Exmoor in the days Mr. Bradley speaks of, and among all those he questioned on the subject he found none who had ever heard of them. The sixteen recent photographs are not only delightful and excellently produced, but surely are almost unique in showing a bit of English country-side that has stood absolutely still for sixty years. If Mr. Bradley has found pleasure in resurrecting these memories, which is evident from their tone, he has certainly handed on that pleasure to the reader, for his charm of style added to his interesting and varied material make most attractive and refreshing reading.

L. O.

ROUND ABOUT BRITISH ETCHING.*

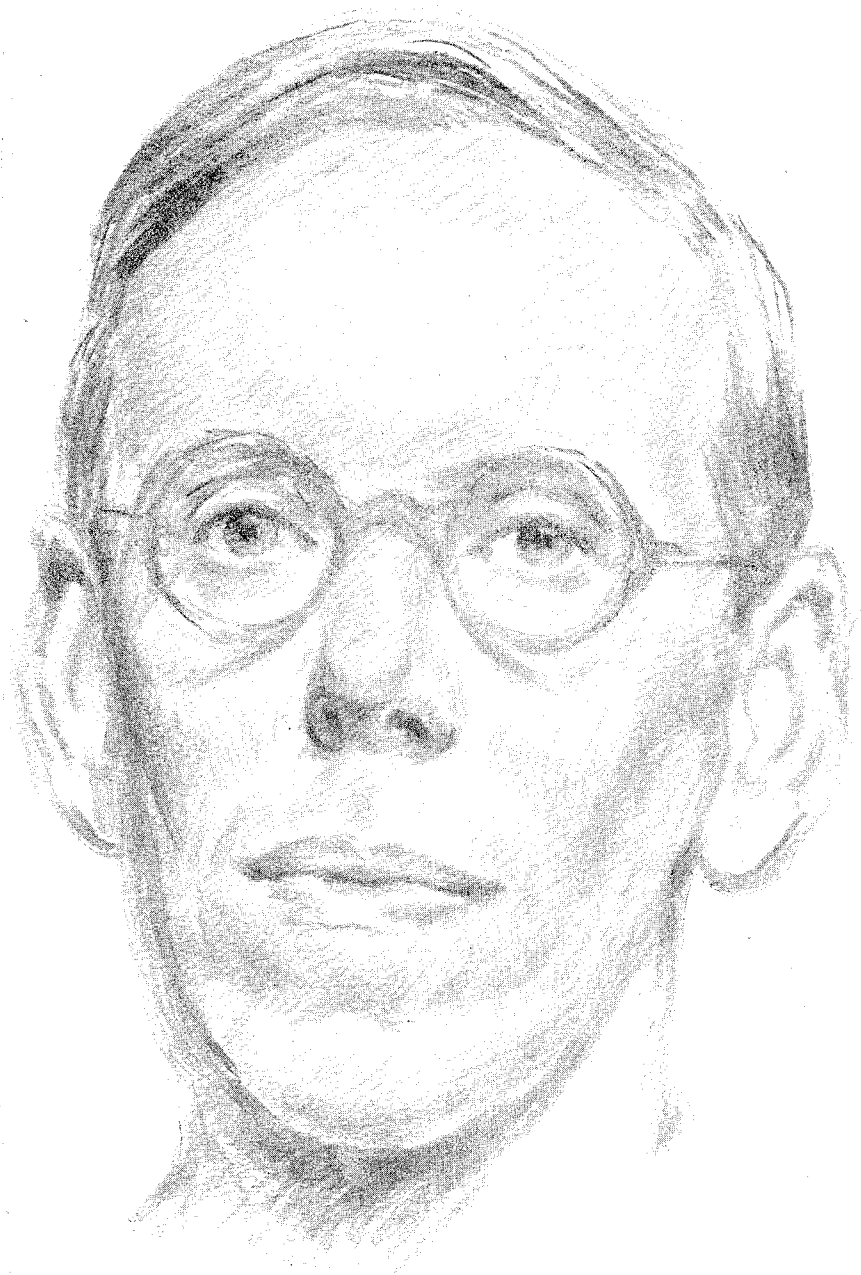
Mr. Salaman "has the knack" of doing these introductions to "Modern Masters of Etching." They state the facts about a relative new-comer like the excellent Mr. Blampied, or restate those of an established reputation like the venerated Mr. Legros, succinctly and well, and supply a reasonable running comment, not too technical, on the artist's work, with special reference to the illustrated plates—in each case twelve.

It is not easy to write so "interestingly" about etchers and etchings as Mr. Salaman does, if like him you stick to your text. It is less difficult of course if, like Mr. Shaw Sparrow, you don't stick to your text, though few even in that case would find it so easy to be interesting as he. The art of etching is very personal. So is the response to it. The thrill of the bitten line—shall we say the throb of the drypoint too?—is not communicable by the printed word. Between those who share its delights (supposing them to avoid the ecstatic) an exchanged look or a gesture is sufficient. They need not trouble about speech—what is there to say? the plate speaks for itself—unless they fall into discourse about methods. And that means an inquiry into highly technical processes, with a variable mordant at one end and possibly an obstinate printer at the other; an inquiry which is not "interesting" in the general sense here intended. For in that sense technical processes have nothing to do with the case, at the same time that they have everything to do with it. This paradoxical statement merely says that the practitioners who count in this (or in any) art are all, and always, at the same game, while playing it of course with the special direction and degree of force of their several artistic personalities. In the emotional appeal, common to them all, it is by results they are judged; to everything else about their work a disinterested public is as indifferent as it is to the mordant or the printing press which may have made or marred an etcher's effort. A public which is being introduced to etchers and etchings through books is not, at that stage, concerned with what, in respect of method, distinguishes Méryon, Whistler, Zorn, Cameron, Muirhead Bone, and the score or two more of moderns practising the art strictly within its own terms. The art's proper terms even are not its business—and perhaps are never quite so much the connoisseur's business as sometimes he imagines. If offered for its pleasure a plate by Samuel Palmer—say the "Early Ploughman"—this public enjoys it without any embarrassing qualm that here is a great etching which yet isn't great etching at all. Thus there is little left to be written in such books. If the authors must avoid technicalities, yet stick to their text, it is not easy for them to be "interesting." But Mr. Salaman, as I say, "has the knack."

Fortunately—I for one am both admiring and grateful—Mr. Shaw Sparrow in his book frankly does *not* stick to his text. He does *not* avoid technicalities—for what indeed

* "A Book of British Etching: From Francis Barlow to Francis Seymour Haden." By Walter Shaw Sparrow. With illustrations of 156 etchings. (Bodley Head.)—"Modern Masters of Etching: Alphonse Legros; Edmund Blampied; Frank W. Benson." Introductions by Malcolm C. Salaman. (Studio.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.



From a drawing by Frank E. Slater.

JOHN FREEMAN.

does he avoid? His avowed subject is British Etching—the whole field up to the edge of the living. To stop short with the dead is, in his view, not to leave so large a proportion of British Etching unsurveyed as those believe who talk of the “revival” of original etching in the fifties and sixties. This is not because Mr. Shaw Sparrow disconsiders the moderns, but because there are relative ancients in British Etching whom he regards as most unwarrantably neglected. What others call revival he calls evolution. That, with emphasis on “British,” is the argument running through his whole book, affecting even its “make-up.” He develops it in the text with a lively discursiveness. With a quite delightful crotchiness he has already planned his survey categorically in accordance with it.

In illustration thereof observe how Mr. Shaw Sparrow “places” Legros, whom we can see Mr. Salaman also dealing with in his own economical fashion. Both writers state the facts about the artist in much the same terms. They agree in the main in their estimates of his art. Each could adopt as they stand the other’s remarks about the multiplicity—and the relative unimportance—of “states” due to Legros’s practice. But when it comes to comment, how digressive Mr. Shaw Sparrow’s is, and how almost naïvely, or with a naïve bias, it will sometimes bear on his own pet aversions! Among these, we know, is the “self-conscious vanity advertised in epidemic novelty-seeking,” and accordingly I am not surprised that he rates highest the sterner work of Legros, since he expects it especially to foster a manly hatred of that vogue. Then again, lingering over the well known “La Mort du Vagabond,” Mr. Shaw Sparrow says it is unsurpassed in its sympathy for the under-dog even by Mr. Brangwyn, who is always much moved by the down-and-out. But he knows one little plate really like it in character. This is “Hunger Defeats Life,” by the seventeenth century Francis Barlow, which he reproduces in his book, as he does the Legros, so that we may see how remarkably alike they are. A score, this, for his evolution argument, as well as for a neglected early English etcher, on whom—but later—we have an attractive chapter, followed by others, equally instructive and ardent, on George Stubbs, the Norwich School, and the Etching Club.

Now the reason why Legros comes in his volume before and not after—in due chronological order—those earlier figures, is that Mr. Shaw Sparrow has announced himself in its first page “a firm believer in artistic patriotism.” He subscribes to the theory of nationality in art. And, consistently thorough, he gives to Legros, the Burgundian, and with him to Hollar and Herkomer and Whistler and other adopted foreigners, a book to themselves, with preface and index complete; while for the True Britons he reserves a second book, with a longer preface and a kind of glossarial index with wider and richer references than the text itself. With this distinction by nationality there is no correspondence that I can see in the qualities of the art. Mr. Shaw Sparrow does not press the point he so elaborately makes. It is really a matter of the utmost unimportance, this avowal of “artistic patriotism”! And yet it governs the whole lay-out of a hearty, informative, very common-sensical, very liberal-minded, entertaining volume—the extreme instance of the delightful crotchiness which, as I have already gratefully and admiringly acknowledged, is given minor manifestation on almost every other page.

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* “Alfonso the Sage.” By J. B. Trend. 12s. (Constable.)



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surveys the past as well as the present, though the emphasis is still on the latter. Whatever his theme he is always vivid and charming. In a few pages he can make Vives, the great Renaissance educationalist, as living and personal to us as his contemporaries and friends, More and Erasmus, were already; or can knock the bottom out of a fallacy, such as that Spain is a country of mystics or Gongora a mere father of conceits. He carries a store of learning very lightly, and how he can extract the essence of romance may be judged from the ending of his study of Queen Isabella:

"To be born in a place called Madrigal of the High Towers, to have lived in an enchanted castle on a rock where the peacocks make strange noises at sunset, to have given her best frock to a statue carved by St. Luke, to have left her luggage in the cathedral at Granada: some folding pictures and a dented golden mug, a pocket sceptre and a rather shabby crown, a bit of tapestry curtain and a prayer-book with fairies hiding behind the capital letters—what is a mere historian, or an economist, to say about it?"

What indeed! But Mr. Trend is more than mere historian or economist. He is a really creative critic. His chapters on modern writers make one agog to learn their language; while nothing could be more delightful than his account of the little girls of Cadiz at their singing games, or of the dance of the choristers in the cathedral of Seville.

D. R.

A BENEFICENT REVOLUTIONARY.*

Scientists and pseudo-scientists tell us from time to time of the wonderful things that might follow if and when they succeed in "harnessing" or disintegrating the atom; and most of us are more or less content to carry on in the same old ruts made by our forbears while awaiting the bringing of the atomic theory into the area of reality. Meanwhile Mr. Henry Ford gives us the hint that there is already something at our service which is actually as mighty as the atom is potentially, and this new volume in which he gives it us is not less fascinating, not less convincing, not less heartening than "My Life and Work," of which it is described as a continuation.

* "To-day and To-morrow." By Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. 12s. 6d. (Heinemann.)



Photo by Claude Harris.

Miss Upton Gray,

whose successful novel, "Yellow Corn," was recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Ford is a man who has not only created a new industry, but a new concept of industry; has indeed effected a revolution by means, as he would put it, of an idea—that mighty atom of the mind which alone can make the material atom of service to man. To-day, he declares,

"We already have enough tested ideas which, put into practice, would take the world out of its sloughs and banish poverty by providing livings for all who will work. Only the old, outworn notions stand in the way of these new ideas. The world shackles itself, blinds its eyes, and then wonders why it cannot run!"

"Take just one idea—a little idea in itself—an idea that any-one might have had, but which fell to me to develop—that of making a small, strong, simple automobile, to make it cheaply and pay high wages in its making. On October 1st, 1908, we made the first of our present type of small cars. On June 4th, 1924, we made the ten millionth. Now, in 1926, we are in our thirteenth million."

"That is interesting but perhaps not important. What is important is that, from a mere handful of men employed in a shop, we have grown into a large industry directly employing more than two hundred thousand men, not one of whom receives less than six dollars a day."

That is stupendous; but it is pointed out that out of the idea put into effect only eighteen years ago, probably three million men, women and children now get their livings. Just how it is done is to be gathered from this revolutionary book, each one of the twenty-four chapters of which offers material enough for consideration in a separate review. Two points however in which the book will be regarded as revolutionary are the insistence upon what is called the "wage motive," which strikes a shrewd blow at the stupidities that have brought the trade union movement into discredit, and the attack upon that "profit motive," by which money put into a business by financiers forms a first charge on industry. With a six dollar a day minimum wage, for an eight-hour day and a five-day week, it is said "our cars are being sold at forty per cent. less than they were in 1914, when our average wage was \$2.40 a day. The cars have steadily decreased in price while almost all other commodities have increased in price."

"To-day and To-morrow" is a clear and absorbingly interesting statement of facts and proven theories; a book which should be read by men and women throughout the length and breadth of the land—and if its findings could be widely put into practice the better for all. It is a good many years since an English economist, Mr. J. A. Hobson, I think, said that under-consumption, not over-production, was the trouble in industry; the truth of that theory is triumphantly established in the record presented in this volume.

WALTER JERROLD.

FACILE PRINCEPS.*

Of these five novels one is easily the best, but the rest "are good of their kind." Miss Oemler has a rich vein of sentimentality, Norman Venner can write amusingly about unreal people, Miss Stowell's "Crooked Plough" kept me interested through an August afternoon, and Louis Couperus is a writer always worthy of serious consideration, but when we come to Jill—ah, at last, here is something modern and worth while.

Let us take the five novels in their order. Before M. C. Oemler was L. T. Meade, and before her the authors of "Queechy," "The Wide, Wide World" and the Pansy Series. In other words the simple sentimentalist—whose desire is to write another "Little Women and Good Wives," but who is insufficiently dowered to produce the modern equivalent of that dear old classic—is always with us. Generations of old ladies have delighted in their oleographic work, offering it to young maids with "such a nice book, my dear." It seems hardly probable, however, that the girl of to-day, in touch at every point with

* "Shepherds." By M. C. Oemler. (Heinemann.)—"Billy Padley's Wife." By N. Venner. (Heinemann.)—"The Crooked Plough." By T. Stowell. (Leonard Parsons.)—"The Comedians." By L. Couperus. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Jill." By E. M. Delafield. (Hutchinson). 7s. 6d. each.

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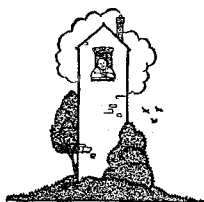
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life, should be interested in books of this kind—although no doubt they have their public. The “Shepherds” are clergy. The chief Shepherd has been carefully adorned with Messianic attributes, and the episodes are brightly written.

“Billy Padley’s Wife” is also brightly written, but the story is very thin. Ira Martindale and Billy open the ball in love with each other, and there is no reason why they shouldn’t have been “wedded and bedded and a’” by the end of the first chapter. When accused of a Scottish marriage it might have been supposed Billy would have consulted his solicitor, also the lady to whom he is supposed to be contracted, but not at all—he infinitely prefers to part with £50 to the villain of the piece. The book is a tissue of impossibilities but amusingly written.

I dare say “The Crooked Plough” is also impossible, but it holds the attention and is written with a solidity that is convincing. The background is Egypt and Linda Merrow, the heroine, is whisked away from a convent to a private hotel in London where Chance—I mean the author—brings her into contact with an old schoolfellow who is happily married to a pathetic little Egyptian, Mustapha Sadik. The couple take her East with them as governess to their little girl. Their marriage, as so frequently happens, was disapproved of by the relatives on both sides, and the consequent harem intrigues nearly cost Linda her life. You feel that the girl—brave to foolishness—could not possibly have escaped and yet, because the readers of such books demand an orange-blossom ending, that she will. “The Crooked Plough” is an excellent example of its kind.

It is a far cry from “Small Souls” and “Old People and the Things that Pass” to “The Comedians,” but whatever Louis Couperus wrote had a trailing charm. The times—those of the Roman Empire under Domitian—have been carefully studied and as carefully reconstructed. Moreover, when a fine novelist turns to history, his creative imagination makes it live after a fashion denied to the mere historian. The Feast of the Megalesia is approaching and people are pouring into Rome to see the sights and make merry. From the Emperor and the Court to the tavern in the poorest quarter we are shown the city, its private and its festal life. “It was considered grand,” said Couperus, “to use Grecian words now and again,” and he himself falls into the ditch he was yet clever enough to see. The pedantic use throughout the book of Latin instead of a modern substitute—*caupo* for publican, *histrion* for actor, *acta diurna* for daily paper and so forth—is irritating to the reader; and it is a pity that when Mr. Wilson translated the Dutch into English it did not occur to him to do the same with the Latin. In spite of this flaw, however, he is to be thanked for a notable and very interesting book.

Which brings us at last to “Jill.”

To read one of E. M. Delafield’s stories is like eating salted almonds. Observe the intriguing irony of her beginning: “The Oliver Galbraiths had to pay super-tax. They were, like all who are subject to this outrage, badly off. Cathie Galbraith could have either a car or a maid of her own, but not both.”

Then, laying her foundations broadly, Miss Delafield begins to unfold her fascinating tale of Jill, or Jacqueline, Morrell. Among people who are empty vessels—Cathie who has naught but the husks of culture, Pansy the *demi-mondaine*, Maura the society flapper, Oliver who is afraid (lest he burn his fingers) to hold them to the fire of life—Miss Delafield puts a living creature. Jill is not alive in the sense of the modern; she is not desirous of surface sensation and experience; hers is a deeper vitality. She is willing to accept pain and give service, to live through wintry weather and suffer the bite of disappointment. She does not ask from life only the happiness of the moment, rather she demands a bigger thing, for she knows that by giving herself she will gain all there is to have. With sure artistry Miss Delafield gives Jill neither past nor future. Like the swallow flying through the lighted hall, Jill comes out of the dark, but unlike the bird she stays long enough

to pour vitality into more than one of the pathetically empty crowd. Influenced by her and taught by life, Cathie stirs in her silken sleep, turns towards the husband whom her spirit has for so long forgotten. The post-war derelict, Jack Galbraith, is also shown how to make something of his damaged life. Jill, the sane, wise girl, knows that love is the only thing in the world that is worth anything, and she also knows that Jack, though a most unheroic hero, is her job. Miss Delafield’s stories are done on metal with a graver’s tool; they are clear in a grey atmosphere; they are entirely without sentimentality.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

KEATS.*

Professor Garrod is fortunate. He not only has something to say, but—as Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford—holds a position so distinguished that people will take the pains to find out what that something is. The pains required are considerable; for of the 157 pages of his book the first forty are viciously written. They are moreover dull; the beginning is a bad sermon, platitudinous and doubtfully true. But they have worse faults than dullness. For one thing, there is a succession of cheap sneers. Now the audience of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford is largely made up of visitors; this is to the good, but it tempts the lecturer to a lower intellectual level than would be possible—may I, for illustration sake, say?—when Professor Gilbert Murray is lecturing, *to students only*, on Euripides. To get the effect of Professor Garrod’s lectures, as they were spoken, the book should be read aloud; then one will see where the laughter fell pat. “To a man who had the patience of Job, the good health of Methuselah, and the wide leisure of the working classes. . . .” Next page: Miss Amy Lowell calls Keats’s Italian passport “a most important document”; and Professor Garrod comments wickedly: “Its importance is in fact nil; of its dollar-value I can make no conjecture” (again loud laughter, at the expense of the mercenary Americans, as just before at that of the lazy working classes).

But this trickle of feeble jests is not all. For the first forty pages—why? simply because the lecturer is sparring all the time, trying to get on good terms with his audience; that is all right; but surely when he comes to print he should cut it out, to give his truth a decent chance?—the man never seems to wear his own clothes. There are passages where every sentence is a “hand-me-down,” a frayed tag slightly twisted and then portentously trailed across the page:

“Yet even this third class is not disinterested; it brings to poetry only its broken spirit, its contrite powers. The disinterested study of poetry is something better and greater than this. It is, not to collapse into poetry, but to bring to it our strength; and not our strength merely, but our trained strength. There must be preparation and, if I may say so, purging. Particularly is it necessary that we should come to good poetry purged from the bad poetry which so easily besets us.”

In those four consecutive sentences the Psalmist, Matthew Arnold, Meredith, Aristotle and St. Paul each consecutively tumble down a hod of words, whose aggregation Professor Garrod presents as *his* building.

I had marked down other vices of this manner—the slipshod academic style in its decadence. Its very looseness leads to obscurity sometimes; it often takes a long time to say nothing and to say it very solemnly; it assumes the answer to questions that are better not asked. For example, addressing a post-war audience who know nothing whatever of the matter, Professor Garrod gives them a superiority to those who still imagine the late war a thing of importance. “And not to go outside these great issues of recent history”—he expressly asks us to think only of what happened between 1914 and 1918—

“To which world belong our more precious memories, our noblest regrets, our best pains and prayers? to the world of what, by habit, we call fact, or to the dream-world of romance, knight-errantry, mediæval faith?”

* “Keats.” By H. W. Garrod. 5s. (Clarendon Press.)

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Sudden Entry of Mr. Collop.

From "The Emerald," by Hilaire Belloc (Arrowsmith).

No doubt his hearers murmured whole-hearted applause; but there is a generation of men and women outside university lecture-rooms—there are poets among these also, but that would not move the speaker, for he does not think much of living poets (there is a cheap sneer at them on his second page; Keats is all right, he has been dead a century and has long ceased to be the ludicrous figure he was to the dons of his own day)—who would answer the confident question in a way that would surprise the asker.

The truth is, this academic slackness has gone too far. We need a criticism in which every sentence pays its way and does its work. Professor Garrod had not enough to say to make a book; he had only enough for a first-rate essay, which would have made a third of a first-rate book later on.

For about page forty the book does begin to be first-rate. The writer's close knowledge of this period of our literary history, his industry, insight and enthusiasm enable him to shed a quite new light on the origins and inspirations of the "Nightingale Ode." He has convincingly shown how Keats found and made the intricate, beautiful stanzas of his Odes. The present reviewer disagrees entirely with *The Times Literary Supplement* reviewer, who thought Professor Garrod wrong in his exposition of the "Psyche" Ode. The book is full too of honesty; and honesty is the rarest thing in our criticism of our classics. Professor Garrod sees, and has the pluck to say, that Keats' mind grew flaccid when it dropped on to

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
"Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

For nearly a century now no one has dared to look at those lines with the eyes of the mind, and to say frankly what he thinks. He has the courage—a more usual courage—to thrust "Endymion" aside, and to say how much poorer is the finish of that sonnet which opens so greatly:

"Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art!"

I could have wished that he had felt what an abominable and indeed contemptible poem "Isabella" is. But at any rate he does not overpraise "Lamia," for all its technical excellence. And this honesty is the only thing that can clear away the tarnish of half a century of gush and insincere, indiscriminate enthusiasm from the glorious poems—the Odes, the "Eve of St. Agnes," "Hyperion." There

are nearly a hundred pages in this book which give it the right to rank beside, though below, that essay on Keats by Mr. Robert Bridges which Professor Garrod praises so well.

On page 6 the suggestion of "tiar" for "jar" in a well-known sonnet is ascribed to Mr. Thomas Hardy. I do not know when Mr. Hardy made the suggestion, but I thought it an old one. There is nothing highbrow about it, for I saw it in the correspondence of *T.P.'s Weekly* twenty years ago. On page 18, one of Professor Garrod's severities at Miss Lowell's expense misses her, since she and he evidently differ as to the nature of Keats' disease; even if Professor Garrod thinks her wrong, he should give her the benefit of her own opinion instead of forcing his own upon her. He should look again at what he has printed; it is hard to accept the misrepresentation as accidental, and it leaves a bad memory, a suspicion of unfairness for the sake of raising a laugh out of ignorance. And on page 79 "lead" should be "load."

EDWARD THOMPSON.

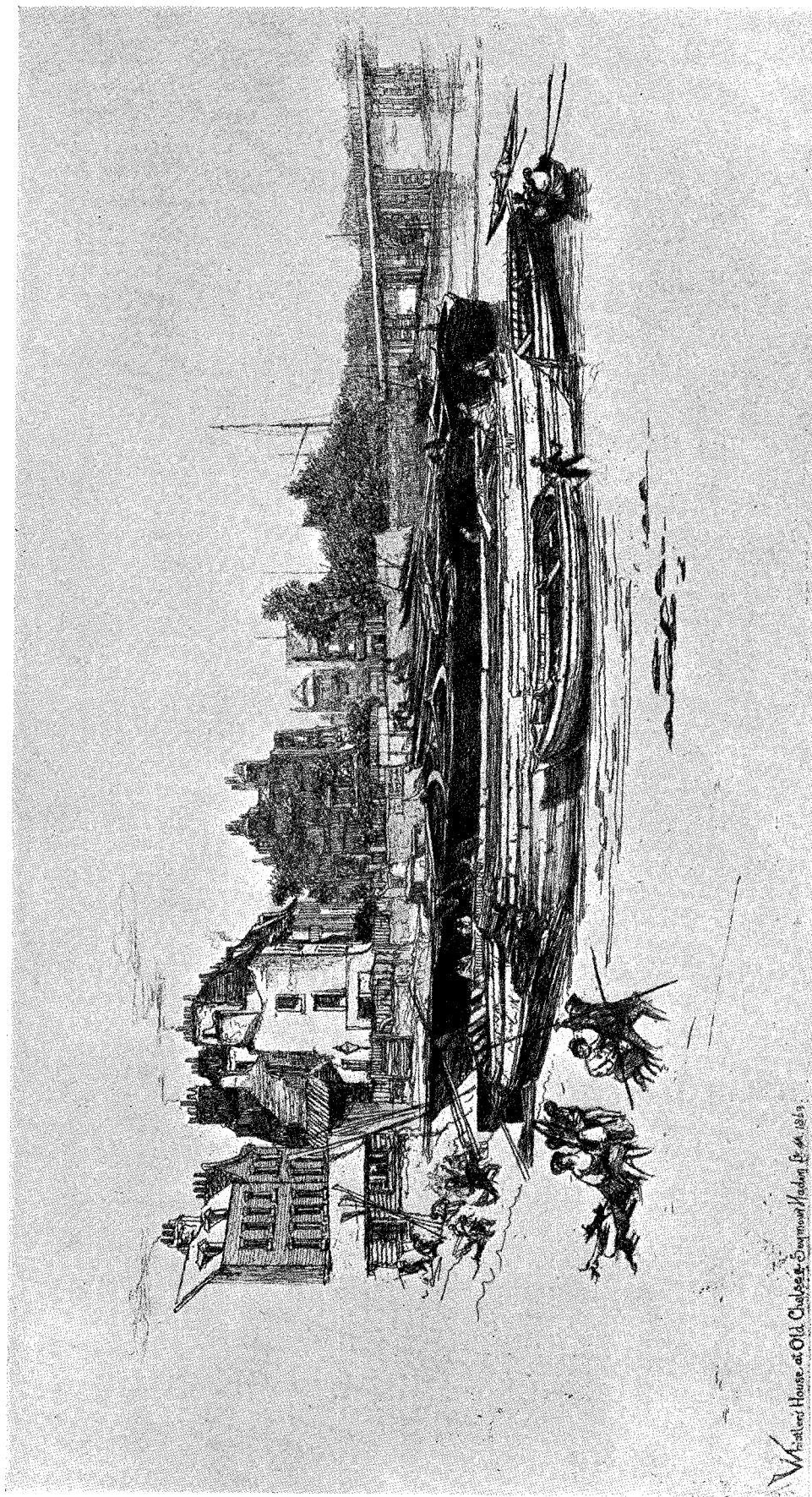
MR. BELLOC ON HOLIDAY.*

It is not too often that parodies better their originals. Yet certainly "The Emerald" makes far finer reading than any of the nine hundred and ninety-nine detective yarns of which it is the parody. None of the sleuth hounds of fiction could match this story for fun and skilful weaving: Mr. Belloc has beaten them all at their own game. By the extremely simple device of putting the key of the plot into our hands at the very commencement of the book, we are placed in the enviable position of the spectator who, well knowing all the while what a trifle is causing such a pother, watches with a superior amusement the antics of the folk concerned. It is a device that glorifies the spectator into a god, and reduces the poor actors to pygmies. That perhaps is Mr. Belloc's justification for the only offence the yarn could conceivably give: namely, that its protagonists are caricatures rather than men. It also gives Mr. Chesterton a fine opportunity for the exercise of his ingenious pencil: the twenty-one drawings he gives us are a perfect gallery of human foibles.

This then is the gist of the book. There was once a merchant, one William Bone, plain Bone, who won the favour of Catherine the Great, and accepted from her a giant emerald. Naturally the family prospered: its head in time became Home Secretary, and no longer plain Bone, but De Bohun, pronounced Deboon. Well, one day in the mansion of the De Bohuns, the family heirloom disappeared. Of course we know quite well (through the generosity of Mr. Belloc) that it didn't really disappear at all. It got fixed in the ear of a polar bear rug, and was duly found by Ethelbert the Boots. But for Ethelbert the find brought no picture of immediate wealth: rather it represented "a vision of confinement alone in a small mechanical cell; upon release, a life-long chain binding him as an informer and spy; a crushing and overwhelming tyranny; and perhaps at last a secret and abominable death." So Ethelbert, judging his superiors more able to avoid such complications, placed it secretly in an aristocratic pocket. Then began its despicable peregrinations. Secretly, guest passed it on to guest; politician and professor, journalist and social upstart all behaving, under the strain, like guilty deplorable children. The spectacle is hardly edifying. Scotland Yard is called in, and Mr. Belloc's parody of futile officialdom is perhaps the funniest thing in the book. Finally, to no one's credit be it said (unless the parrot Atta-Boy may take the credit) the emerald is found: and in a Tail Piece that is too much like an anti-climax, the author explains that it was all a matter of paste after all. So the riotous saga ends. . . . Mr. Belloc has written on holiday: a sort of happy game, a *jeu d'esprit*, tinged amusingly with satire, and with a humour that is all the richer for the finish and artistry with which it is told.

C. H. W.

* "The Emerald." By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. 7s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)



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MAXIMS AND MINIATURE ESSAYS.*

The first glance at, the first feel of these volumes will tell one that they are worthy of the Golden Cockerel Press as an example of the craft of making the bodies of books. But the soul? Was it worth making two such handsome volumes for this purpose? Was the French writer, so neatly translated, worthy of such handsome treatment? One feels that he owes something to the undue neglect of his work in England, and to his reputation as a "character."

Nevertheless anybody to whom the price is no obstacle will be very glad to secure this English version of the "Maxims and Considerations," a title which is explained by the fact that more than a third of the five hundred and ten separate notes are too long to be classed as aphorisms, though they are generally aphoristic in manner. They are really miniature essays, and will as such seem not less attractive. The sentences are often jotted down much as Bacon jotted down his thoughts until they grew into essays. Chamfort indeed seems to have been a great admirer of Bacon, and refers to him more than once. He can go as far as this:

"When we see Bacon, at the beginning of the sixteenth century [Chamfort's chronology is rather wild] point out to human genius the way it must take to rebuild the house of the Sciences, we almost cease to admire the great men who have come after him, such as Boyle and Locke. He parcels out for them in advance the territories which they have to clear or subjugate. Cæsar, now master of the world after the victory of Pharsalia, is giving kingdoms and provinces to his supporters or his favourites."

This is a decidedly rash eulogy from the man who wrote:

"I cannot conceive of a wisdom without diffidence. The Scriptures say that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of God, but I believe it is the fear of man."

As one reads through his "Maxims and Considerations" one wavers between the view of Chamfort as a wide-minded recluse and as a man conscious of personal prejudices which, when he cannot suppress them, he must justify. He often advocates looking at both sides of a question:

"Our reason sometimes makes us as unhappy as our passions may; and we can say of a man, when this is so, that he is a patient poisoned by his doctor."

But he is most pungent when he is exploiting an essentially emotional attitude, the consequences of disappointments or disillusionments:

"What would a fop be without his foppery? A butterfly without its wings would be a caterpillar."

No. ccx has a still longer reach; it is worthy of La Rochefoucauld, though only the last sentence is absolutely essential:

"When Princes break their miserable etiquette, it is always in favour of some girl or jester, and never for a man of worth. When women make themselves conspicuous it is never for an upright man, always for a creature! In a word, when we throw off the yoke of public opinion, it is seldom for the purpose of rising above it, but nearly always to fall below."

He is often subtle:

"When I see infatuation in a woman, or in a man for that matter, I begin to suspect a lack of sensibility. This rule has never failed me."

Mr. Mathers in his introduction does well to remind us of the condition and purpose of Chamfort's collection of the "Maxims and Considerations." They were unpolished notes, and they were a chance residue when the greater part of Chamfort's jottings (on little squares of paper stuffed into portfolios) had been thrown away after his death. We do not know how much was lost to us. The two original volumes of "Maximes" and of "Anecdotes" were made up out of the undestroyed remainder.

Sebastien Roch Nicolas de Chamfort was born, an illegitimate child, near Clermont in the Auvergne, in 1741. He seems to have provided himself with all these

* "Maxims and Considerations of Chamfort." Translated, with an Introduction, by E. Powys Mathers. 2 vols. 30s. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

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names except Nicolas, which was his baptismal name. After a brilliant school career he lived by miscellaneous writing, which is said to have included the composition of sermons at a lousy time. He was still a young man of twenty-eight when an academic success with his "Éloge de Molière" gained him the entry of the rather dirty Paris salons, from which he retired diseased, and became to some extent a recluse. He seems always to have been his own enemy so far as worldly success was concerned, and his independence depended upon a pension, although he had the courage to persist in attacking the system of pensions.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

A LAND NEARLY LOST TO US.*

How many people realise that although—as Earl Jellicoe points out in his foreword to Dr. Harrop's book—only between 2 and 2½ per cent. of the population of New Zealand to-day are of foreign extraction, there was a time when it looked as though the Union Jack would never float from its official buildings? Discovered by a Dutchman, the country was too bright a jewel not to glitter attractively in the eyes of France and Germany, and Dr. Harrop's researches have enabled him not only to recount accepted stories of New Zealand history but to supplement them by details which are as new as they are interesting.

The difficulty with which those who then ruled England were persuaded to accept responsibility for what has since become a loyal and valuable Dominion; the career of that remarkable man, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the "founder" of New Zealand; the anarchy prevailing in 1840 when "given a few more years of tolerance . . . New Zealand would have become a republic of buccaneers"; the Constitution set up in 1846; the subsequent view of the inhabitants (as vigorously expressed by the *Otago News* in 1850) that the settlers would "willingly, most willingly, relieve poor Mrs. Mother Country from all charges connected with the civil administration of the colony if the dear creature would let us manage our own affairs"; these are only a few of the matters dealt with in detail.

Dr. Harrop may congratulate himself on two achievements: he has made a definite, valuable and polished contribution to historical literature; and he has avoided dullness. He is not afraid to comment on his facts, but he is never pontifical.

This book should be welcomed by the general reader as well as by the student; and particularly by the schoolboy who too often hates his "history hour" because it means a dry recapitulation of detached facts instead of—as Dr. Harrop makes it—a moving drama of events which are bound up with the life of the Empire from the days of Tasman to the Great War in which the little Dominion spent its lives and treasure freely in defence of the flag.

F. D. G.

MASTER WHERE HE WILL.†

It may sound reactionary of me to say so these days, but the first thing I still ask of any novel is that it shall satisfy my desire for a compelling story. "With a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner. . . ." I do not mean of course that before it can hold my attention a novel must have the puerile interest of a jigsaw puzzle or a detective yarn—keeping me all agog merely to see just how everything will work out in the end; though in some measure that is included in what I mean. Indeed were that all I should be driven to declare that I think Miss E. M. Dell as good a novelist as Mr. Hardy.

* "England and New Zealand." By A. J. Harrop, Ph.D. (Cantab.), M.A.(N.Z.). With an introduction by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe. 8s. 6d. (Methuen.)

† "Master Where He Will." By Almey St. John Adcock. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Gwyer.)

for she has just as much cunning in the unfolding of her plot. But there are other things that go to the making of a "compelling story." The reader must feel for instance that the characters, as they are presented to him, are significantly worth his while; for are they not to be his companions till the last page and after? He must feel too in meeting those characters that he has known something of the enrichment of experience that comes with every new acquaintance made and wisely cherished. And he must feel, though unconsciously, that his imaginative power has been so splendidly evoked that (if the novel be a tragedy) there has been a purging "through pity and tears," or (if it be a comedy) there has been some happy response in him to that single-hearted gaiety that is man's divine antidote to grief. . . . And yet, when all is said, are not these things included in my first demands? For without them no novel could really compel me, heart and mind.

Therefore when I say of Miss St. John Adcock's new novel that it compelled my interest from the first chapter to the last, I have really given as high a praise as a critic can. Of course there were passages where the level dropped somewhat—some note of artificiality crept in, some suggestion of a falsified psychology or some faint hint of melodrama. But, as one of the characters in the novel says, "The gooder you are the worse folks condemn you if you're a little bit bad sometimes." Not one of its faults however could detract from the strength of Miss Adcock's novel; she has already attained an interpretative insight that is far too fundamentally right ever to err very far from the truth. She *knows* these Buckinghamshire yeomen of whom she is writing. The group of villagers whom she has drawn, almost too sluggish for thought to torment their minds, almost too dead for dreams to harass their souls, are, for all their author's tendency to give them labels, real; and it is a relief, when a gloomily false view of the English country-side is rapidly becoming the fashion, to see with what kindness humour goes flickering even over these starved lives. Above these dead souls stand the three principal characters of the story: Maris Shatlock, so strangely compact of weakness and strength; Randle Quantrill, whose steely fibre only those who know how a starveling farm will draw a man out to stern combat can really appreciate; and his brother Ned, despicable in his weakness, and yet for all that the unconscious goad to tragedy. And the stark and bitter play is played out in Gibbet Hill Farm, a place whose cruel and mildewy loneliness lies like a blight on these three much burdened souls. . . . If "Winter Wheat" roused such hopes for Miss Adcock's future, this new novel should surely justify those hopes; for her technique is fast matching her pure insight; she not only knows these folk herself, but she is able to make us know them too. When it comes to portraying sophisticated lives she is not so successful; but the unsophisticated, single-minded lives of these Buckinghamshire yeomen and peasants are hers by every right that an artist can possibly have.

C. HENRY WARREN.

TRADITIONS IN ART.*

In the Palace of Art are many mansions but, despite the differences of individual styles, European painting may be said to have become guided in the main by two great traditions: the "Grand Style," emanating from the Italian Renaissance, and the homely or domestic style which we associate with the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. The last we are accustomed to regard as a purely national achievement, as the expression in paint of that wave of patriotism which had broken the yoke of

* "Dutch Painting of the Seventeenth Century." By C. H. Collins Baker. 10s. 6d. (*The Studio*).—"Claude Lorrain and Modern Art." By A. M. Hind. 2s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press).—"Sir Francis Seymour Haden, P.R.E." By Malcolm C. Salaman. 5s. (*The Studio*).—"Hours in the Tate Gallery." By J. B. Manson. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth).—"Woodcuts." By Members of Bembridge School. 10s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)



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**The Gipsies.**

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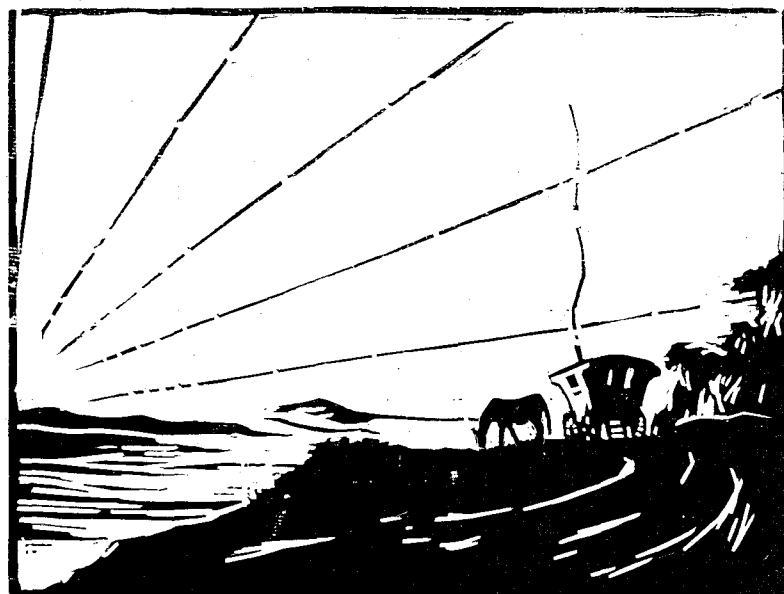
the Spaniards and established civic and religious liberty in Holland. We like to think that love of country and contentment in peaceful domesticity after the stress of war contributed to making the Dutch masters pre-eminent as painters of their native heath and hearth-side.

Yet, in a scholarly little volume on "Dutch Painting of the Seventeenth Century," Mr. Collins Baker reminds us that

"There are three Italianate currents in Dutch painting: that which flowed from Rome through the great 'little master' Elsheimer and passed with Lastman (who influenced the young Rembrandt), Poelenburg and Moeyaert into Holland; that which sprang from Caravaggio; and the landscape convention expressed in Berchem, Karol du Jardin and Both."

Rembrandt of course was an exceptional painter. He alone "succeeded in making the Caravaggescos a vehicle for new personal experience, changing it into the Rembrandtesque, which in its turn swept Holland." In the realm of spiritual expression Rembrandt stands almost alone, and Holland's particular artistic genius found its truest expression in landscape painting, and still more in genre. For while other countries have had greater landscape painters, no painters have rivalled the Dutch in their interpretation of scenes of village and peasant life. Between these peasant pictures and "society" scenes there is, Mr. Collins Baker maintains, a fundamental difference not only in tradition but also in technique. He links up Brouwer, Ostade and Jan Steen with the grotesque artists of all ages and many lands.

"In these three great masters of peasant, as opposed to fashionable genre, we find conspicuous the qualities of draughtsmanship and design worked by the grotesque element inherent in their art. Their design, severely based on geometrical lines, is clear-cut and emphasised. . . . We may rightly regard this well-knit and lively design as a natural outcome of grotesque conception. For there is an impulse in the very mood of the grotesque which accentuates expression, to keep the pace hot. From this same impulse come the more emphatic draughtsmanship, the more interpretative use of line, found in all art which falls within the widest boundaries of the word grotesque. . . . We shall probably all agree that such masters as Wu Tao-tzu, of the

**Rest.**

By Geoffrey Eyles.

From "Woodcuts." By members of Bembridge School (Cambridge University Press).

Tang Dynasty, Crivelli in Venice, Pieter Brueghel in the Netherlands, Rowlandson in England and Daumier in modern Paris are typical examples of grotesque draughtsmanship."

Mr. Collins Baker is not ashamed to go to the cinema for a further example, and asserts that Brouwer's art is nearer in spirit to that of Mr. Patrick Sullivan's "Felix" than to Rembrandt's. Thus in his brilliant and concisely comprehensive survey of the Dutch masters—embellished with many illustrations in colour and half-tone—Mr. Collins Baker compels us to recognise how even the intensely national school of Holland is closely related to world-wide art traditions.

Another fascinating study of continuity in art is contained in Mr. A. M. Hind's Rede Lecture on "Claude Lorrain and Modern Art," which has now been published in book form. Mr. Hind's aim is to emphasise the "large tracts of agreement," rather than the "small differences," between the new and the old; and taking Claude as his point of departure, he traces a number of instructive analogies between his and modern drawings. Thus he indicates how Claude's "Woodland Glade" in the British Museum

"shows the same joy in the harmonious, and sometimes quaint, rhythms of curving tree trunks, as one sees in an artist such as Paul Nash."

Other Claude drawings in the same collection are shown to have affinities with the work of Whistler, Sargent and Steer. Well-reasoned criticisms of these and other modern painters will be found in "Hours in the Tate Gallery," by Mr. J. B. Manson, himself an accomplished landscape and flower painter as well as Assistant Keeper of the Gallery. For an official to write about an art collection in his care is an undertaking that has many disadvantages as well as some advantages, but Mr. Manson is remarkably independent in his views and is not afraid to speak his mind. If he is severe on certain painters of past or present popularity, such as Holman Hunt—"not a good artist . . . stodgy, heavy and dull"—and Sargent—"his work was the perfection of the ordinary"—Mr. Manson is generous in his praise of Lucien Pissarro, Sickert and other artists whose work has not yet been sufficiently appreciated by the public. His book is eminently instructive, yet it is lightly and pleasantly written.

Seymour Haden, who both by precept and example did more than any one man to bring about the modern revival of original etching in England, well deserves a place in the "Modern Masters of Etching" series published by *The Studio*, and in his introduction to this volume of Haden's work Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman reveals how much Haden owed to Rembrandt and how much modern etchers owe to Haden.

Last but not least in interest comes a volume of some fifty woodcuts, executed by boys from twelve to seventeen at Bembridge School. The cuts of J. Brandon-Jones and some others show genuine artistic accomplishment, but the Warden, Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, modestly presents these designs not as final masterpieces, but as educational exercises.

"It is not that we want a boy to cut wood blocks in order to get his living when a man as a wood-engraver, any more than we desire a boy who loves flowers and creates a beautiful garden to become a professional gardener. Such boys, in following these and other creative activities, are unconsciously forging keys unlocking for themselves the entrance to courts of beauty and of joy—the beauty of all true work, the joy of service and self-realisation expressed in all true work, and to these courts they come with standards of taste and judgment achieved through personal effort and experience, not docilely received from others."

Interesting in itself, this volume is still more welcome as a token of the increased importance attached to art appreciation in modern education.

FRANK RUTTER.

LETTERS OF A TRAGIC QUEEN.*

For over a hundred years there have lain in the library of the Castle of Löfstad, in Sweden, two bundles of letters, which are now most ably translated from the French by Winifred Stephens and Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson. The larger packet consists of letters written by the Queen to Barnave, a prominent member of the Constitutional Left in the Constituent Assembly. In addition there are also the love-letters written by her to "the handsome Fersen," also known in Paris and Versailles as "the friend of the Queen." This was Count Axel Fersen, famous in Sweden and France, where he served as Colonel of the Royal Swedish regiment he had raised. In all these unsigned letters the handwriting is unmistakably that of the Queen. The smaller packet contains letters written by Fersen, telling of his secret love, to his beloved and favourite sister, Sophie, who had married Adolphus Piper, Chamberlain of the King of Sweden. Löfstad Castle passed into the hands of the Pipers by this marriage, and when the unfortunate Queen could no longer safely keep all her correspondence with Barnave by her in the Tuileries, it was into Sophie's care that Count Fersen gave them.

Both series of letters pay silent but overwhelming tribute to the character of Marie Antoinette. That the young Queen, generally thought of as gay, careless and pleasure-loving, was capable of provoking such an ideal love, pure, passionate, tender, loyal and chivalrous, as that which Fersen had for her, and that she should return it in the same way, without lowering one jot or for one instant her status as wife and Queen, adds greatly to her credit. For Fersen, as his letters to his sister show, the Queen was an angel of goodness he would have died to defend, but instead had to watch the oncoming tragedy in impotent anguish and agony of despair.

When we turn to the other correspondence and read one by one the letters of the Queen to Barnave, we feel that they shatter utterly the common belief that they were merely written to gain time, while the Court parleyed with the emigrant Princes and foreign powers. They bespeak the Queen's obvious sincerity, desire for peace, patriotic zeal and political foresight. The Constitutional leaders reiterated that the safety of the Monarchy lay in its supporting their party whole-heartedly. But despite all her sacrifices and willingness to oblige to the utmost, what the Queen had feared all along came to pass when the Constitutional Party was not strong enough to hold its own between the Republicans on the one hand and those abroad who plotted to restore the monarchy on the other. And small blame could be attached to her if, on the utter collapse of all her hopes, Marie Antoinette allowed Fersen to persuade her that the one chance of saving her loved ones was by foreign intervention. But it was not to be, and her attempt to reconcile the Monarchy with the Revolution ended in the tragedy it was hoped to avert. These letters and all they mean are added pain to the memory of the poor, courageous Queen, isolated and without direction amid a maelstrom of hate.

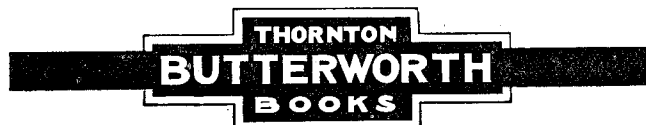
V. E. W.

A QUARTET.†

Mr. Maugham's writing has many qualities, of which the most undeniable is competence. Competence is not an alluring quality; it suggests slickness, speciousness, neglect of the Important Facts of life; it is composed of negative virtues—moderation, excision, selection—and to like it for itself is a somewhat austere form of enjoyment. But how it can take the shine out of less accomplished work! Compared with Mr. Maugham, both Mr. Phillpotts

* "The Letters of Marie Antoinette, Fersen and Barnave." Edited by O. G. Heidenstam. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

† "The Casuarina Tree." By W. S. Maugham. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Peacock House." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Baby Grand." By Stacy Aumonier. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Man from World's End." By Alexander Irvine. 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)



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Mr. Somerset Maugham.

and Mr. Aumonier, skilled craftsmen as they are, have an air of feeling their way. To be sure this hesitancy has its compensations, for both these writers, in their search for finger-posts and landmarks, catch sight of interesting objects which Mr. Maugham, with his assured, triumphant stride, passes by. Mr. Phillpotts is hampered yet humanised by his desire to let his characters work out their own destiny; their personalities frequently escape from the plot which enmeshes them. Mr. Aumonier, in some ways a less serious writer than Mr. Phillpotts, is concerned to give his stories just that dramatic twist which arouses expectation while it injures probability. Mr. Phillpotts tends to sacrifice art to truth; Mr. Aumonier, truth to ingenuity; but Mr. Maugham resolves all discords and is ruler in his own house. His proficiency is more than merely technical; it includes an almost perfect fusion of manner and matter, intention and execution.

But those well-drilled troops, his characters, like all soldiers, have to abate something of their individuality to preserve their discipline. They move smartly enough and are always in good position; but their manoeuvres have a noticeable rigidity. Even the illusion of free-will is taken from them. They are not cut to pattern, they have their own moods and manners, they speak with their own voices (Mr. Maugham is a past-master at indicating character through dialogue); but they cannot escape their fate, any more than a soldier can turn round on the field of battle. Their destinies are nearly all terrible. Not for the most part tragic. They are not driven by a blind force, struggling and protesting, to their ruin. Mr. Maugham does not suggest that the Malay Peninsula, with its abominable climate, presents insuperable obstacles to leading the good life. They come to bad ends through defects of nature, yellow streaks, inability to run straight. Their sins find them out. Humanity is like that, Mr. Maugham seems to say—bad hats for the most part, and if they get knocked in, serve them right. Unlike Hardy he has no quarrel with fate. We cannot disprove Mr. Maugham's conclusions; we can only say (duped perhaps by sentimentality) that in presenting character stripped of idealism, and in basing motive in selfishness, he severely limits the appeal of his work and even involves himself in inconsistency. He writes as a moralist, that is he makes

us conscious of the badness of certain actions; but he hardly ever draws a character illustrating that standard of which his men and women so lamentably fall short. His standard appears to be an abstraction; a high-water mark set far above the reach of any tide.

Mr. Phillpotts's main concern is Mystery. He taps almost every source of the mysterious, going for his effects as far afield as studies in neurosis and psycho-analysis. His most successful story perhaps, or at all events the most continuously exciting, is "Three Dead Men." This is a conventional detective story in everything except the method of solution employed. The clues are not concrete, they are found in the characters of the dead men themselves. Mr. Phillpotts has hard work to make this convincing, but he pulls it off. The "Iron Pineapple" (horrible title) tells how an obstinate complex received its quietus; but it was a phenomenally good shot that hit the bogus philanthropist's head from a distance of two hundred feet. In "Red Dragon" he gives us with much vigour and wealth of historical detail a picture of the Low Countries in the early days of their revolt from Spain. A Spanish soldier, colossal and middle-aged, undertakes to deliver a jewel for a lady. He is waylaid, stripped and searched with a brutality of thoroughness that almost turns one's stomach. But his captors cannot find the gem, nor we fancy will Mr. Phillpotts's readers divine its whereabouts until he tells them. "Peacock House" is an ingenious study in second-sight; "Crazywell" is an essay in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe. "King of Kanga" is an extravagant, robust yarn with a farcical conclusion, recalling W. W. Jacobs. How protean is Mr. Phillpotts! He runs through a score of shapes, all more or less complete disguises; but though we are dazzled by his versatility we like him best in his homespun, contemplating in moist abstraction a Dartmoor tragedy. Though he gets a thrill into his tales of horror, none of them is, judged by the standard of his achievement in other fields, quite first-rate; his quality shows better in the piece than in the pattern. He lacks the concentration and finesse of the best short-story writers, and that medium only partially reveals his chief strength—his point of view. No contemporary writer, expecting so little of human beings, seems to get so much out of them, or to render with so much sureness of touch the long, slow cadences of life.

With Mr. Aumonier the tale's the thing. Not the thing wherewith to catch anybody's conscience; for though he has plenty of moral sense, he is on the whole free from ethical preoccupation. In such matters, like Sir Thomas Browne, he loves to keep the road. "The Happy Man" sticks to his humble job and remains happy though poor, because he "believed in things"; whereas his brilliant son (a clever if slightly unfair study), touched by modern scepticism and unrest, went racketing along the primrose path to an untimely end. A successful business man and politician, careful of many things but chiefly of his career, is disturbed to the depths of his being by the innocent laughter of a young subaltern. To both of these tales it would be easy to append a moral in the Victorian manner. Though Mr. Aumonier is technically exceedingly proficient, there hangs about his work an air of happy amateurishness; he does not take himself nor anything else too seriously. He does not seek to interpret life, but he culls its flowers and arranges them charmingly in familiar patterns. Though his stories lack body they are very human, and, though human, are by no means earth-bound, which is a comfort.

Mr. Irvine is a sentimentalist. *Arma virumque canit*; and he dwells upon the horrors of war only the more vividly to exhibit its glories of courage and self-sacrifice. Of a chaplain, called "the Dud Padre," whose excessive ritualism had been calcined by shell-fire, an officer says: "He not only illustrates his new outlook in his own personality, but his sermons are of the highest military value." And this comment, with only a little unfairness, may be passed on Mr. Irvine's stories; they are sermons of the highest military value.

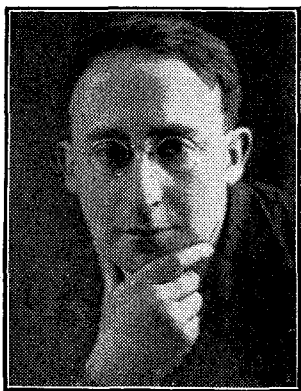
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FALLODON PAPERS.*

To an extent not often attained by politicians Viscount Grey stands above the battle. His public utterances and his printed writings have in them that repose and dignity, that implicit insistence on the justice of taking the long view, which at once define their quality and set them apart. "Fallodon Papers" is a characteristic book. It reveals a mind balanced in judgment, unhurried in its approaches, but very sure of those things in which it believes—the joys of calm and contemplation, the pleasure that comes from reading, from fly-fishing, from the songs of birds. In its simplicity of thought and expression it is also characteristic. But the quality which makes it memorable is chiefly this—that behind every page and behind each opinion there is evidence of a personality in reserve. Writing such as this places itself against a background, so that what is said is never the whole truth. The whole truth is the statement of the fact plus the personality of the author. Not one book in a hundred is thus distinguished.

"Fallodon Papers" contains seven addresses on such subjects as Recreation, Waterfowl at Fallodon, the Fly-Fisherman and Wordsworth's "Prelude." The coming together of the book was unusual. There was no original manuscript. Each address was prepared mentally and delivered orally like a speech, with the use only of very slender notes or no notes at all. A verbatim report was made by a shorthand writer and revised for the purpose of being printed. All the papers were prepared wholly or mainly at Fallodon, Lord Grey's country retreat.

That unity which binds the studies together is nothing less than this peace which broods over Fallodon. "If books about nature are to live," Lord Grey writes in the opening chapter, "they must not be descriptions written at the moment of rapture; they must be books, written as the result of observation, which recall and convey the emotion after it has sunk into the mind." He quotes with approval Tennyson's saying, "I like these large still books," and with that favourite quotation of Izaak Walton's, "Study to be quiet," he is in complete accord. It follows that the telephone is anathema, and on two separate pages Lord Grey condemns it. It is no surprise that Wordsworth is his favourite poet.

Three passages we choose for the pleasure they have given. There is the account of the walk with Colonel Roosevelt on a May day in the Hampshire woods and meadows, when they listened to the songs of the birds—the camera men left behind. There are the descriptions of widgeon and pintail in the ponds at Fallodon, and of the fly-fisher by his stream. "Trout are rising everywhere, some audibly, some without sound; a moving network of birds—swifts, swallows and martins—is on the river."

The woodcuts by Robert Gibbings are in exquisite harmony with the letterpress of the book.

M. A. S.

* "Fallodon Papers." By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Woodcuts by Robert Gibbings. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

MILESTONES.*

These memories of a full and interesting life are singularly vivid and full of fire and the joy of life, when it is recollected that the author is nearing his eightieth milestone. His memory goes back a long way, for he remembers his grandfather, who was born one hundred and sixty-five years ago, and his father, who was born one hundred and thirty-four years ago. He has a thousand and one things to tell of his many-sided life—of youthful days at Eton, of hunting and all kinds of manly sports, of the Court and the House of Lords, of the many lands he has travelled through the world over, of the friends he has known—most of whose names and careers are familiar to us all—of the men and women he has met in every walk of life, of his lord rectorship of Aberdeen University and, last but by no means least, of his life as chief of the famous House of Gordon, the head of which is traditionally known as the "Cock o' the North."

He knew Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton and revelled in his historic novels. "Time," he says, "has made me thankful that in my youth the novels in vogue were the writings of Lytton and Scott, which surely are more educative than those of later years and of the present time." When Lord Huntly gets out of the shadow of the innumerable branches of the family tree which encumber somewhat the first chapters for the reader uninterested in genealogy, his talk becomes most interesting and amusing, full of gossip bits about famous people, interspersed with laughable anecdotes. Big-game hunting, horse-racing, pig and deer-driving occupy much of his time in Ceylon and India, and he has many shrewd things to say about his travels in Australia and New Zealand forty years ago. When he writes that art in all its branches was at its lowest ebb in Queen Victoria's reign, he describes the furnishings of Balmoral Castle with its carpets and curtains of glaring Stewart tartan! He thinks that journalists are the most interesting men in the world, and he knew many as he goes on to show. Charles Kingsley was a great friend of his boyhood, and gave him sound advice: "Put your thoughts on paper; they will come in useful." Lord Huntly certainly took that to heart, and we benefit. The many illustrations and portraits are beautiful and interesting from an historic point of view.

V. E. W.

BABBIT-OUT-BABBITED.†

There was once a rumour to the effect that as soon as Uncle Sam grasped the satire of "Babbit," Mr. Sinclair Lewis fled to our shores to escape being lynched. His danger is over. He can safely return at any moment. For a greater sinner has arisen in the person of Mr. Thomas Beer, and a more biting satire in "The Mauve Decade." For whereas Mr. Lewis took but one phase of American life for the butt of his ridicule, Mr. Beer has taken every phase of American life, from literature to politics, as his realm. He cites one of his witnesses as asking, "What would happen to an American if he'd written 'Trilby'?" The more interesting question is, What will happen to the American who has written "The Mauve Decade"?

It is true, as the title hints, Mr. Beer concentrates upon ten years only of American life—the ten years at the end of the last century. But he does not seem optimistic as to any improvement since. In controverting the legend that William Sumner was expelled from Yale, he writes:

"He survived a situation that no professor could survive to-day in universities where individualism is dreaded as nothing else, wherein manufacturers of patent drama, business schools and courses for the propagation of fine embroidery are established on the order of the moneyed, with professors shipped about as little dogs in wicker cells, the prices marking the label. . . . What Richard Harding Davis protested long ago in a romantic yarn has placidly happened, and governors of universities fall into their natural places behind the golden calf, bearing shovels."

* "Milestones." By the Marquis of Huntly. 24s. (Hutchinson.)

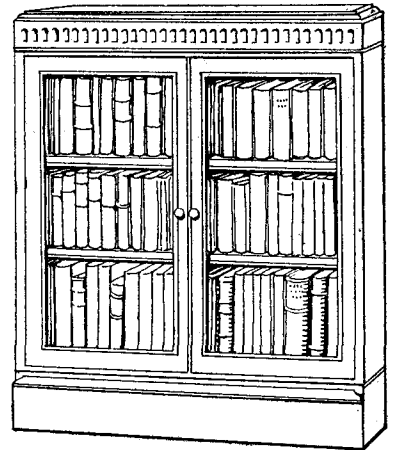
† "The Mauve Decade." By Thomas Beer. 12s. 6d. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

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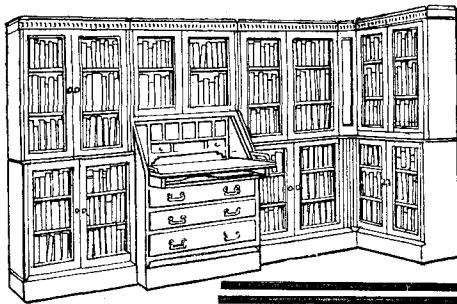
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If that is written in the present tense, what has Mr. Beer to say in the past tense? His verdict on the ten years of his theme is that it was an "aspiring decade that tried so hard to be purple, imperially grand, and ended in a compromised, ridiculous tint." That is his paraphrase of his title page quotation from Whistler: "Mauve? Mauve is just pink trying to be purple."

For that dreary failure he blames Bronson and Louisa Alcott as much as any. The father was a peddler of "stored inanity"; the daughter, taken at her own valuation, was a purveyor of "moral pap for the young." She is the type of the Titaness of Mr. Beer's first study, the only begetter of the American Girl and the like. One of her spiritual daughters was a lady who "drew up a document on marriage for her niece, advising her to marry only a man resembling 'our precious Saviour, Jesus Christ, in manners and appearance.' Unable to do so, from lack of data, the girl mourned her aunt two months and married a sugar broker, six feet three inches long." When he comes to his final judgment on the women of his ten years, Mr. Beer delivers it in these words:

"It is not alleged against the women of the Mauve Decade that they invented cheap cruelty and low social pressures, but they erected these basenesses into virtues by some defensive sense of rectitude, and a generation of sons was reared in the shadow of the Titaness, aware of her power, protected by nothing from her shrill admonitions."

And it is the harvest of that rearing to which Mr. Beer devotes his subsequent studies. So he finds that Nero's Rome became the "suburb of the religious American mind where Nero exists as a purple obscenity leering from his box at edible white Christians"; and among other things, American architecture became a "malady" in which "monsters of shingle crawled on suburban lawns," and the "wondrous rich employed the power of fairy hands to raise Florentine fronts ending in manorial windows." Hence the evolution of such types as Frances Willard, who "accepted a formula and called on God to make it sacred." Hence too, when someone mentioned Christianity in the hearing of Edgar Saltus, he asked, "Has it appeared in America?"



Photo by J. N. Cundy.

The Bank of England.

An unusual view of the Bank, taken from an upper floor of Lloyds Bank (in Cornhill) which is undergoing demolition and rebuilding.

On reading over his proofs, an uneasy feeling dawned upon Mr. Beer that he may have "opened the characters of the dead great to malevolent insinuation." The effect of his pages, so packed with details gathered from far and near and from private as well as published data, and so brilliant in many of their asides, is to give one the sense of being an alien witness of a particularly lively family squabble. Certainly this is a book which will be keenly relished by all who are unfriendly to the author's native land.

HENRY C. SHELLEY.

LONDON LIFE.*

It is even truer I think of London than it was of Cleopatra that "age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." All the books ever written about it have still left plenty for others to tell. London has a strange power of winning the love of authors who devote themselves to its service, and of stirring its admirers to a hectic jealousy of each other. Its story is so long, so crowded with incident, its outward aspect has been so continually changing, so much of its earlier years has been imperfectly recorded and has become so entangled with tradition that it is almost impossible for the most careful chronicler to write at large of it without slipping into little errors, to the joy of his rival experts who will hasten to point them out to him, unchastened by the reflection that they will almost inevitably slip into similar small misstatements when next they sit to write about what they have read of the same inexhaustible subject.

But Mr. H. V. Morton can go his way with an easy mind. He runs no such risks. He relies on no learned but fallible authorities in "The London Year," but offers you his own impressions of to-day's life in the multitudinous city through all its varying seasons. He knows its topography and its history and has occasionally dealt with these in other books, but here he is concerned with its existing scenes, its weather, its living people, and the moving, many-coloured panorama of their everyday activities. Starting in January, and supplemented by Mr. A. E. Horne's graphic pencil, he carries you through to December, and I shall not attempt to summarise his descriptions of all the changing features of the months and the characteristic happenings with which each month is crowded. He presents you with his programme on the first page, bidding you imagine yourself in London "for a whole year with nothing to do and with money enough to do anything." Under his guidance "you will wander in a haphazard way through twelve months, gathering impressions of scenes and ceremonies, places and people. When you feel like it you will follow the crowd; when the mood takes you you will slip off alone to watch Cynthia swaying against a punt pole somewhere on the Thames." You will go, he says, to the Derby, to Ascot, to Lord's, to meet the King in his garden at Buckingham Palace, to St. Paul's, the Tower, the Zoo, Hyde Park—"you will in short drift or wander idly through a London Year." That is the programme, or part of it, and it is carried out so thoroughly and entertainingly that if I were a char-à-banc owner I would buy up the whole book and suppress it, for when you have read it you feel you have seen London so vividly and fully through the eyes of Mr. Morton that it would be a waste of money and energy to go round and see it all again with your own.

Mr. Donald Maxwell writes about London past as well as present. He is susceptible to the magic of old London, and in his essays no less than in his pictures sees the town at times as by the light of a wonderful lamp, looking as glamorous as the Bagdad of Haroun al-Raschid. Always it is its beauty and romance that appeal to him, and he knows how the glory of the city of to-day is inseparable

* "The London Year." By H. V. Morton. Illustrated by A. E. Horne. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—"The New Lights o' London." Written and illustrated by Donald Maxwell. 21s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

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NEW FICTION FOR AUTUMN 1926

A Selection

Master Where He Will

ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK

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who thirst for his own. "Ways of Escape" has weak moments, but then it was not written by Stephen Heath. The author has a sneaking admiration for the man, but he hates him for all that.

THE DEATH OF THE GODS. By Dmitri Merejowski. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

An historical novel reminiscent of the finest work of Flaubert and Sienkiewicz. Julian the Apostate, Leonardo da Vinci and Peter the Great are the heroes of a trilogy of novels in which Merejowski stages a perpetual drama of the human soul: the conflict between the pagan and Christian elements in the individual from which European civilisation has been born. First of the trilogy, "The Death of the Gods," recreates the life and times of Julian and his pathetic attempt to restore the old gods in the fourth century. Readers of this gifted and powerful Russian writer's study of Leonardo da Vinci in "The Forerunner" will again enjoy Merejowski's genius for revivifying a past epoch or personality. Julian is sketched with a charming detachment and subtle skill against a bewildering background of incident and character. Constantinople, Antioch, Athens, Milan and their daily life to the minutest detail from bath to temple, feasts of epicures and men of letters, the intimate life of a Roman Emperor, battles with barbarians, the wranglings of the theologians, the wives of magicians, simple monks and learned bishops—through all this Julian moves to his ill-starred campaign against the Persians, until the dead Emperor "lying in the sun-rays took on the look of one of the Olympians sleeping."

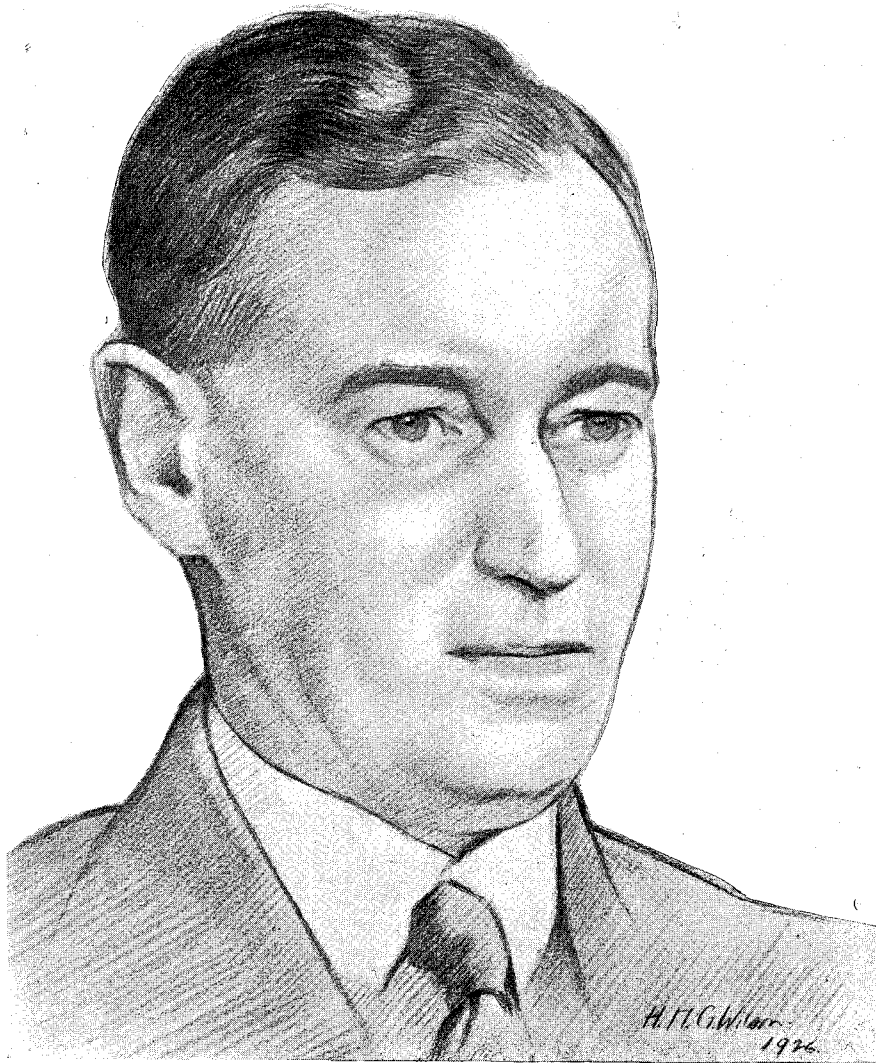
THE STRANGER AT THE GATE. By Max Brand. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

At Dascom House, Long Island, Olivetta, ultra modern, young and of course attractive, makes a vow in anger which she soon begins to regret. Fate, always on the look-out for bright threads, selects the right warp in the way of some half-dozen forceful and original characters and with the vow as weft weaves a pattern both startling and fascinating. There are no dull periods, no wordy explanations; action quick and continuous, if somewhat highly coloured, engages one's attention to the end. Although not exactly a detective story, the resourceful heroine does some excellent "trailing" and makes certain strange discoveries in the working out of her fateful vow. This is a book to read at a sitting and those who love to get the maximum of thrill with the minimum of exertion will find what they want by following Olivetta's adventure with the Stranger at the Gate.

CIRCÉ'S ISLAND; THE GIRL AND THE FAUN. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

It is difficult to know how to describe these two stories—the first much the longer and more ambitious—because to say that the basis of both is in the ancient myths is not to tell anything more than the title has already indicated. Both are essentially stories in a manner of which Eden Phillpotts has peculiarly the art. "Circé's Island" is the tale of the search made by Amphion for his shipwrecked father, changed by the "orient liquor in a crystal glass" into the shape of a mud-turtle. The Circé with whom we are most familiar—Circé, the mother of Comus—suffers rather from Milton's Puritan disapproval. Eden Phillpotts makes her a more human creature. He shows her rather as an instrument than as a malign power in the reshaping of her victims, and leaves us half enthralled by her charms. "To me is merely given a power that reduces man to his elementals and returns him to the likeness of the lower animal, vegetable or mineral, from which his character and quality are most directly derived." A sobering thought that gives us pause. There is a good deal of wit and wisdom scattered throughout the volume, and although

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1926.**



From a drawing by H. M. G. Wilson.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

it is scarcely the type of book that will add many new readers to the Phillpotts public—a large and appreciative band—it should confirm these staunch supporters in their fealty.

THE ROSSETTI, AND OTHER TALES. By E. Temple Thurston. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

There is a pleasing variety in these stories which makes the book one suitable to pick up on any occasion. You may be sure, whichever of the fourteen stories you select to read, that you will find something of unusual interest with an excellent central idea, and what is more, characters who become so real in the matter of forty or fifty or fewer pages, that you feel you have looked into somebody else's life with the opening and closing of a door. "The Rossetti" is the tale of a girl whose beauty fascinated a young artist; but he loved her only for her beauty and went his way. Years later he met her again and found how that brief, tragic romance had wrecked her life. A simple enough plot, yet told with a poignancy which touches it with that magic of truth necessary to all fine work. The heroine of "A Cock of the Hat," unlike the Rossetti, is a London girl, who sacrifices her lover to her independence at the risk of his committing suicide. Mr. Temple Thurston has a shrewd knowledge of human nature and a subtle power of suggesting much more than he tells.

THE KNOT OF RELUCTANCE. By Barbara Goolden. 7s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

Bright, amusing dialogue carries with a swing the rather slight idea of this sparkling little comedy. Belinda Ambrose is in love with two men at once—a taciturn lover who goes to India without proposing, and a more sophisticated swain whose suit her mother and father do not favour. She seeks the advice of a friend, a grass-widow, who from circumstantial evidence becomes possessed of the notion that the sophisticated lover is already married to the Ambroses' red-haired housemaid. The red-haired housemaid, Ann, remains a mystery till nearly the end of the story, when complications are ingeniously straightened out and everybody satisfied. If you want something light and entertaining, "The Knot of Reluctance" will adequately meet your desires; and members of the Bookman Literary Circle will be particularly interested to know that it is a first novel by one of their number.

ROPES OF SAND. By M. P. Willcocks. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Some years ago Miss Mary E. Mann wrote a novel in which a well-bred woman married a man, her inferior by birth and her junior in age. She foreshadowed the disaster that must result from such a union, but spared us the climax by letting the woman die before the summer of her happiness was over. In her new book, "Ropes of Sand," Miss M. P. Willcocks has taken a similar theme but has worked it out altogether differently. Her Anne Dominick is well advanced in middle-age, though she retains much of her youthful appearance, when she first meets Frank Oatway, a bohemian in the worst sense of the word, turned five and thirty. Anne becomes infatuated, Frank responds, and their love soars to high levels. For the sake of the woman's conventional world they pretend to go through a marriage ceremony, but as a matter of fact, Frank does not know whether he is free to marry. Anne gives up everything she holds dear for her lover, and, faithless as he is to her, Miss Willcocks enables us to see the charm of his candour, the allurements of his moods. With courage she faces the situation and satisfies our curiosity as to what happened next. We know from the beginning that there is suffering in store for Anne, yet she does not die. She endures the changeability of her youthful husband, and her romance is built on a bedrock of intense realism.

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The Bookman's Table.

FIRST STEPS TO PARNASSUS. By W. E. Williams. 3s. 6d. (University of London Press.)

The platitude that poets are born and not made comes so inevitably to mind as one opens Mr. Williams's little manual that it would be sheer affectation to avoid it. Mr. Williams does not avoid it himself, but faces it squarely. It is no part of his business, he explains, to attempt the impossible. But while no man can turn himself into a poet by practice or study, there are many who find in versification a pleasure which is innocent and even laudable so long as it is pursued with proper modesty. To help such is Mr. Williams's primary purpose. He also addresses himself to "those who are trying to develop a decent prose style," and to "those people who lack the inclination or the confidence to write at all, but who yet find satisfaction in reading poetry." Whether the writing of verse is an aid to the writing of prose is a question which lends itself to long argument. There are masters of prose, though perhaps not very many, who have never, so far as the world knows, penned a line in metre. But as to the use of such instruction as Mr. Williams offers to the third audience which he has in mind, there can be no doubt. In reading poetry, always to be thinking of how the thing was done, would of course be to spoil one's appreciation; but as every reviewer knows only too well, it is dreadfully easy to get into the habit of reading with a lazy mind. Against this habit an occasional close study of the means by which the poet achieves his results is a salutary tonic; and towards that study Mr. Williams's analysis of metres and rhythms, metaphors, assonances and the rest of the devices is of real assistance.

FRANCIS JENKINSON: A MEMOIR. By H. F. Stewart. With portraits and facsimiles. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

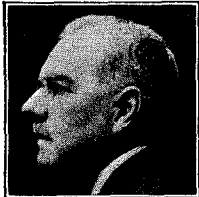
"If the memory of Francis Jenkinson, dear beyond expression to his intimate friends, seems to deserve celebration outside their circle, it is not because of the incidents of his quiet student's life, nor for any part played by him in public affairs, nor for any single conspicuous literary or scientific achievement. It is because of the richness and the swift success of his intellectual adventure, and most of all for the extreme beauty of his character." After reading this memoir one is reconvinced that "character" is the most truly great thing a man can possess, and Francis Jenkinson possessed it. To the general reader this is a revealing biography. His real friends also will be able to enjoy every chapter, and read into them countless unprinted details. Here Mr. Stewart shows vividly the unfolding, deepening, closing of Jenkinson's life. At school he gave strong signs of his taste as a naturalist; at college, where his personality soon began to make itself felt, his interest in birds and insects continued, his love for good music developed, and here too his intellectual life ripened, and his style and ability became noticeable. Then in 1889 came his election as Librarian to the University Library, which position he held and adorned until his death in 1923. A large, generous heart, a fine intellect, a properly fastidious taste were lost when Francis Jenkinson breathed his last.

ECHOES IN CORNWALL. By C. C. Rogers. 6s. (Bodley Head.)

HAPPY DAYS. By F. H. Keyworth. 5s. (Melrose.)

These books are for the "elect," and will make little appeal to the reader who thirsts for thrilling adventure and excitement. Both authors have held deep communion with this wild and rugged peninsula, echoing with the ceaseless striving and wistful entreaty of the sea, and have drunk deep of the joy with which it rewards patient devotion. "Happy Days" is a delightful record of happy days spent in the wholesome delights of the country-side in cheery company, and gives pleasing reflections of the

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exquisite scenery that abounds in that favoured region, including the spots immortalised by Blackmore. Mr. Rogers delights us again with his further cameos of Cornish people and legends, his village gossip, punch bowl yarns and tales of various gifts of healing. But when he strives to get nearer to the heart of the strange mysteries these lonely regions seem to hold as in a vice, the atmosphere is tense and one is keenly conscious of forces and powers at work beyond human ken. Human frailty in the face of such potency is all too apparent, and Mr. Rogers describes a remarkable experience in restrained and forceful language, giving a wonderful impression of the forces gathered in the lonely places, and of their effect on the receptive mind. It is a powerful piece of writing.

THE MODERN IBSEN: A RECONSIDERATION. By Hermann J. Weigand. 15s. net. (Dent.)

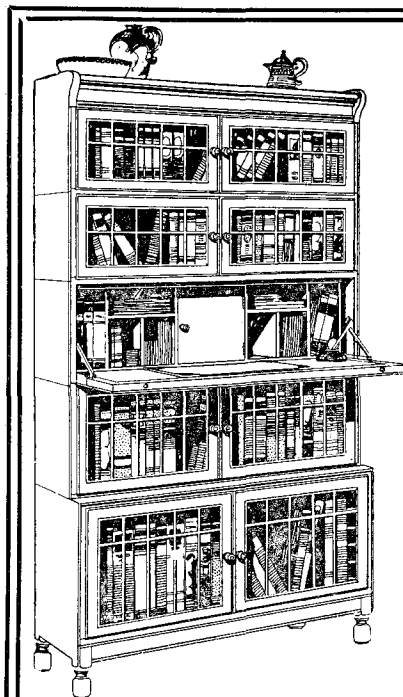
It is hard to feel that there is any real need for this volume. No doubt the author enjoyed writing it, and no doubt someone will enjoy reading it. But the "reconsideration" comes to very little, except hard words. Characters are "motivated," and they suffer badly from modern psychology. "That is what happened to Hilda. It turned out to be a matter of fatal significance that the first complete voluptuous orgasm she experienced should have been essentially autoerotic." That sort of thing may be new, even if it isn't true. But what is there new or "reconsidered" about such a statement as this: "In both 'A Doll's House' and 'Ghosts' the basic situation is that of a woman rebelling against a man-made world of convention"? And how far does such a revelation as this carry us: "Ibsen has made it easy for us to define in precise terms what these women stand for in their revolt against society. What they want to set up in place of stifling artificial convention is free, untrammelled nature"? All this is merely deluding oneself with words. What precisely is "free, untrammelled nature," and how are we to "set it up"? Mr. Wiegand is a professor of German in an American university. It is characteristic that he gives fifteen references to Brandes and not one to Shaw, whom he does not even mention. Indeed, though he recommends us to read the "bibliographical study of Ibsen criticism and biography compiled by Ina Ten Eyk Firkins," he appears unaware that anybody in England (except Archer and Gosse) has done anything for the study of Ibsen. His volume deals with a dozen prose plays. The poetical dramas are barely mentioned. Peer Gynt and Solvig are left unmotivated with not a complex or neurosis to call their own. Well, they will survive the shock.

THE ROADMENDER COUNTRY. By Lorma Leigh. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a cheap edition of Miss Lorma Leigh's delightful book—first published in 1922—about Michael Fairless's corner of Sussex. The innumerable admirers of Michael Fairless are sure to give a warm welcome to this book, and they will find the map at the end very useful in tracing the roads and villages that go to make up the Roadmender Country. Miss Leigh writes interestingly, and it is evident has an intense love of the country-side. But it is always a pity when country-lovers talk of the country as Nature—as if Nature was not the towns and human folk as well. It is a pleasantly rambling, descriptive book, illustrated with charming black-and-white drawings by Duncan Moul.

BURNS FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW. By Sir James Crichton-Browne. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Sir James Crichton-Browne, an ardent admirer of Scotland's national poet, has written an interesting little book to prove that Burns did not die from the effects of drink. That he sometimes took more liquor than was good for him Sir James does not pretend to deny, but he believes that the legends of drunken revelry are greatly exaggerated and in some cases entirely false. This was partly Burns's own fault—he had a highly coloured way



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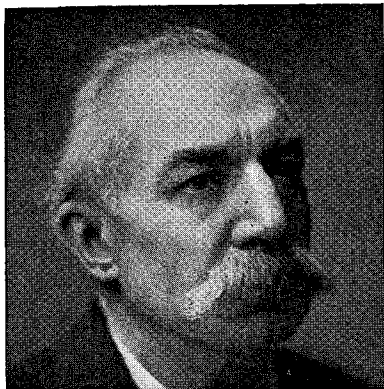


Photo by E. O. Hoppe.

Mr. Robert Blatchford,

whose new book, "As I Lay A-Thinking," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

based on the record of Burns's activities at times when he is alleged to have been in the habit of ending the day in a state of complete intoxication. Sir James believes that the actual cause of his death was rheumatic endocarditis, "with the origin of which alcohol had nothing to do." He had had rheumatic fever as a boy. This service to a great poet's memory was worth doing, and no one could have done it with greater authority than Sir James Crichton-Browne.

MADAME BLAVATSKY. By G. Baseden Butt. 10s. 6d. (Rider.)

This well-written biography is a conscientious and balanced study of a remarkable and baffling personality. Bitter controversies have gathered round Madame Blavatsky since the Society for Psychical Research denounced her as "one of the most accomplished, ingenious and interesting impostors of modern times." As chief founder of the Theosophical Society she won the affection of many intellectual and estimable defenders, while her writings are familiar to all students of psychic literature. Mr. Butt in challenging adverse judgments remains candid and unbiased. He surveys a mass of material hidden hitherto in rare and out of print books and magazines, quotes impartially from friendly and hostile sources, omitting nothing but an index. Madame Blavatsky, as patiently revealed in his vivid and kindly pages, had a very human personality, genuine literary power and a childlike temperament. Her life was wandering, varied and romantic. Mr. Butt relates many adventures during her long journeys across the earth. She penetrated to Tibet, masqueraded as a trooper in Garibaldi's army at the battle of Mentana, survived wounds, shipwreck, controversy and disillusion. Neither students of history nor those interested in psychism can afford to neglect this admirable book.

THE GREEN BOUGH. By Ann Allnutt Knox. 4s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

Miss Ann Allnutt Knox is a poet with a deep love of the country-side, who sings with charm and feeling of the hills and dales and country scenes. Her sense of words is keen and vivid, which makes her work full of colour and light and shade.

THE WORKS OF H. G. WELLS, 1887-1925: A Bibliography, Dictionary and Subject-Index. By Geoffrey H. Wells. 12s. 6d. (Routledge.)

This is a fascinating book, the indispensable accompaniment to any shelf of Wells volumes. Mr. Geoffrey Wells appears to have dedicated himself to the service of his namesake, and his zeal has taken the form of an elaborate bibliography made readable by "potted biographies" of the chief characters in the tales, together with indexed summaries of the main topics discussed in the Wellsian scriptures. The bibliography of Wells's own writings is very good; but the list of writings about Wells is less satisfactory, especially in the department of essays in

of expressing remorse for his peccadilloes—and partly the fault of Currie, the poet's first biographer, who was an ardent Pussyfoot and apt to see excess where a less biased eye would have seen only a reasonable conviviality. The evidence which Sir James brings to the support of his thesis is on the whole convincing; so are the arguments

periodicals. A total of twenty-one articles on Wells since 1895 cannot be said to be representative of the interest writers and readers have taken in a fascinating author during the space of thirty years. This section should have been made much larger or it should have been omitted. Some parts of the index, too, might have been fuller. For instance, Mr. Wells has said many things about education; but our indexer gives us nothing but a reference to three articles having "Education" as part of the title. No doubt a full subject-index was beyond the scope of the present volume. We suggest it, however, as a work to which Mr. Geoffrey Wells's enthusiasm and understanding might be usefully applied. Nothing that we have said must be taken as a symptom of real dissatisfaction with the present volume. It combines in a singularly high degree both information and entertainment. Whosoever begins by consulting it seriously will end by settling down to a course of delightful dipping. It is like taking spoonfuls of potted Wells.

THE SOUTH AFRICANS. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The fascination exercised by *Whitaker's Almanack* owes nothing to its literary style, for the writers are solely preoccupied with marshalling their hosts of serried facts. But here is a book on the whole of South Africa, which allows on its two hundred and eighty pages sufficient space for the beauties of Whitaker plus those of an admirable scenic painter. We are given here and there an unforgettable series of South African pictures, so that the numberless facts and lucid discourses fall into their proper places. The average British reader may or may not think that an intimate knowledge of South Africa ought to be acquired by him; he may begin to turn over Mrs. Millin's pages rather casually. But, like the great Vaal River in the summer season, it will sweep him on. She has a most graphic pen and she has caravan-loads of material. Nor does she shrink from criticising the living—yes, even those exalted personages who have been Governors-General and royal to boot. The figures of Rhodes and many others, British and Dutch and black or yellow, take their places in this most picturesque panorama. And the souls of the different towns are just as well known to Mrs. Millin. Johannesburg and Pretoria, Cape Town and Kimberley, Durban and all the others—as in a magic mirror they are seen. Of course the history of South Africa is placed before us, and it is written by one who, unlike a quoted lady member of the Rhodesian legislature, believes not in British and Dutch, but in South African. This no doubt is the attitude of General Smuts; but of that visionary we are told that, "so far from being the Slim Jannie of conventional politics, he does not begin to delude his colleagues into believing that he greatly admires their ability, nor does he flatter them by letting them imagine that he leans heavily on their assistance. When General Smuts's party is in power, General Smuts is the government." Nothing is too vast and nothing is too small for Mrs. Millin, if it helps to show us what really is South Africa. Railways and their excellent tours lead her to give other magnificent descriptions of the landscape. She tells us of the drama in South Africa, with various amusing details, of the splendours and homeliness of the architecture, of the lack of self-appreciation—it is not generally known there what a paradise of fruits this country is—and "even its own writers, as far as the booksellers will permit, South Africa now reads. And this is quite a recent development. . . . As for works in Afrikaans, they are regarded by the Dutch with veneration." Anthony Trollope came to South Africa in 1877 and he went through it, as Mrs. Millin says, with his characteristic swift and imperturbable thoroughness. She has apparently lived there all her life—not that she is ignorant of the larger world. She praises and she chides and she laughs at South Africa not as if it were alone on this earth, but in relation to other countries. A more brilliant mistress of the ceremonies it would be hard to imagine.



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Music.

MAGIC WEBS.

By MAY BYRON.

What *is*, when you come to analyse it, the peculiar enchantment exercised by Mr. Walter de la Mare? How is one to define his unique and individual attractiveness, the texture of his magic warp and woof? His witchery seems at first sight so simple—just a lucid record of ordinary events. Look at some of his opening lines. “‘Is anybody there?’ said the traveller,”—“Here lies a most beautiful lady”—and so on—direct, unelaborated statement. No sorcery in such simplicity; and yet his iridescent threads are spun of spells and charms. They are potent to bind the heart in perennial thralldom. These comparatively recent lyrics of his, from the play “Crossings,” are instinct with the old enchantment. Just listen to the beginning of “Beggar’s Song”: “Now all the roads to London Town are windy-white with snow.” At once you are aware of drifts of white in darkling ways, moonless, starless, mystery-haunted—the horns of Elf-land blowing in gusts from no known points of any compass. Then compare these lines with the first words of “Ann’s Cradle Song”: “Now silent falls the clacking mill, Sweet-sweeter smells the briar.” The same rhythm, the same verbal felicity—yet a world apart. All the glamour of a summer gloaming is conjured up at once: half-lights, warmth and dew. As for “Araby” and “The Wanderer,” words fail to express the fascination of these fantasies; only music could do that. And so the highest praise that can be given to Mr. Armstrong Gibbs is that he has exactly achieved the true musical treatment of these poems. He has captured their exquisite flavour and savour. Their wild, softly-thrilling notes, like those of the Apulian poplar-bark “pipe of spring,” he has translated or transmuted into tone-colour. It is not often that such whole-hearted sympathy is apparent between a composer and his poet; especially when the latter is so inherently idiosyncratic as de la Mare. But Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, caught in the magic webs, has surrendered himself to their wizard beauty; he is permeated with it, identified with it; in one sense he has enhanced it, helping the hearer to new insight. . . . Of these five settings, the one which most appeals to me is the eager stress of “Araby”; yet, in “Ann’s Cradle Song,” the tender, crooning phrases of the mother within-doors, balanced against the shuddering night-sounds without, are beguiling in the extreme. The allurements of “The Wanderer”—apparently the simplest of all; the subtle significance of the “Candlestick Maker’s Song,” the vagabond music of the “Beggar’s Song”—how make choice among all this “fairy mob”? Each is written for an average vocal range (low C to F sharp); each, except the last-named, is suitable for either man or woman; each is *apparently* easy, technically speaking, both for singer and accompanist. But to give these songs their implicit value, an artist’s temperament is needful—such as will realise, with profound perception, the depths below these sparkling waters.

“A magic web with colours gay,” far surpassing that of Shalott, is the characteristic output of Mr. de la Mare; in which he “still delights to weave the mirror’s magic sights” which are his outlook on the passing show. To his poignant sense of the ephemeral and the fugitive, “shadows of the world appear,” fluctuating pomps and passions; but, eerily elusive though his thoughts may be, they are never goblin or grotesque. To him and to Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, his collaborator in these bewitching songs, thanks are due from every lover of pure and authentic art.

* Five Songs from the Play, “Crossings.” Words by Walter de la Mare. Music by Armstrong Gibbs: “Araby”; “Ann’s Cradle Song”; “The Wanderer”; “Candlestick Maker’s Song”; “Beggar’s Song.” 2s. each. (Curwen.)

MORE ABOUT MARIO AND GRISI.*

To those who remember that record of her parents, Mario and Grisi, which Mrs. Godfrey Pearse published under the title of “The Romance of a Great Singer,” it will be superfluous to recommend her latest volume of reminiscences which she styles “The Enchanted Past.” So many memorialists blur the records of the past by stringing together disconnected anecdotes of the famous persons they have met instead of collecting those which serve to illustrate their own past environment or that of the persons they are recalling. The result is that the reader gets a hotchpotch of what, say, Queen Victoria, Prince Bismarck, the Emperor Napoleon III, Gladstone, Disraeli, Leighton, Millais, Tennyson and Browning said at unrelated times and on disconnected occasions. Whereas what the reader craves is some account of the reaction which some of these celebrities made to the personality of this or that distinguished figure in literature, music or art. No literate person supposes that, from a purely æsthetic and literary point of view, Dr. Johnson was on anything like the same plane as a great historian like Gibbon or a great political philosopher like Burke. But we know Johnson as we can never know Gibbon and Burke—though Gibbon reveals himself fairly clearly in his “Autobiography”—thanks to the fact that his biographer subordinated all that his circle said to what the Great Cham himself uttered.

Mrs. Pearse adopts this very salutary method in her latest volume of recollections, which consists largely not in discursive anecdote but in an account of what she remembers of the persons who impinged on her parents’ private life in their villa outside Florence, and on their professional life in Petersburg and other cities. The result is a very real and a very valuable contribution to the social and musical history of the mid-Victorian era. Every chapter and every story bears more or less directly on the character and career of the two great singers whom Mrs. Pearse has the privilege of calling father and mother.

L. B.

MY SWEET SWEETING. Words by Sir John Hawkins.

SHE COMES NOT. Words by Herbert Trench.

Music by J. Backer-Lunde. 2s. each. (Enoch.)

This fascinating Norwegian composer is rapidly coming into favour among those who have too long been unaware of him: and a couple more specimens of his delicate artistry now follow the exquisite songs to which I recently called attention. Backer-Lunde has a *flair* for selecting musical words, such as commend themselves to the singer: very different to the crackjaw syllables among which some folk come to grief. In this case he has chosen the delicious Elizabethan lyric, “My Sweet Sweeting,” treating it with charming taste. It is companioned, and I think excelled, by a lovely setting of Herbert Trench’s equally lovely “She comes not when noon is on the roses.” More than one musician has essayed this poem, but none with similar success. Tones and meanings are here so intimately allied and unified, that one cannot conceive a happier rendering. It is a very great pleasure to encounter such enchanting compositions.

M. B.

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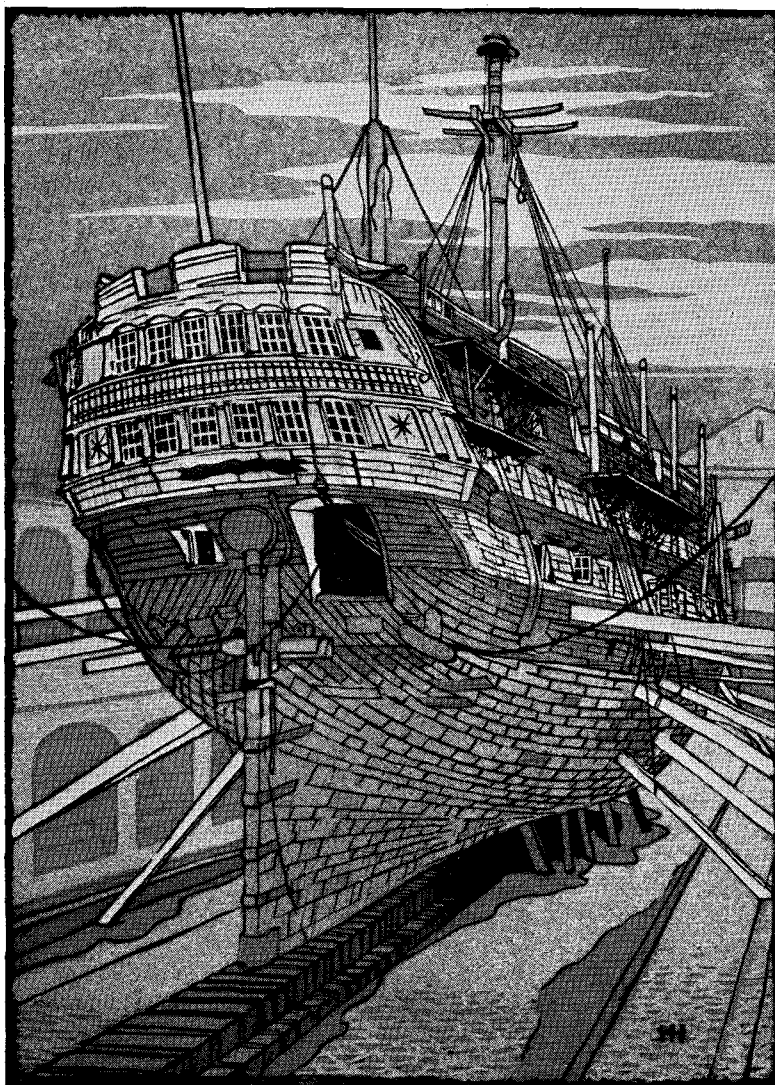
* “The Enchanted Past.” By Mrs. Godfrey Pearse. 18s. (Chapman & Hall.)

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
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THE STERN OF THE OLD "IMPLACABLE"
(By Hesketh Hubbard.)

something like ten pages for a penny. Not even Oliver Twist could ask for more. Our sole complaint is that it contains too much. There are too many third-rate sets of verses with third-rate tunes. We could suggest a few inclusions; but we could suggest very many omissions. It seems hard to make people understand that a poem of religious or moral interest is not necessarily a hymn. However, for its multitude of good things we welcome and commend the volume to all men of goodwill.

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* "Escape." At the Ambassadors Theatre. And published by Messrs. Duckworth, 3s. and 2s. 6d.

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P.P.5

is his education, breeding, outlook—to make him more interesting. Denant's wit and ease and resource appeal to the intellect, as neither Jones nor Falder could do; moreover Jones and Falder are drawn as types, he as the individual. . . . In all which of course Mr. Galsworthy knew very well what he was about (and it is harder to stage a *pukka* gentleman than some playwrights imagine). He had played the same cards before, in *Loyalties*. They took some playing there: for Dancy with all his human charm was a bit of a bad hat. With Matt Denant, victim of circumstance, success was a foregone conclusion.

So much for character. Constructionally the chief interest lay in seeing how Mr. Galsworthy would ring the changes in the details of Matt's escape. His technique repays dissection here. Matt is shown in nine tight places, none of which are alike. In the first he is helped by the fellow-feeling between convicts, irrespective of class. In the second, by sheer physical promptness and speed. In the third the *caste-motif* appears; "one doesn't give one's own kind away"—and perhaps Matt's personality tells, though sentiment is sternly avoided. In the fourth, *caste* plus the old gentleman's mature philosophy: with not even a loophole here for sex-sentiment. In the fifth Matt relies on pure cheek and promptness again; class tells against him, if anything; but his trained wits are more than a match for half-educated stupidity. In the sixth, class helps him indirectly; for he looks "county," and the young man's wife is a snob; Matt here first appeals to force, by the way. In the seventh, force is of no avail, since he is outnumbered; and a new factor enters with the yeoman-farmer, whose independence is proof against either the prestige or the threats of "the gentry"; only Matt's physical agility can save him now. In the eighth, the *caste-motif* again, plus sportsmanship: complicated by something new, the rather narrow righteousness of Miss Grace. The ethical note has now been struck; and in the final episode the priest, a very human Christian, is brought up against the problem of "sanctuary." Captain Matt Denant cuts the knot by surrender.

I have underlined the *caste-motif* of *Escape*—the *motif* of *Loyalties* and the background of all Galsworthy—because this *motif* is the play. A generous rashness causes Denant's downfall, a generous rashness characterises his flight, a generous rashness brings about his recapture. The play's balance is admirable. The man is all of a piece. As Matt, Mr. Nicholas Hannen shares the author's triumph, and all the acting and the production are good. If this is indeed the end of Mr. Galsworthy as dramatist, he ends undimmed.

PLAYS NEW AND OLD.

War was the subject of the Capeks' satire in the third act of "The Insect Play." In "The Land of Many Names"¹ Josef Capek enlarges the theme. His characters are a welter of modern types, ranging from capitalist to street-sweeper, and including a mystic figure who acts as *raisonneur*, but whose personal significance eludes me. The huge crowded canvas of this picture—this moving-picture, where visual incident is replaced by thought—sometimes recalls the canvases of C. K. Munro; but whereas the latter is realistic always, Josef Capek writes fantasy, with a realistic moral attached; a kind of up-to-date fairy-tale in fact. His plot is strikingly original. A new continent is thrown up in mid-ocean by an earthquake; many names are at once coined for it, all eloquent of the wonderful new life which shall be lived there; one capitalist exploits it, "cornering" emigration; his rival, more far-sighted, starts building armaments at home against the inevitable war. War comes, the city where the play is set secures its share of Utopia, and Capitalist No. 1 begins to hope again (No. 2 has been lynched). But the returning soldiers bring back less complimentary names for the place; the mob, torn between greed and fear, are in two minds about emigration; while they argue,

¹ 3s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

news comes that the continent has been submerged again. Curtain! The idea is brilliant, and suggests as good a vehicle for social satire as anyone could desire. The treatment falls short of it. It is diffuse and sometimes obscure. I do not think the play would stage, but it is very well worth reading. Mr. Paul Selver is the translator.

Another war-play, very different, is Harold Owen's "Loyalty."² It was produced in 1917, and was then (I suspect) a good deal more convincing than when read in cold blood to-day. Its theme is Pacifism, which Mr. Owen trounces—rightly enough, when he is writing for an audience in the throes of a war. But surely pacifists aren't all such cranks and monsters as it is expedient in war time to represent them? There is a larger issue here which Mr. Owen—rightly at the time—overlooked; but which now takes its revenge of him by making his play savour evilly of war scares and press campaigns and propaganda—base means to a necessary end, which we had better outgrow than remember.

It is not easy to account for the short run of "Mr. Pepys,"³ unless it be that Mr. Playfair has established a monopoly in this kind of thing. It is a charming trifle. Well written too. . . . Writing a period-play is like conversing in a foreign tongue; the duffer either plays for safety and remains stilted and dead; or else he risks his luck and lands himself in false idioms which betray him grotesquely. Clifford Bax knows his Restoration well enough to talk at his ease, spicing his 1660's with just that touch of modernity which often takes us by surprise in the Diary itself. He has caught too the grave, cool humour of the period, not marring itself by haste, nor tripping over its own epigrams. And the songs are delightful.

Is Lord Dunsany a taste which one outgrows? At school his tales enthralled me; as did later the queer fantastic plays which he published from time to time. Now, reading some of these in a collection called "Plays of God and Men,"⁴ I find a little of the glamour departed, even from such old friends as "The Tents of the Arabs," "The Laughter of the Gods" and "The Queen's Enemies." Lord Dunsany's prose has great moments, but in the intervals it does not always escape banality; the sublime, in this kind, being so dangerously close to mere empty preciousness. . . . Or perhaps I am out of the mood for these three plays, having turned first to "A Night at an Inn" which followed them. The moral is obvious—that one should read a book as the author arranges it. For indeed the "Night at an Inn" kills the rest stone-dead. I have praised it here before, and will not refrain now. It must be one of the finest one-act plays ever written. In its own field I know of nothing even approaching it. It is taut and bare, without a word too much. It has fantasy, but none of the redundant graces to which fantasy tempts its author elsewhere. Each character is realistic and alive to the finger-tips. It is essentially dramatic, in that its chief appeal is visual. Its climax is naked terror, its curtain both unexpected and inevitable. It is worth all the rest its author ever wrote. It will live. The abused word "masterpiece" is not too strong to apply to it.

G. S.

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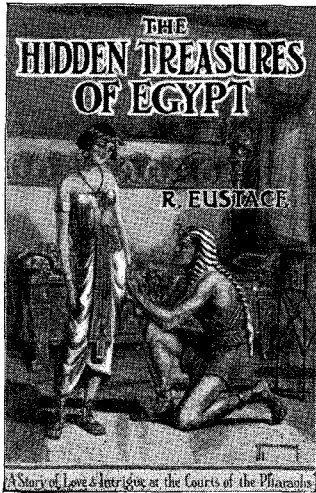
² (Boswell Printing and Publishing Company.)

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(Macmillan.)

TIGHT LINES.

By R. C. BRIDGETT,
M.A., B.Sc. 10s. 6d.
(Jenkins.)

Just returned from a short holiday—why are holidays always described as short? Why does a man who is beginning a month's leisure invariably refer to himself as "taking a few days off"? However, these are matters which must await later consideration. Just returned from a short holiday, then, it has occurred to me to wonder in what circumstances travel may be considered profitable.

Such schoolboy essay-headings as "The Man Recreated," "Fresh Fields and Pastures New," "Broadening the Mind" leap to the eyes, as they say across the Channel; but I hoped to be able to extract the core of the matter from the five books which form the subject of this notice. In vain. Some folk it appears derive profit through covering distance on the back of an animal or on their own feet; others by chasing butterflies and beetles; others again in the dogged patience of the angler. Some voyage through strange lands in the splendour of officialdom; others—and this is strangest of all—seem to derive enormous joy and profit by writing the history of the place that is familiar to them.

If the spur of travel is an insatiable desire to see what lies round the corner, may not the profit of travel consist in the consequent enrichment of one's mind apart from the obvious enrichment of immediate discovery? In other words what lies round the corner may not very much matter; it is the incidentals and accidentals that count.

To have learned that trout seldom rise when a storm is brewing, or to have seen the Gold Coast from the vantage point of Royalty, is as little compared with having experienced Loch Dochart under thunder or of having heard brown babies sing "*Sur le pont d'Avignon*," with chorus augmented by nuns, bishops and government officials. Quite often the big things fail lamentably to come up to our expectations; quite often they are merely pompous and trivial. The small, neglected things are nearly always vital—that is why they are neglected, and also why they move us.

It is not what we see that finally profits us; it is what we feel.

Perhaps one test of the inner genuineness of a travel narrative is thus a note of unfulfilment running through it; for our emotions are ever completely under control, and we find it difficult to analyse their flow or ebb in even the most predictable conditions. We can seldom if ever fully understand why this event or object should move us against our reason, or why that object or event should leave us cold when our instinct bids us love or hate it. We are ever at loggerheads with our own desire to see what lies round the corner, hurrying onward from disappointment to fevered disappointment, or idling contentedly while the desire nags us to be up and doing, never wholly at ease, itched always by curiosity or disillusion, incomplete.

Take "Ganpat," for instance. Reading between the lines, it is manifest that he has a passionate love for the wild places of the earth; they move him to a sort of ecstasy. His too is the doggedness which refuses to face disappointment in the conviction that something really worth while does lie round some future corner.

But as a soldier he dare not trust to his emotions; he tries to cover them by a well-bred conversational tone which becomes often akin to facetiousness. He tries to make you believe—and very nearly succeeds in the attempt!—that he undertook his journey to Tibet in the spirit of a journalist—in short that he is stunting. Yet one feels in one's heart of hearts that Ganpat is of the True Tribe of Travellers.



ANATOLE FRANCE.

From the painting by Guth in the possession of Messrs. John Lane.

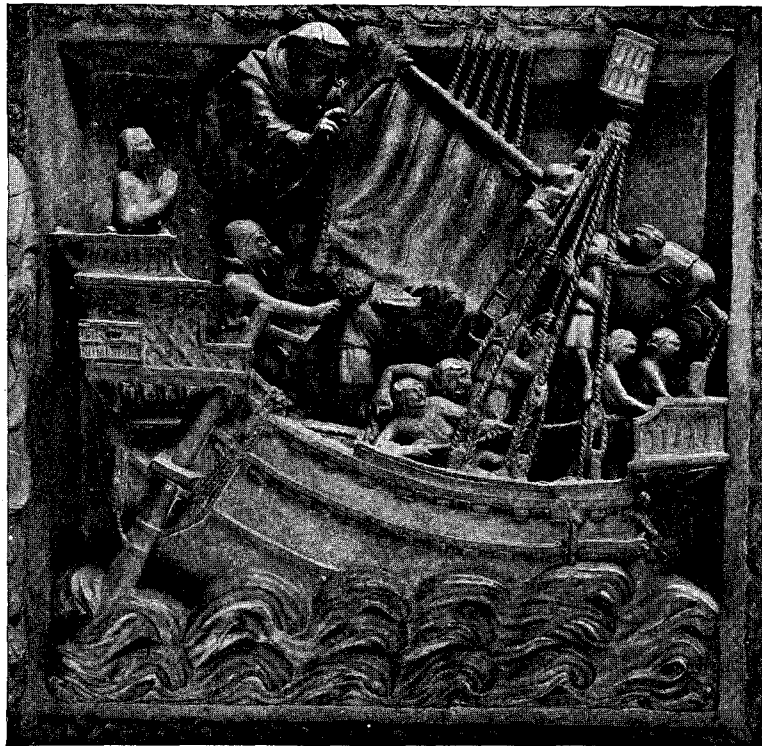
"Under the Rose," by Anatole France, and "Conversations with Anatole France," by Nicolas Ségur, with Introduction by J. Lewis May, have just been published by Messrs. John Lane.

As a scientist, on the other hand, Mr. Collenette might be excused for being distrustful of emotion; but even in his science—as when he carried the robber-crab through the dark jungle—he neither forgets it nor hides it. He seems in fact to welcome it and positively to enjoy telling his readers of the occasions on which he felt afraid. In consequence his book, with its excellently chosen illustrations, awakens in us a warm sympathy. An ever-alert interest in his work and in himself makes Mr. Collenette's pages worth reading and easy to read, and a scientific training endows him with a style that is terse, clear and vivid.

Vivid too, and refreshingly human, are Princess Marie Louise's letters to her sister from the Gold Coast. One has to pull up one's mind with a jerk to remember that they deal with a great lady's State tour. Without a shadow of hesitation she confesses exactly what she likes and does not like (though of the latter there is little), and one is only sorry that she has included after her homecoming certain historical and other details which later reading has revealed to her. They are not embellishments to those fresh, quick impressions which she received when on the spot and hurried to describe to her sister at home.

History—very full and complete history—is the task of Mr. Hole, and ably has he carried it out in a story of African difficulties overcome by perseverance, by diplomacy, by friendship and only rarely by force. He gives one a new feeling of admiration and respect for the settlers not only in Rhodesia but in all new lands, and for those whose mission is to bring development and progress (even if inevitably accompanied by a certain amount of evil) to primitive man.

And lastly Mr. Bridgett. May I, without being misunderstood, congratulate him on his illustrations? I am not an angler, but I can judge his pictures and those flashes of descriptive writing which make a scene stand out unforgettably from his pages. Both make me regret that the short holiday



From *The Sailing Ship*
By Romola and R. C. Anderson
(Harvart).

SHIP ON THE SHRINE OF ST. PETER
THE MARTYR, MILAN (1340).
(Copyright photograph from the replica in the
Victoria and Albert Museum.)

is to be congratulated on the artistic taste with which his books are produced. Last year he issued from his home at Old Bilton, Rugby, a book of "One Hundred and Eleven Quatrains"; he follows this now with "A Flight of Fancies," a charming series of poems about children, written with a simplicity and humour and tenderness that are in harmony with his themes. There are little tales of flowers and birds and animals as well as of children. They are not all of equal merit but never fail to be at least pleasing, and some, such as the wistful, whimsical "Her Tired Father," "Joy,"

"Rather Strange," should be sure of a place in all anthologies of verse for children. The poems are in many moods, fantastic, quaintly farcical, prettily fanciful, quietly thoughtful, and we will take one of these latter, "Knowledge," as an example:

"While I moved across
the down,
Holding Mother's lilac
gown,
I was wondering what
she meant
When she told me I
was sent
To be her consolation.

"Then, I lived upon the
bliss
Of her hand-clasp and
her kiss,
Unaware that I bestowed
Any lessening of the
load
That often made her
weary.

"Now, upon the ancient
down,
Little fingers hold my gown,
Teaching what my
Mother meant
When she told me I
was sent
To be her consolation."



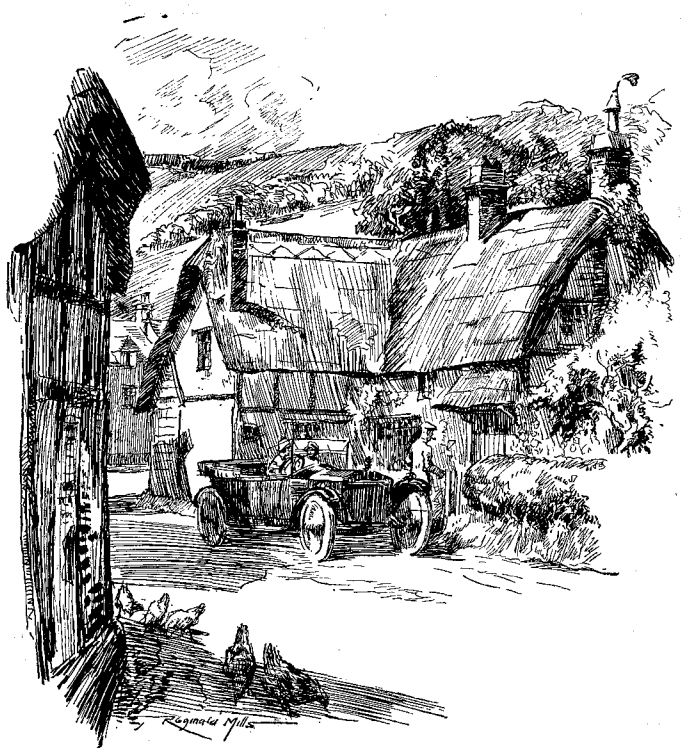
From *England in Tudor Times*
By L. F. Salzman
(Batsford).

SHOPS OF THE TUDOR TYPE—
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BEYOND THE HILLS.

By MAYSEL JENKINSON. 5s. (Warne.)

"Beyond the Hills" is a nice, old-fashioned book about some really attractive children, who have been remarkably well educated in such important subjects as Stevenson's ramblings with the donkey, Modestine. They also know a good deal about Sir Walter Raleigh. The trio of them decide that they will make a pilgrimage over the hills that eternally beckon to them, and they start off—Nancy, Billy and little sister Mavis with their own donkey, called after that of Stevenson. The first place they pass brings them face to face with a kindly but unsuspicious aunt, who thinks they are merely off for a day's picnic, and who feeds them well before they go on. Then they turn aside into a wood, and meet a gamekeeper and a friendly young man who talks with them on adventure. It is a delightful pilgrimage, and the tide of the plot, though gentle, moves steadily onward. No parent need be afraid that five shillings will be wasted on this charmingly produced, charmingly illustrated and charmingly woven story.



From *Beyond the Hills*
By Maysel Jenkinson
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"DICK STOPPED THE CAR AT A
PRETTY LITTLE HOUSE HALF-
WAY DOWN THE VILLAGE."

EDINBURGH MEMORIES.

By J. WILSON McLAREN. 3s. 6d. (Chambers.)

The sub-title of this delightful book is "And Some Worthies." Many "Worthies" do flit through its pages, but also a large number of "Unworthies" if we may so call them. As Mr. McLaren goes back about fifty years it is easy to imagine the many people, illustrious and notorious, who would claim due recognition, and he has done excellently in drawing them all in their respective niches and investing them with all the glory of their picturesque setting; the variety of the fare adds considerably to the piquancy. There are stories of prowls with R. L. S. and many other literary connections with the famous Wynds and Courts, including a chapter on James Smith, the Printer Poet. On the social side we have the famous "Free-and-Easies," in which so many men, well

known at later date, made their debut, "Bygone Pantomimes," "The Gaiety and its Stars" and others. Memories of the famous and the venerated hob-nob with those of knavish and more than knavish characters, and make the book very attractive to all who have the slightest interest in Auld Reekie. Numerous drawings both of the quaint notorieties and places of interest add considerably to its charm.

THE WEST WIND.

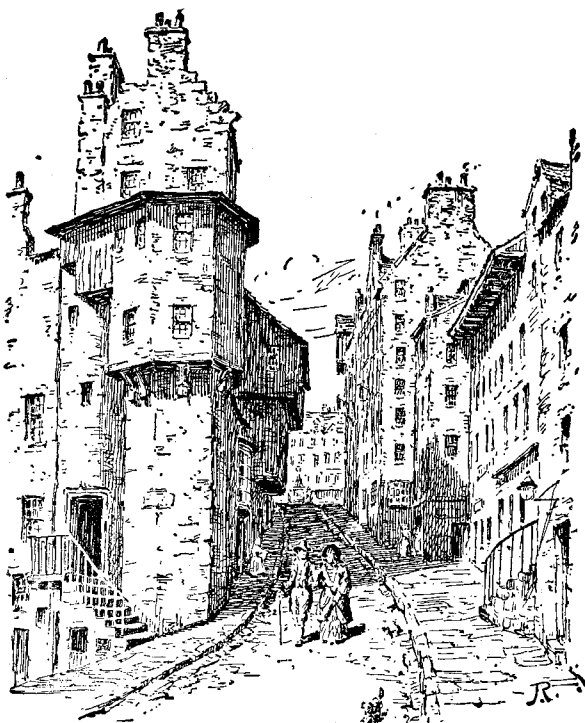
By CROSBIE GARSTIN. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

In his whimsical, distinctive style Mr. Garstin tells the story of Ortho Penhale, handsome, villainous, but irresistible privateersman—a strange mixture of good and bad. He sailed the seas and captured many a prize, was taken prisoner and escaped after enduring the horrors of a Spanish prison, made love to many women, and died at last in a way that fittingly ended his wild career. A jolly story of exciting days, this. A book to blow away the depression of a worried day.

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From *Edinburgh Memories
and Some Worthies*
By J. Wilson McLaren
(Chambers).

THE WEST BOW.



From Tight Lines
By R. C. Bridgett, M.A., B.Sc.
(Jenkins).

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By GERTRUDE E. METCALFE-SHAW. 21s. (Blackwood.)

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**LOCH LEVEN.
A FAVOURITE DRIFT.**
(Photo: G. D. Malloch,
Perth.)

the glamour and colour of that romantic world, the awe-inspiring heights, the radiant distances, and we suffer a pang of envy in the thought of how good it must be to see the world like that, peacefully and without haste. The book is embellished with clever sketches by Miss Una Shaw Lang, and the photographs are excellent.

DAVID WILDING.

By RICHMAL CROMPTON. 7s. 6d.
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It was hoped when Miss Crompton gave us the Wildings that she would continue the tale of this interesting family, with its strongly drawn and contrasted characters, by continuing the story of each member—with the family in the background of course, for the Wildings are clannish folk. Here we have the story of David Wilding's married life. David, said his cousin Stella, was a prig, though a nice prig. He married a nameless and most temperamental woman against his mother's wish, and Hero in her turn treated the Wildings with contempt, despised their family traditions and detested her managing mother-in-law. The tale opens with the birth of David's son, and soon after arrived as neighbours the Shannons, a gay, care-free, reckless family with apparently limitless money to spend. Friendship with these nearly spells tragedy for David and Hero, but the book ends on a note of contentment with a touch of humour. With Aunt Flossie popping in and out there can hardly fail to be these delicious touches of humour, and the sustained interest carries us smoothly on to the end. Though it has its comical and its tiresome side, there is much that is splendid in this idea of the family as a unit more or less unbroken, and we like Mrs. Wilding despite her habit of being invariably in the right, for she is so sane and balanced and she has built up that fascinating bookshop that is almost a part of the family. We shall look eagerly forward to the next Wilding tale.



From English Caravanners in the Wild West
By Gertrude E. Metcalfe-Shaw
(Blackwood).

**RIO GRANDE CANYON,
SANTA FE TO TAOS.**

THE MEADOWS OF THE MOON.

By JAMES HYLTON. 7s. 6d.
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This is a drama, told with remarkable power, of a woman's love for two men—one weak, the other strong. The theme sounds hackneyed; the treatment certainly is not. It is all a paradox of strength: the strength of the weak man's attractive weakness (attractive to the mother in all women), and of the strong man's weakness, too, revealed in the greater strength of his need for the woman he loves. Fran Savage marries John, though at least half in love with Michael. John's almost repulsive calm strength makes him "get what he wants" in commerce, in restaurants, in arguments with Customs officers and hotel-keepers; but making love is a business of another sort, as he finds. Michael one classes at first as a fool, but there are fools and fools, and the contrasting characters of the two brothers are described with a skill which makes the reader forgive a little exaggeration here and there. Mr. Hylton has written not only a very readable book, but one that contains something to think about. The problem of the way of a maid (or a wife) with a man is still insoluble, but attempts to solve it are none the less interesting when they are made by so skilful a student as Mr. Hylton.

GLEANINGS.

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There are beautiful things in this little book—the more beautiful because they are so quietly sincere and completely unpretentious. As you read you feel that the author has instinctively followed the good counsel of the old sage who said that a poet should simply dip his pen into his heart and write. He does not go far afield for his themes, but finds them in the world immediately around him, in the sights and sounds of the common day, in the intimate experiences of his own life that are sweet or sad, or both, in remembrance. The spirit of the place is in the two or three poems written in the Engadine, and a feel and freshness of the open air in "The Moors," "Dawn," "Waiting," "Down the Lane" and other such of the verses. "Deo Gratias" and "Consolation" have a homely charm of thought and sentiment, but nothing in the book is more exquisitely natural, more touching in its wistful or passionate utterance of love and loss than "Invocation":

"I shut my eyes and she comes
Out of her world to me. . . ."

or than "In her Garden," with its poignant close:

"I waited intent . . .
And she never came . . .
But she was there!"



From *A Wayfarer in Sweden*
By Frederic Whyte
(Methuen).

AFTER CHURCH: A WINTER SCENE
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(By permission of Swedish Travel Bureau.)

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"I say now what the world will probably say later," Bruce Cardyn remarks in Miss Annie Haynes's thrilling murder mystery, "that Lady Ann may have been murdered by one of the five people in the room." "But how could it have been one of us?" another of the characters exclaims. "Myself, yourself, Soames, the two girls—could one of us have murdered her? Would any of us have murdered her?" "Could anyone else have murdered her?" comes Cardyn's sinister reply. Miss Haynes has certainly struck a novel situation. Her

Lady Ann is actually murdered while five other people are in the room, taking tea with her. For a moment their attention is drawn to the window by the appearance of a ghastly face. When they look round her ladyship is breathing her last, stabbed to the heart. The story is worked out with admirable skill, the earlier chapters showing poor Lady Ann's premonition that someone unknown has designs on her life. The detective she employs to discover the identity of her would-be murderer has not accomplished his task before the tragedy takes



From *The Home of the Monk*
By Rev. D. H. S. Cranage
(Cambridge University Press).

GLOUCESTER, CLOISTER.
WALK NEXT THE CHURCH.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1926

place; and then he must set to work to run the villain to earth. How this is done—not so much by him as by an official from Scotland Yard—makes an exciting story that will baffle the hardest reader of detective novels.

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A WOMAN IN THE MAKING.

By HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

You may not be disposed to like a hero who starts by treating the heroine with glib familiarity, which she resents, and who also indulges in the cruel sport of otter hunting; but Zoe, the attractive little heroine of "A Woman in the Making," liked him very much indeed. Zoe believed she was of humble birth; she served in a sweet shop kept by the uncouth, ill-natured man whom she thought was her father; but it soon becomes evident that some mystery is connected with the girl's past. Mrs. Helen Prothero Lewis has written a charming love-story with this grey background of mystery; by accident the girl discovers her real mother, but dare not claim her because of the trouble it would bring upon her. The conflicting sunshine and shadow of Zoe's own romance and the dark tangle of circumstance from which she eventually escapes, combine to make a plot of unusual interest.

LAWN TENNIS.

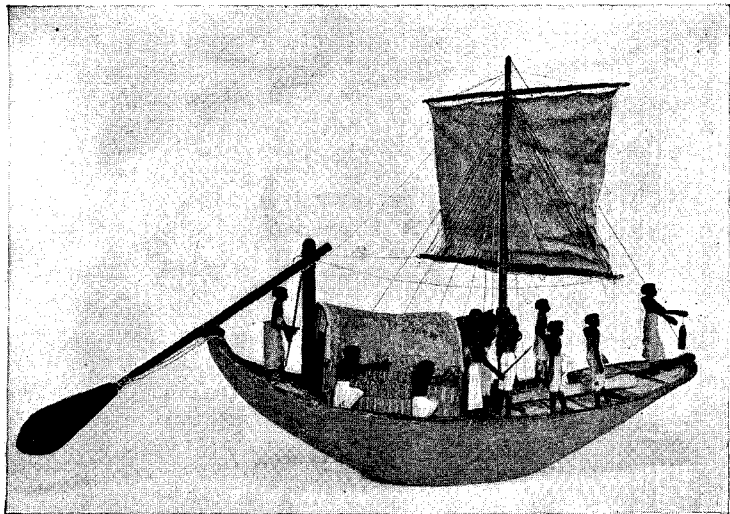
By MAJOR J. C. S. RENDALL. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

This handbook by an experienced lawn tennis player and teacher should prove invaluable to all players anxious to understand and improve their game. It analyses the various strokes and positions, and gives practical hints on fundamental principles. Photographs and diagrams supplement the text.



From The Queen of Rumania's
Fairy Book
(Fisher Unwin).

PETRU IN THE FOREST.



From *Marvels of Modern Mechanics*
By Harold T. Wilkins
(Fisher Unwin).

MODEL OF NILE TRADING BOAT
(found in Egyptian tomb, circa 3000 B.C.)
(Photo by courtesy of Metropolitan Museum
of Art, New York.)

THE DOG, THE BROWNIE AND
THE BRAMBLE-PATCH.

By MARGARET and MARY BAKER. 3s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

The little people are catered for in a delightful manner by Margaret and Mary Baker. The quaint story of the farmer's pretty daughter who was turned out of her home by her cruel brothers after her father's death, turned out with the dog and the brownie for company and the bramble-patch for her territory, will give them real entertainment. The drawings are excellently done, in black silhouette. Being profuse as well as charmingly realistic, they practically tell the story apart from the words, and this should give the book a wider range of little readers.

hensive survey of the subject within reach must give to the student of to-day a tremendous advantage over those of yesterday. It is possible by this means to get a far better estimate of the play and interplay of the various influences brought to bear on the furniture of different countries and to study their relationship in the stride of the centuries.

Naturally a book of such wide scope deals in centuries instead of decades, and these are excellently illustrated by representative pieces of the various countries both Eastern and European. As in

the study of most subjects and particularly in that of furniture, many interesting sidelights on history naturally creep in and widen the interest. The

illustrations, numbering 659 and arranged in 320 plates, are most sumptuously produced on art paper, and cover the whole ground from the second century B.C. to the eighteenth century. The book should make a very wide appeal.



From *The Dog, the Brownie, and the Bramble-Patch*

By Margaret and Mary Baker
(Werner Laurie)

THE DOG AND
THE BROWNIE.

THE ENCY-
CLOPÆDIA
OF FURNI-
TURE.

Compiled under
the direction of
DR. HERMANN
SCHMITZ. £2 2s.
(Benn.)

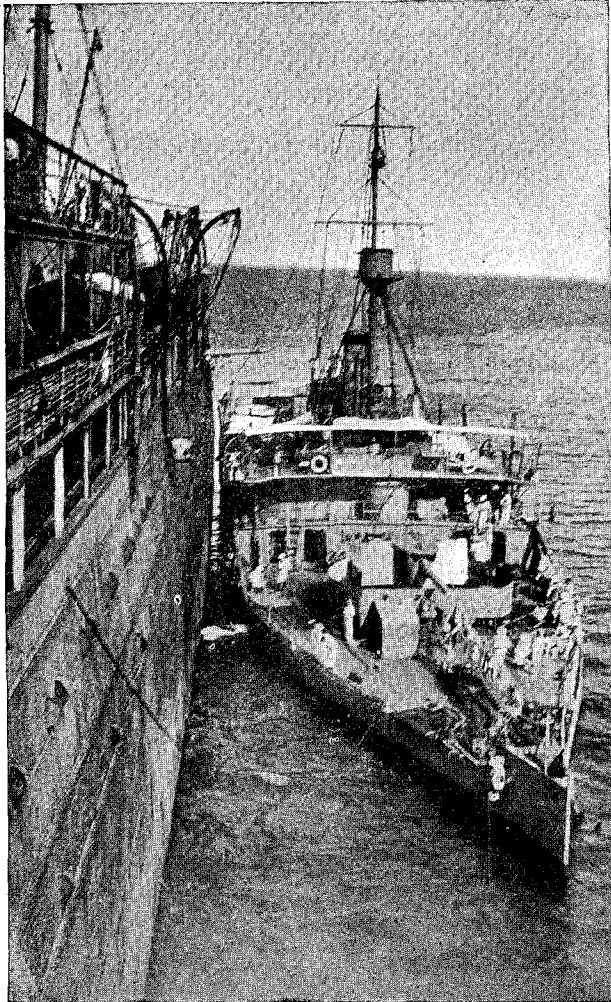
Following the excellent example of various other "Outlines" in different directions—"History," "Literature and Art," etc.—we now have one on furniture. This enormous task has been achieved by authorities in various countries under the general direction of Dr. Hermann Schmitz, and has an introduction by Mr. H. P. Shapland, editor of the *Cabinet Maker*. To have such a compre-



From *German Influence in the English Romantic Period*
By F. W. Stokoe
(Cambridge University Press).

SOME EFFECTS OF DIABLERIE.

Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.



From *Reminiscences of Transatlantic Travellers*

By Charles T. Spedding,
for many years purser of the "Aquitania"
(Fisher Unwin).

H.M.S. "MERSEY"
ALONGSIDE
"LACONIA" IN EAST
AFRICA DURING
THE WAR.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "DAYSPRING."

Being the Journal of the late SIR JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER, R.N., G.C.M.G., together with some account of the Expedition up the Niger River in 1857. By A. C. G. HASTINGS. With an Introduction by LADY GLOVER. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

REMINISCENCES OF TRANSATLANTIC TRAVELLERS.

By CHARLES T. SPEDDING (for many years purser of the *Aquitania*). Illustrated. 15s. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE SURGEON'S LOG.

By J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM, M.D. Fourteenth edition. Illustrated. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE ORIENT I FOUND.

By THOMAS J. McMAHON. Illustrated. 15s. (Duckworth.)

What man is happier than the arm-chair traveller? He pays no fares (unless his library subscription be looked upon as a ticket to view the world), no luggage burdens him nor does officiousness try his temper; indifferent to changes in language or customs as between one country and another, while seated in his arm-chair by his fireside he can roam at will the uttermost parts of the earth in the company of the adventurers. For him books of travel serve as binoculars through which he can survey distant scenes.

If he be of that stern breed which desires, in imagination at anyrate, to travel "with the smell of palm-oil and swamp mud ever in their nostrils," let him sign on as a member of the "Baikie" Expedition, which sailed in 1857 in a cockle-shell of seventy-seven tons burthen four thousand miles from England to the delta of the Niger in order to explore and survey that river. In his fellow-voyager on the *Dayspring*, Sir John Glover, he will find, as Mr. A. C. G. Hastings, the editor of Glover's Journal, truly says, "a real leader of men, full of resource and initiative, of magnificent physique and a good shot. He was enthusiastic about everything he undertook and was inspired by very fine ideals." His initiative and resource carried him through the arduous task of surveying seven hundred miles of the Niger from its mouth to Boussa; through the shipwreck of the *Dayspring* on the Ju-Ju rock of Ketsa; and through the infinitely delicate diplomatic mission of establishing friendly relations with the various tribes through whose territories the expedition passed. His enthusiasm gives to his Journal its lively interest. An enthusiasm that survived repeated attacks of fever, the bad conduct of members of the expedition, and the hardships of tropical travel in days when "they had no proper nets to keep out mosquitoes and the smaller sand-flies; they were ill-nourished by wretched ship-food—one can imagine what the salt beef, biscuits and weevily flour was like—and their chief preventive medicine was quinine." For society they had to depend on themselves and the native chiefs they visited. One of these dusky potentates, the King of Boussa, gave Glover an unpremeditated entertainment. The king inquired of his guest whether Queen Victoria danced. On being told that she did, he declared his intention of doing likewise, and so pleased did he become with his own prowess as a dancer that he brought the evening to a notable conclusion by telling Glover that "he was going to dance home, which he accordingly did." Mr. Hastings's knowledge of



From *The Surgeon's Log*

By J. Johnston Abraham
(Chapman & Hall).

COALING AT MOJI

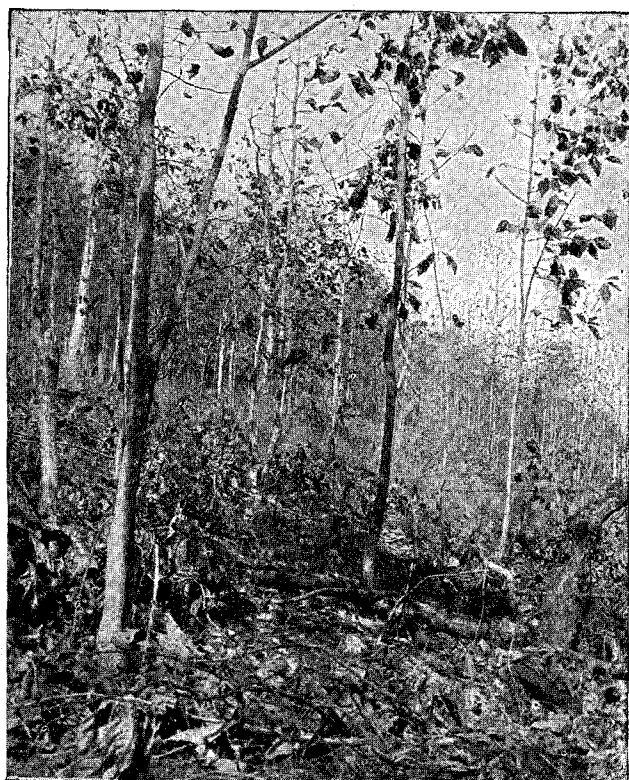
the country has rendered him, and thereby the reader, great service in his editorial work.

The arm-chair traveller may well feel this to be too strenuous a mode of travel. An arm-chair is an article of luxury, and often induces in its occupant a desire for luxurious travel. If he would travel *de luxe*, let him take his seat at the table of the shrewd yet kindly purser of that "hotel that is not motionless, with a view of endless sea from the windows, with no exits to the streets, where the bedrooms are tiny and the ceilings low, the service and the food rather good"—the s.s. *Aquitania*. Instead of African potentates he will have for company the world's famous and wealthiest inhabitants. Great statesmen, soldiers, sailors, commercial magnates and Napoleons of the



From The First World Flight
as related to Lowell Thomas
(Hutchinson).

FLYING LOW AND FAST OVER
THE RICE BOATS OF THE
IRAWADI DELTA ON THE WAY
TO AKYAB.



From The Forests of India
By E. P. Stebbing
(Bodley Head).

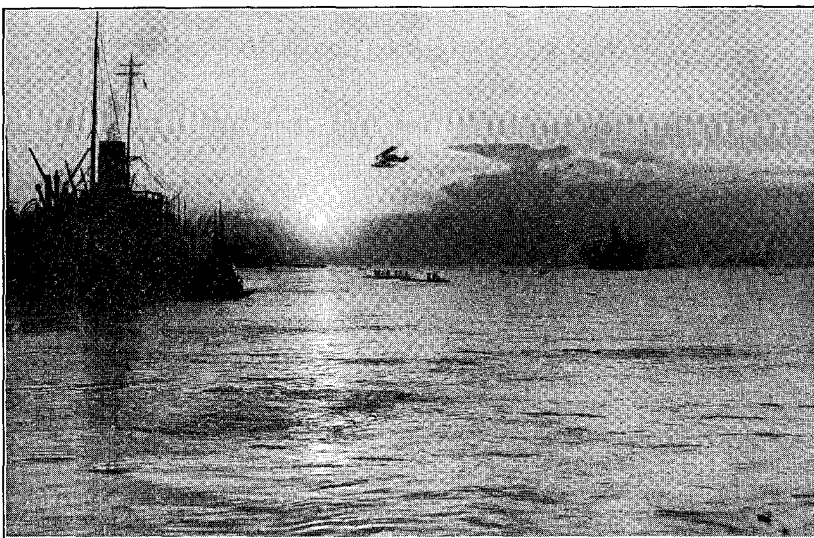
YOUNG TEAK
FOREST AFTER
THINNING.
Photo: R. T. Jenkin.

Press, actresses and actors and singers jostle elbows with one another in the innumerable stories of varying degrees of humour and interest with which Mr. Spedding has covered his pages. But Mr. Spedding was not always purser of the *Aquitania*, and in his earlier chapters he has much of interest to say about the Messina earthquake, Raisuli, the Archduke Ferdinand (whom he wrongly styles "Crown Prince"), and his own war service, which included being on the *Laconia* when she was torpedoed and sunk.

But perhaps the arm-chair traveller cares less for the grey and stormy waters of the Atlantic than for the sunlit seas of the East. If that be the case let him ship with an old friend of arm-chair travellers the world over—the Surgeon of "The Surgeon's Log." In his pleasant company, rendered all the

more pleasant by the excellent illustrations of this, the fourteenth edition of the "Log," he will voyage through Eastern seas to Japan, Macassar, Java and the Malay States, where contemplation of the gorgeous natural beauty of the tropics will bring forgetfulness of the grey and rainy skies of old England. If he be of a serious turn of mind let him rather choose Mr. McMahon for a travelling companion. Mr. McMahon is a traveller with a purpose—to see for himself the awakening process that is even now rousing the Orient from its habitual indolence and impassivity. A process that may well bring in its train consequences by no means welcome to the Western Powers with interests in China and Japan. Mr. McMahon wisely does not take his mission too seriously, nor allow it to blind him to the multi-coloured pageant of Eastern life unfolded before his eyes in China, Japan and the Philippines. Hence he has written a book that is at once informative and readable, and that will appeal with special cogency to his brother Australians, for the future of their country is inextricably bound up with that of the Far East.

For the arm-chair traveller there exists an interest in books of travel quite apart from that of imaginative travel itself—the interest of seeing how men react to circumstances. "In sport and journeys men are known," runs the proverb Mr. Spedding has placed as motto on his title



From The First World Flight
as related to Lowell Thomas
(Hutchinson).

SUNSET—ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1926

page. It is a true saying, though for evidence of its truth one must look farther afield than the luxurious smoke-room of the *Aquitania*. Witness to its truth is to be found in Mr. Spedding's dignified tribute to his lifelong friend and former fellow-apprentice, Sir Ernest Shackleton, and in the Journal of Sir John Glover. Even the arm-chair traveller can appreciate the heroism and endurance that enabled Shackleton to leave behind him an undying fame among explorers, and that aided Glover to lay the foundation-stones of modern Nigeria.

IAN F. D. MORROW.

THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT.

By LOWELL THOMAS.
24s. (Hutchinson.)

The time is not far distant when world flights will be mere commonplaces, and we shall be looking in a very actual sense for more worlds to conquer; but nothing that may happen can minimise the truly gallant enterprise which marks another step in the immortal story of human achievement. Mr. Lowell Thomas has been wise in allowing these intrepid American world-beaters ample latitude in the telling of their own stories, and these records, full of humour and modesty and cheerfulness under misadventure, emphasise the undaunted spirit that made success possible. The airmen, eight in number, started from Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, in March, 1924, and we follow them in a swift panorama of unforgettable pictures from California to Alaska, to India, the Far East and Europe. Our airmen are charmed by the artistic grace of the Japanese. "There were thousands of frail-looking Japanese women in their fancy kimonos and sashes, with their hair piled up on their heads so neatly. For variety and colour we had never seen anything like it. And their smiles! . . . The Japanese patted us on the back and kept on shouting, 'Banzai!'" The book is generously illustrated with ninety photographs and two maps; and there is an introduction by General Mason Patrick, Chief of the American Air Service, who earned his wings and became a full-fledged pilot at the age of sixty!

THAIS.

By ANATOLE FRANCE. A translation by ROBERT B. DOUGLAS, with illustrations and decorations by FRANK C. PAPÉ. 16s. (John Lane.)

Mr. Robert B. Douglas's translation of Anatole France's "Thaïs" has just been published, adorned with end-paper decorations and illustrations from the hand of Mr. Frank C. Papé. The artist has caught the spirit of the author's satire rather happily, and the result is seen in twelve very effective plates which in their depiction of supernatural beasts

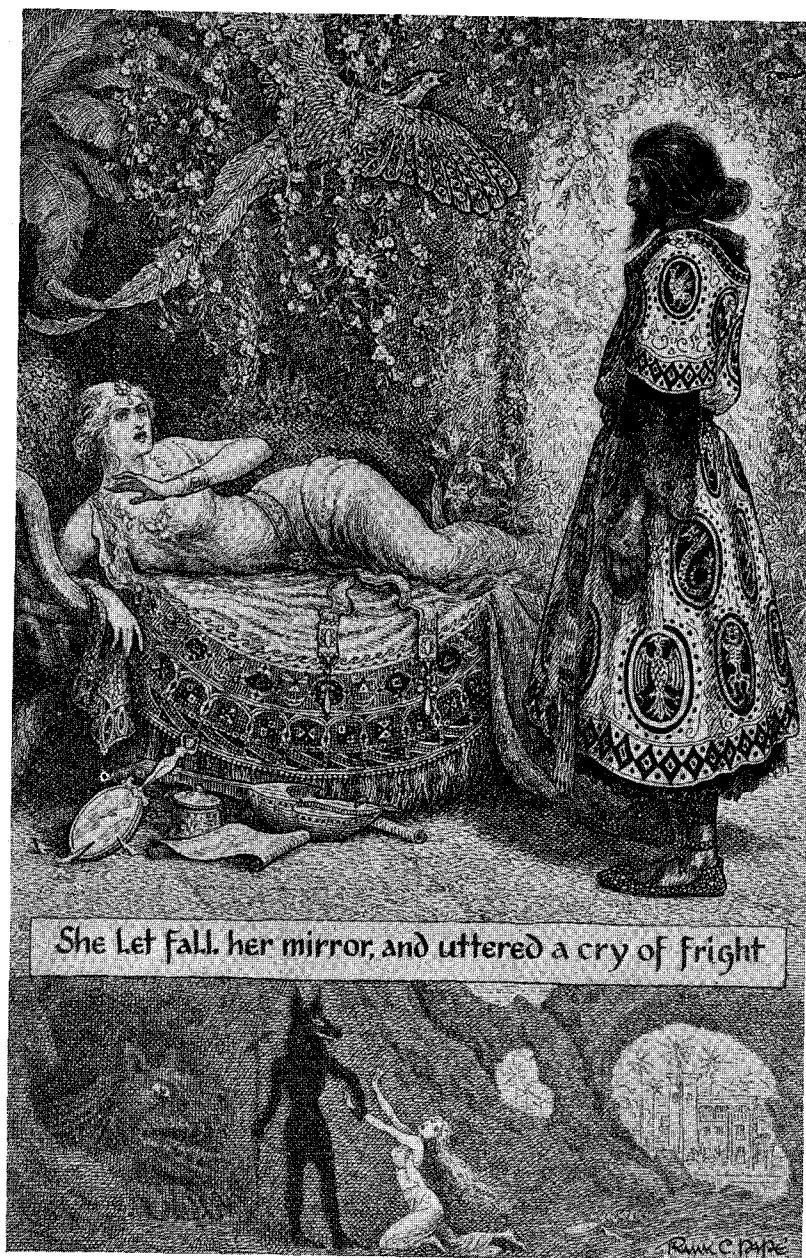
recall the engravings sometimes of Cruikshank, sometimes of Doré. The originals seem to be etchings, which are here reproduced by a very faithful facsimile process. To all lovers of a great French genius we can heartily recommend this very handsome book.

SHORT STORY WRITING AND FREE-LANCE JOURNALISM.

By SYDNEY A. MOSELEY.
7s. 6d. (Pitman.)

One of the things every editor knows is that far too many young writers take to writing without knowing how to write. Often moreover the young writer has never taken the trouble to look through the magazine to which he submits his work, and sends it a kind of article or story so outside the scope of its programme that the editor would not accept it even if its literary merit were beyond question. There are other ways in which the beginner puts obstacles in his own path, and deprives himself of the chance which he blames others for not giving him. Mr.

Sydney Moseley knows all about these and other errors of the aspirant and, having duly detailed them, he proceeds to explain fully and clearly, firstly how the free-lance journalist, secondly how the short-story writer should write his articles, paragraphs or stories, and how he should go about the business of selling them. Mr. Moseley teaches what he has learned in hard schools of personal experience. The young or mature beginner could not have a more competent and practical guide.



She let fall her mirror, and uttered a cry of fright

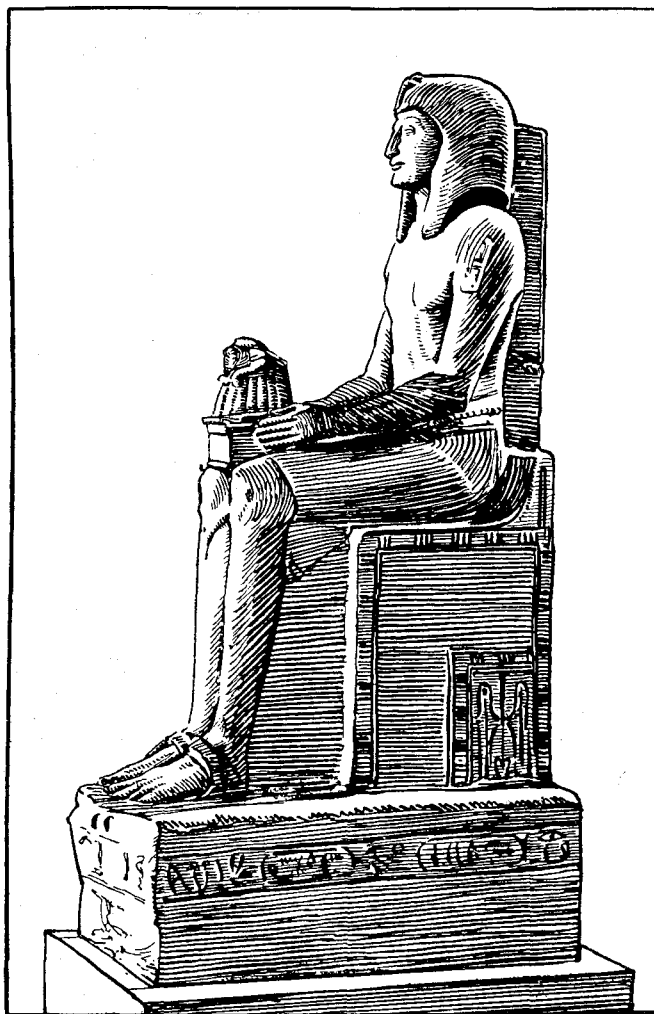
From *Thaïs*
By Anatole France
(Bodley Head).

"SHE LET FALL HER
MIRROR."

THE ADVENTURE OF MAN.

By F. C. HAPPOLD. 4s. 6d.
(Christophers.)

To compress even a "brief history of the world" within the compass of this handy-sized volume can have been no easy task, but Mr. Happold has accomplished it with conspicuous success. Beginning in prehistoric times, he summarises all that is known of the immeasurable years when the earth was still a burning but cooling mass with no life on it, tells what can be told of the first comings of life, of the strange fish and animals and birds that flit obscurely in the darkness of those twilight times, of the arrival of primitive man, and then of his slow progress through the ages, the struggle for existence, the rise and fall of kingdoms, the gradual spread of civilisation and knowledge the world over, down to the catastrophic throw-back of the late war and the possibilities of regeneration that are latent in the League of Nations. It is well and simply written, in a style that is at once terse, lucid and interesting. Numerous illustrations, maps and diagrams add to its attractiveness as well as to its educational value.



From *The Adventure of Man*
By F. C. Happold
(Christophers).

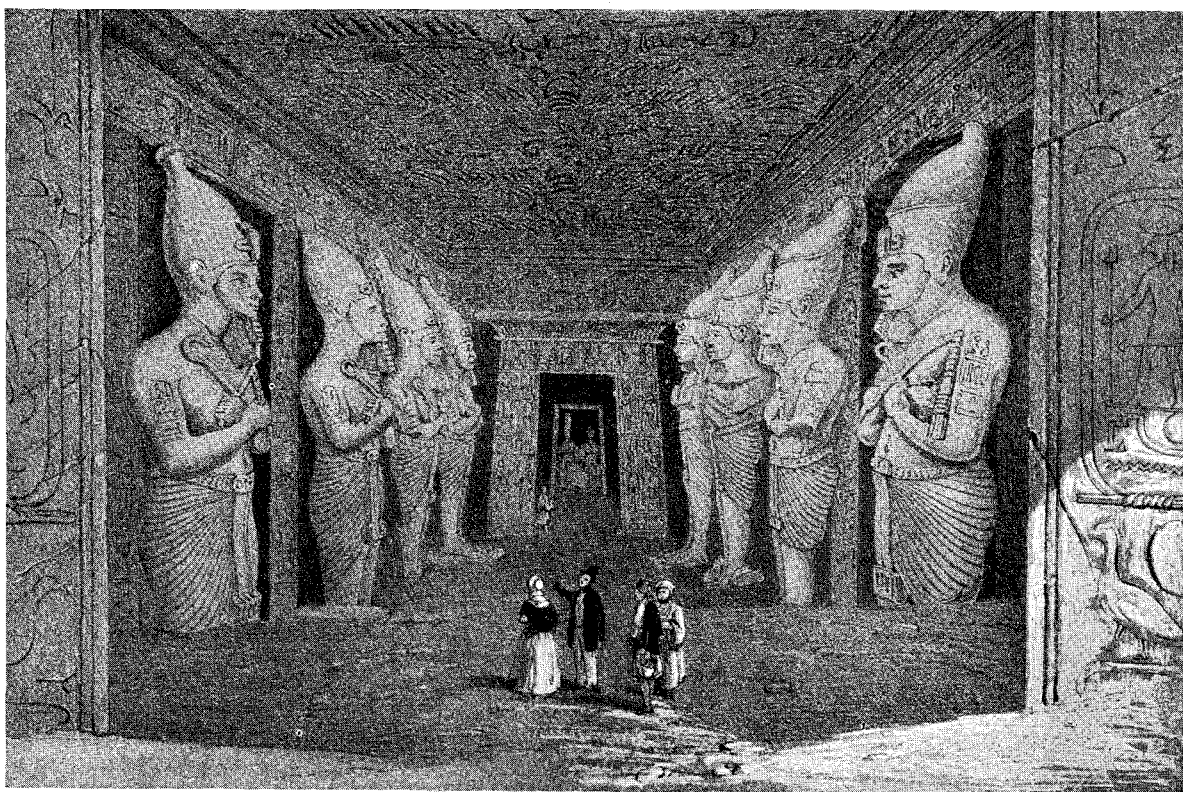
AN EGYPTIAN KING,
OF ABOUT 1260 B.C.
From a statue in the
British Museum.

career. What a wonderful time he had, moving here and there and meeting so many folk of distinction! Sir Evan

LIFE IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

By SIR EVAN MACONOCHE, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
18s. (Chapman & Hall.)

This book would be worth buying for the sake of its introduction alone. In it the distinguished author sets forth clearly, for the benefit of the new generation, the pros and cons of the career in the East. Will Englishmen continue to volunteer for the Indian Civil in these changed days? We are assured that in the secretariats to-day the relations of Englishmen with their Indian departmental chiefs are of the happiest. But "In these days of disillusion, our sons, like their sisters of the shingled head, are a shrewd folk with a keen sense of the realities of life. The least they ask of their elders is that we shall clear our minds of cant, and the mere statement that their King and country want them is likely, in their own phrase, to leave them cold. . . . Rather offer them the reasonable prospect of a full, useful and happy life, and trust to the deep-rooted hereditary instinct to do the rest." We have followed with much interest the account of Sir Evan's



From *Life in the Indian Civil Service*
By Sir Evan Maconochie, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
(Chapman & Hall).

DETAILS OF TOMB,
CHAMPANER



From *The Making of Rhodesia*
By Hugh Marshall Hole, C.M.G.
(Macmillan).

DUG-OUT CANOE
DESCENDING THE
MAMBOVE RAPIDS,
ZAMBESI RIVER.

is modest about himself, but there is the stamp of cool ability on all he writes. His descriptions of Curzon are sympathetic and first-hand; he greatly admired that ruler's character and courage. Incidentally, in speaking of the comfort his garden gave him during thirty years in the East, our author makes a sage remark: "Men or women either garden because they cannot help it, or they do not garden. I was lucky enough to belong to the former class."

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE.

By ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR. 7s. 6d. (Chambers.)

Those who become introduced to Skye through the pages of this book will not be long in registering a vow to see it with their own eyes and hear its music with their own ears. Others there are to whom it will bring back memories of many a happy if somewhat anxious tramp, many a soaking and many a hold-up either from mists or a friendly encounter. This remote, unspoiled gem of natural beauty has a most sympathetic interpreter in Mr. MacGregor, who leads us in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, Prince Charlie, etc., and regales us with many a story of the elfin folk, of disappearing pipers, of duels, battles and all manner of witch and legendary lore. All this is woven in between delightful word pictures of this enchanting spot. Forty charming photographs are also given as well as a very helpful glossary.



From *Over the Sea to Skye*
By Alasdair Alpin MacGregor
(Chambers).

BROADFORD BAY AND THE RED HILLS.

ANNALS OF THE MAGIC ISLE.

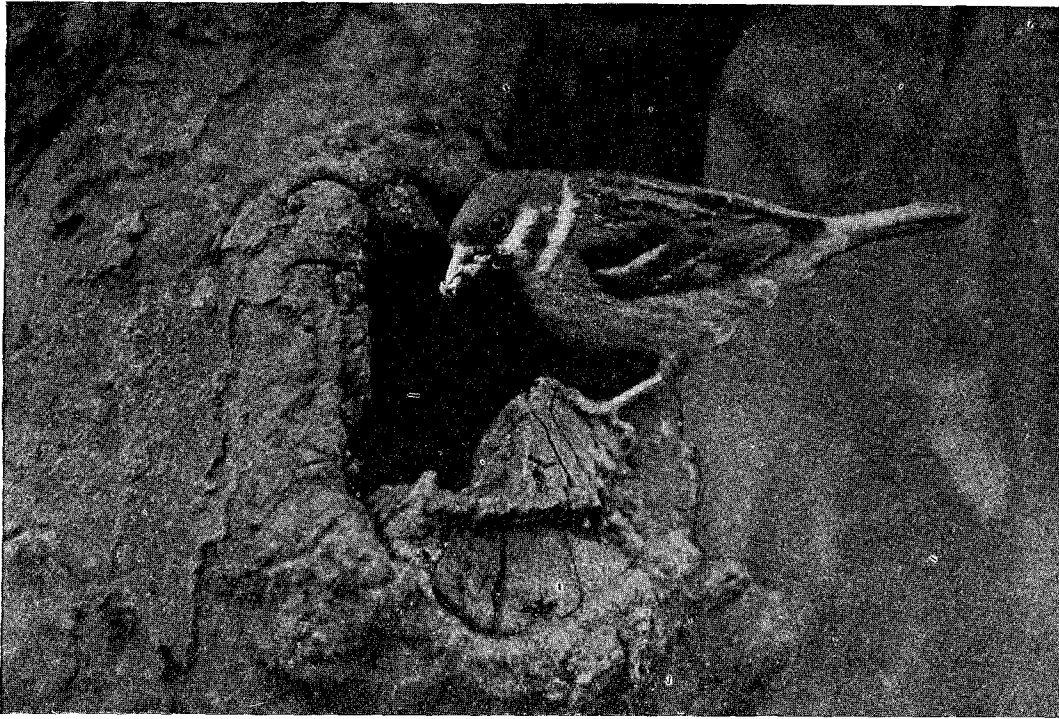
By W. RALPH HALL CAINE. 10s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

Mr. Hall Caine calls his book a collection of "Tales told in the twilight of our understanding in the Isle of the Blest, the Land of the Living who are Dead, the Realm of Sunshine and Splendour, of Wonder, Women, Love, Music and Warmth." He senses well the age-long fascination of an island, "even when it is fashioned by art and is all so much make-believe." With the utmost pains he has gathered in the mythology of the Isle of Man, and has brought it into order. Especially entertaining to many (and, by the way, unromantic folk should not open this book), is the chapter entitled, "The Coming of the Tail-less Cats." The Isle of Man is brimful of legends, and the pen of Mr. Hall Caine is the very one most suited to give them in all their colour, wistfulness and symbolic beauty.

TWELVE MADRIGALS.

Designed, cut and printed by DAVID GRAVES. 10s. 6d. (Pear Tree Press.)

"This book," as Mr. James Guthrie explains in an introduction, is "the 'prentice work of a young printer, and an adventure by a young artist who until some six months ago had done little except designs for paintings and posters in broad masses of colour." Mr. Graves has selected twelve delightful old madrigals, and illustrated them with a series of decorations and full-page woodcuts that are sensitively in keeping with the quaintness and old-world manner and atmosphere of the songs. One or two of the drawings are perhaps too bold and harsh in line to harmonise wholly with the light and pretty fancifulness of the verses, but for the most part they catch the bizarre grace as well as the right simplicity of an earlier day. Nothing could be more congruous or more charming than the drawings which illustrate "Love in my bosom like a bee," "She is not fair to outward view," "O ruddier than the cherry," "Have you seen but a bright lily grow," or "Now, Love, I've seen a youthful little beauty." This is a book that will delight those who are interested in the revived art of the woodcut and, like all the Pear Tree Press books, is printed and bound with good taste and good craftsmanship.



From *Exploring England*
By Charles S. Bayne
(Jarrolds).

TREE SPARROW.
Note the black spot on the white cheek and
compare with Common Sparrow.

her friend (she seems to have been accompanied throughout by another lady) penetrated to a great many parts which the ordinary tourist will never touch. They were for example enterprising enough to sail more than once on the huge rafts of wood that go down the Váh and other rivers. But all these adventures are, it must be admitted, described with more accuracy than romance. It is all to the good that there is no consciously "fine writing," though we may deplore the jog-trot method. The people met with are not revealed to us in

EXPLORING ENGLAND.

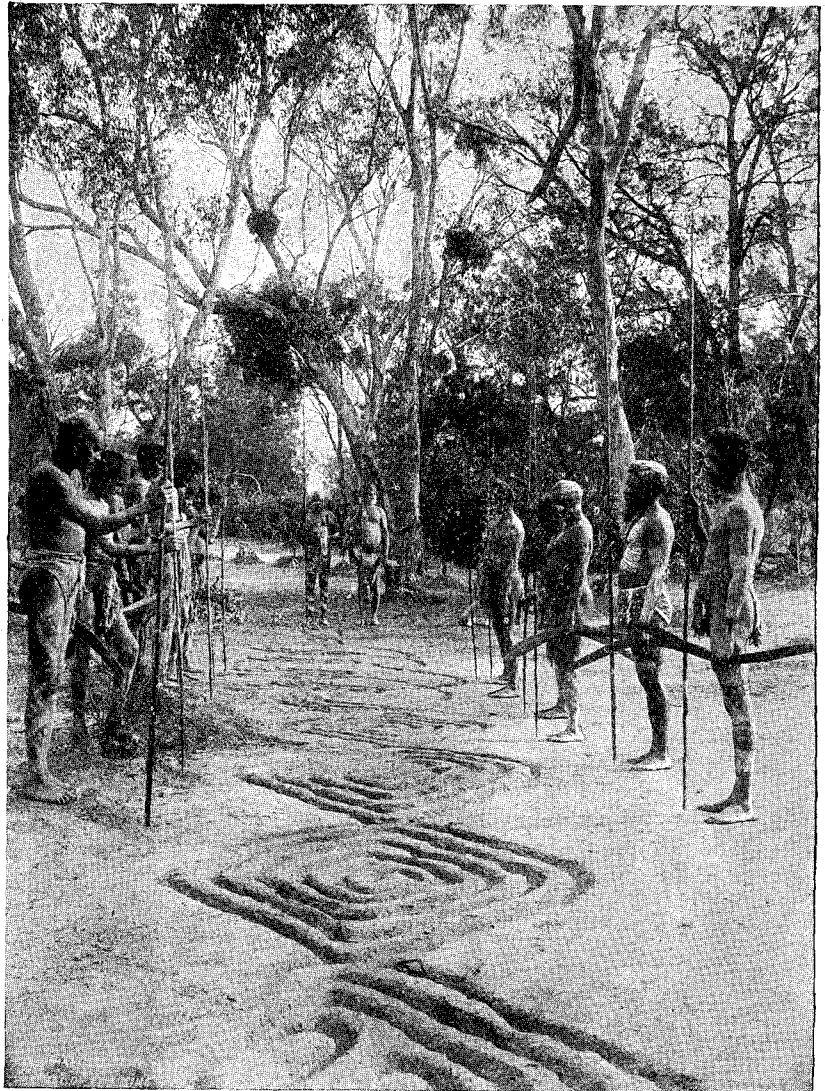
By CHARLES S. BAYNE. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

It is easy enough to notice and admire a sweeping landscape or a charming view, but how many pass unnoticed the thousand and one things of beauty and interest which lie all around. To appreciate Nature-Craft one must have seeing eyes and an alert interest, with both of which Mr. Bayne is very happily endowed, and—which is still more to our benefit—he is possessed of that rare gift which enables him to share his knowledge and enthusiasm with his readers. A country walk taken under his guidance is a much more enchanting affair than we realised before; every step of the way, whether it be a wood, common, field or on the coast, reveals something which calls for attention, and we find ourselves drinking in an amazing store of interesting facts. Everything which can come under the name of nature study is included in this delightful book—birds, flowers, trees, insects, etc. Mr. Bayne's knowledge is wide, and he knows how to present it in the most attractive manner. This book should be an impetus to many to cultivate this absorbing and worth-while pastime.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

By JESSIE MOTHERSOLE. 18s. (John Lane.)

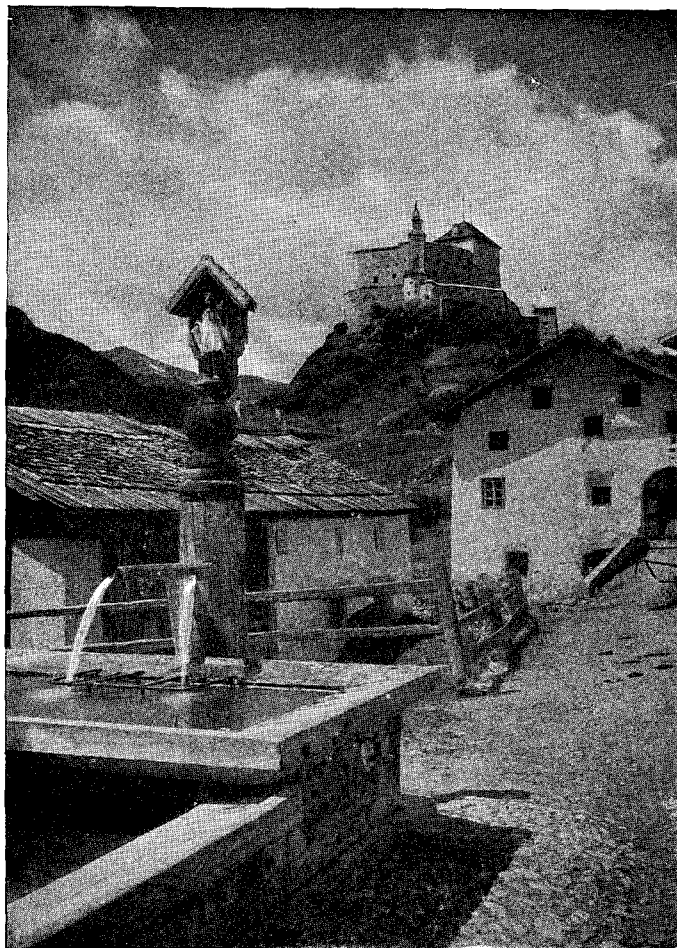
One of the best things in this book is the index. It is very full, the cross references are admirably done and the Czech names have their German or English equivalents added in parenthesis. A perusal of this index will give the intelligent reader a very fair idea of the history and present circumstances of the Republic. Perhaps it is unfortunate that the whole book is executed in this lavish manner, because it thereby has become rather too bulky as a travelling companion. It is presumably meant to appeal to those who have not yet visited Czechoslovakia; and such persons will be attracted thither. Miss Mothersole and



From *The Primitive Races of Mankind*
By Max Schmidt
(Harvap).

**AUSTRALIAN
RELIGIOUS CEREMONY**

From photograph in the Ethnological Museum
Berlin.



From *A Wayfarer in Switzerland*
By James F. Muirhead
(Methuen).

CASTLE OF TARAST.

unforgettable vignettes, and we feel that Miss Mothersole determined to tell us exactly what they were like and not as Borrow would have made them. No doubt there is something to be said for her system. But possibly the whole book was written round the numerous illustrations, in colour and in black-and-white. The coloured ones have been excellently printed in Czechoslovakia, and they well deserved it. Miss Mothersole is a highly competent painter. The flock of geese in the village street of Domažlice pleases us more than the various peasants dressed up in their national garb and posed, in her pictures, beside the town fountain or at the door of a house. They have too obviously arranged themselves at the artist's request; and generally in the illustrations there is a certain lack of atmosphere and poetry. It is as if the castles and landscape had obligingly come into Miss Mothersole's studio, there to be very capably reproduced. But evidently Miss Mothersole enjoyed herself, and those who plan a journey to Czechoslovakia after perusing her book have an enviable experience to look forward to.

A WAYFARER ON THE LOIRE.

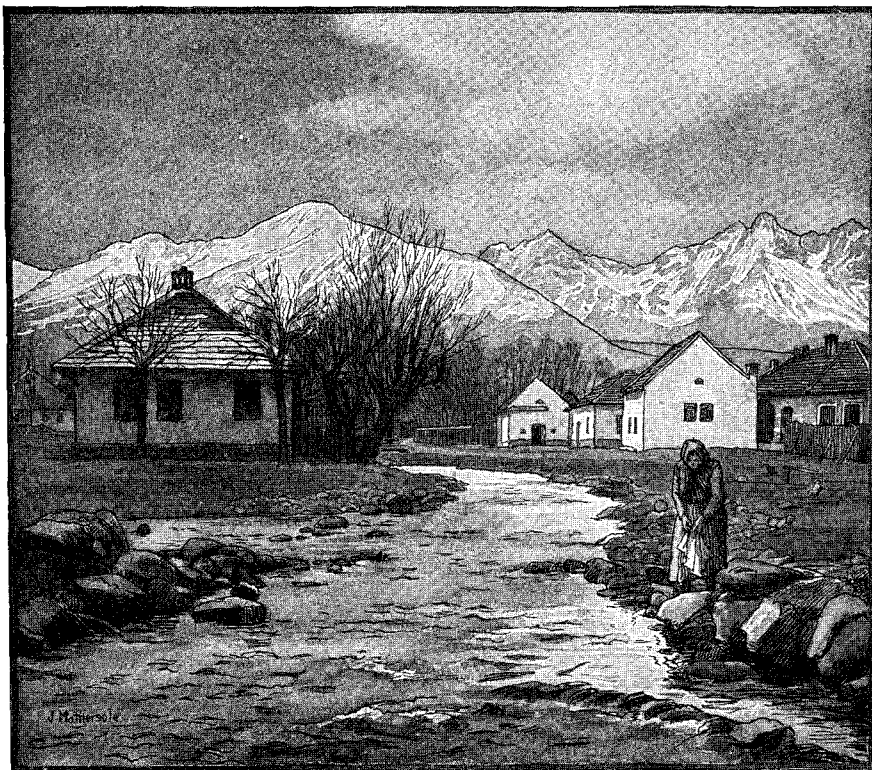
By E. I. ROBSON. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

A WAYFARER IN SWITZERLAND.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.
7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

A dark shadow or, to be strictly accurate, a clamorous noise haunted Mr.

Robson and Mr. Muirhead while gathering data for these descriptive books on the Loire and Switzerland. The former pauses, amid his raptures over the quaint delights of such old towns as Fontenay, to lament that everything is marred "by the ceaseless noise of the motors. The contents of the [market] stalls are no longer brought in little donkey-carts but in huge camions from Paris." Then while claiming that Switzerland withstood longer than most countries the tyranny of the motor-car, Mr. Muirhead has to admit that "of recent years that all-conquering juggernaut has swallowed up quite a large slice of this land of mountain and flood." He does however indicate two valleys—Amsteg and Lötschental—where the motor-engine is not a pervasive feature of the Swiss landscape. The curious thing is that Mr. Robson is at least candid enough to confess that on occasions at least he found the auto-car a necessary link in "working" the Loire. Perhaps Mr. Muirhead was also guilty of the same lack of consistency between his protests and his practice. However that may be, neither he nor Mr. Robson seems to have succumbed to the chief danger of motor transport—the danger that is of haste which is destructive of careful study of scenic and architectural beauties and historical associations. And Mr. Robson is practical as well as reminiscent. Thus Fontevault, "where all English people naturally go, if only to see the tomb of that brave but otherwise unsatisfactory king, Richard Cœur de Lion," is made the text for such a disquisition on Saumer wines as may be profitably recalled over a wine list in a London restaurant. Nor must Mr. Muirhead be denied his share of the practical, for his chapters on all kinds of sport in Switzerland are replete with excellent suggestions and advice, while his final words on the open-air treatment of tuberculosis hit the happy mean between extremes. Each volume is well illustrated, that on Switzerland from photographs, while thirteen typical "bits" of the Loire are depicted in sketches by J. R. E. Howard. The choice of medium is happy. The clear air and decisive forms of the Swiss mountains lend themselves admirably to the work of the lens and the sensitive plate; the pictorial qualities of old French towns and châteaux are best portrayed by the pen of the artist.



From *Czechoslovakia*

By Jessie Mothersole
(Bodley Head).

THE VILLAGE OF SLAVKOV



From Switzerland
(Ward, Lock).

A STREET IN ZUG.

SWITZERLAND.

Messrs. Ward, Lock's Tourist Handbooks. 5s.

A ninth edition of this book is undeniable proof of its popularity. Brought thoroughly up to date, it should be exceedingly useful to the hosts of people who are turning towards Switzerland, not only on pleasure bent, but on international and other important business. The name of Ward, Lock in connection with guide-books carries so much weight concerning their comprehensiveness that it is enough for us to add that all the information that can possibly be anticipated is here together with many delightful illustrations and useful maps. Compact and handy in size, this book should be in the suitcase or pocket of every visitor.

MONTMARTRE PAST AND PRESENT.

By JEAN ÉMILE-BAYARD.
Illustrated by M. Lucien
M. GAUTIER. Translated
by RALPH ANNINGSON and
TUDOR DAVIES. 15s.
(Fisher Unwin.)

To Frenchmen, and more particularly to Parisians,

M. Emile-Bayard's history of "Montmartre Past and Present" will probably make some appeal; for it seems to capture the historical, artistic and human atmosphere of the place fairly completely, and this at a time when, with the arrival of the jerrybuilder, the old quarter is being rapidly transformed out of existence. To Englishmen however this history, with its eternal mention of *grisettes*, *cocottes*, procurers and publicans, its canonisation of second-rate authors, artists and musicians, and its chronicle of half-baked jokes and satires, will seem a rather needless magnification of the childish, the trivial and the hectic. As revealed in this book the cult of Montmartre appears rather deliberately puerile. The manifestos, proclamations and processions which we hear so much about seem rather tedious fooling, more particularly as they were the work of men old enough to refrain from "playing the goat." The general idea gathered indeed is one of sham gaiety, distorted wit and falsetto humour. It is only fair to say however that less than half of the book comes from M. Émile-Bayard's own pen; most of these recollections of Montmartre have been contributed by other writers. They are not easy to take at a gulp; but they are amusing here and there and will be useful for reference.

OXFORD AND DISTRICT.

2s. (Ward, Lock.)

Amazing value and reliability are two excellent assets for a guide-book to possess, and in Messrs. Ward, Lock's productions we may pretty safely assume these. One can imagine the difficulties of putting into cold print the charm of this wonderful city of spires, towers, quadrangles, cloisters, groves, etc., situated in its altogether delightful surroundings. This charm is happily suggested both in the very numerous illustrations and the letterpress. Added to that is a very informing description of Oxford's many colleges and institutions, municipal and other buildings, its churches, customs, celebrations, etc., together with all the minor details which are so essential to a visitor and add so much to his enjoyment.



From Montmartre, Past and Present
By Jean Émile-Bayard
(Fisher Unwin).

LA RUE NORVINS.

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1926

OLIVER and NINA BALATKA.

By COLONEL T. WALTER HARDING. 3s. 6d. (Heffer.)

The first of these two plays is an historical one of the time of Charles the First. The hero is Oliver, the eldest son of Cromwell—a little known figure in history. The second play is founded on an anonymous tale that appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1866. Both plays have much interesting matter in them, but neither would be suitable for acting as they are not handled in a sufficiently dramatic manner, and the speeches of some of the characters are inordinately long; the soliloquies too should be ruthlessly cut out.

THE CHILDREN'S LIFE OF JESUS.

Arranged by ARTHUR MEE.
2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It would be difficult to express in words the debt of gratitude the children owe to Arthur Mee. Not only has he put into language which they can readily understand, many fascinating stories of brave men and never-to-be-forgotten events; he arranged for them a special and simplified version of the greatest book in the world, telling the whole story of the Bible in all its tenderness and beauty and wonderful significance, eliminating only what is unnecessary to the teaching or not within the comprehension of the child. Out of that book, which is enriched with many of the most famous biblical pictures by some of the greatest artists the world has ever known, the "Life of Jesus" has been taken and is now published by itself in this very attractive form. The story of those wonderful years is given as told by each of the Evangelists, and in addition there are pages telling "The Wonderful Things He Did" and "The Beautiful Things He Said." This is an ideal way for the children to first hear the wondrous story. They will more readily grasp its real beauty and magnetic charm when it is presented to them in this simple, straightforward manner. Quite a number of the famous pictures are also reproduced here. The little book will make a gift to be valued out of all proportion to its small cost.

PRYDEHURST.

By HAMMEL JOHNSON. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

"What would you do with the pearls if you did get them?" asks the fearsome old Grandmother Pryde of Mary Nancy, one of her four grandchildren. The Grannie has summoned her young relations, hitherto estranged from her, in order to decide which of the young folk she likes best. To that one will be left the famous heirloom. The four children have met at a railway station, to come together to be tested and examined. There is countrified

Frilly, haughty Geraldine, nice little Mary Nancy and a boy called Francis who has borrowed one of his cousin's frocks and is masquerading as a girl. You observe that it is all very brisk and exciting; the Americans undoubtedly do this sort of book better than our writers, being experts at describing the young person just approaching age and sense. Mary Nancy answers quite honestly that she'd sell the pearls if she was lucky enough to get them, in order to put her brother through college; country Frilly, when asked, merely "wants to go home to mammy"; Geraldine scornfully says she would wear them. "They are meant to be worn." We leave it to eager sixteen to find out the very happy ending of the problem.



From *Oliver and Nina Balatka*
By Col. T. Walter Harding
(Heffer).

"I TRUST THEE,
MY SON."

a fitting ending to this admirable story that his land should prove valuable and open the way to Monica's keenest desires.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART.

By PETER B. KYNE. 7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Added to the stirring romance one is always sure of from Peter B. Kyne, there is the charm of the setting which he knows so well how to portray. In this instance it is the Bogus Look-Out Station of the San Dimas National Forest. Situated in its lonely yet commanding position, it is the scene of mysterious, thrilling and often hairbreadth adventures, in which Monica Dale (who is the Look-Out) is supported, thwarted and supported again by the surrounding Rangers of various degrees of office. Vivid scenes of a forest fire from which "Bogus" escapes, though very narrowly, through heavy rain, give opportunity for many excellent qualities to show themselves. "Uncle" Charley Canfield, a veteran "heller" of a man, is a most refreshing character. It is

LILTS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

By NATALIE JOAN. 2s. 6d. (Harrap.)

This is a book of delightful and gay little verses about all sorts of things that young folk like to hear of. There are verses about the old balloon woman, and about little lost fairies, and spiders, and Jack Frost, and Miss Beetle who

"... kept a shoe shop
Inside a hollow oak,
Her customers were pixies
And other little folk;
So many shoes and slippers
She kept within her store,
There were tiny weeny boxes
From the ceiling to the floor!"

After reading the story of Miss Beetle one should turn to "The Evening Wind"—a charming poem, simply told and full of imagination.

MEMOIRS OF A CHILD.

By BASIL MACDONALD
HASTINGS. 8s. 6d.
(Philpot.)

This charming book is reminiscent of Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age," and will delight all lovers of those classics of childhood. But Mr. Hastings differs from Mr. Grahame in that he has not sought, with the aid of imagination, to produce so much a polished work of art as to set down the actual, unembellished record of his early years. He has much of Mr. Grahame's humour and sympathy, and if he lacks the whimsicality of true art, at least his story gains in interest by reason of its patent fidelity to fact. The narrative is the more delightful moreover because Mr. Hastings's childhood was an ordinary childhood, made up of just the kind of events and impressions which most of us experienced as youngsters. One among eleven brothers and sisters, the personalities and characters of whom are all sketched in vividly, he lived as a boy in a rambling house with a large garden in a London square, and he has nothing more remarkable to chronicle than the conventional ups and downs of life in the average big family. The pains and punishments of the class-room; the games and quarrellings in the garden; the horror of "visitors" and the mingled delight and suspense attached to the annual migration to the seaside: of these and similar memories is the book compounded. They are presented with perfect honesty, in the hope that they may please those readers "who have the courage to acknowledge that children are not angels." But with his



From Episodes in the History
of England
By Arthur J. Ireland
(Longmans).

THE LANDING OF THE ROMANS
IN BRITAIN.

honesty Mr. Hastings combines a humour and gusto that will rejuvenate all who take up his fascinating volume, with its fifty jolly drawings by Mr. G. L. Stampa, and its amusing index compiled by the author's daughter, aged twelve.

THE ISLAND OF ROMANCE.

By DAVID WHITELAW. 7s. 6d. (Holden.)

Audrey Farrant, secretary to one of the heads of the firm of Mordant & Son, general merchants and shippers, was a little tired of the dreary round of office life, but had no chance of escaping from it into anything or romance till she won eighty-seven pounds odd in the office sweepstake. Her annual fortnight's holiday was just due to her, but she wanted no conventional holiday and, taken in hand by strange circumstances, it was no conventional holiday that she had. She bought more romance and excitement and perilous adventure with that eighty pounds than you would have dreamt she could get for ten times the money. Her somewhat priggish fellow-clerk, Noel Dempster, to whom she was engaged, after trying to dissuade her, knowing the dangers of the quest on which she was going, got into the train at the last moment and went with her. She is after a lost treasure which has been bequeathed to her by its dispossessed owner; a revolution in a foreign country has left it in hands that are not likely to yield it up to her, and before she and Noel have found it and taken possession of it they have been through thrilling



From Sea-Girt Jungles
By C. L. Collenette
(Hutchinson).

IMPROVING THE ENTENTE,
NAPUKA.

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experiences with desperate and murderous ruffians, and risked their lives as recklessly as resolute gamblers risk a throw of the dice. A capital story, well written, with some good character drawing, and one no reader is likely to lay down half finished.

TORN VEILS.

By RACHEL SWETE
MACNAMARA. 7s. 6d.
(Hurst & Blackett.)

It is out of a strange tangle that Deb Malory extracts herself and follows the beckoning finger of romance and adventure in India. The tangle is caused by her father and mother being divorced and both marrying again. Considering these complications and the dual home life which fell to her lot it was small wonder that Deb fell a ready victim to the captivating personality of Ninty Capell, a handsome, finished and heartless society woman. The stage is realistically set, the rivalry between the regiments, Mrs. Mayne, the inevitable busybody and scandalmonger, the social life of the station are vividly etched in and pave the way for the climax in which Ninty's skeleton in the cupboard is revealed, and the veils are torn asunder. The characterisation is convincing though in several cases unattractive, and the author has managed to pilot through it all a very wholesome and pleasing romance.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.

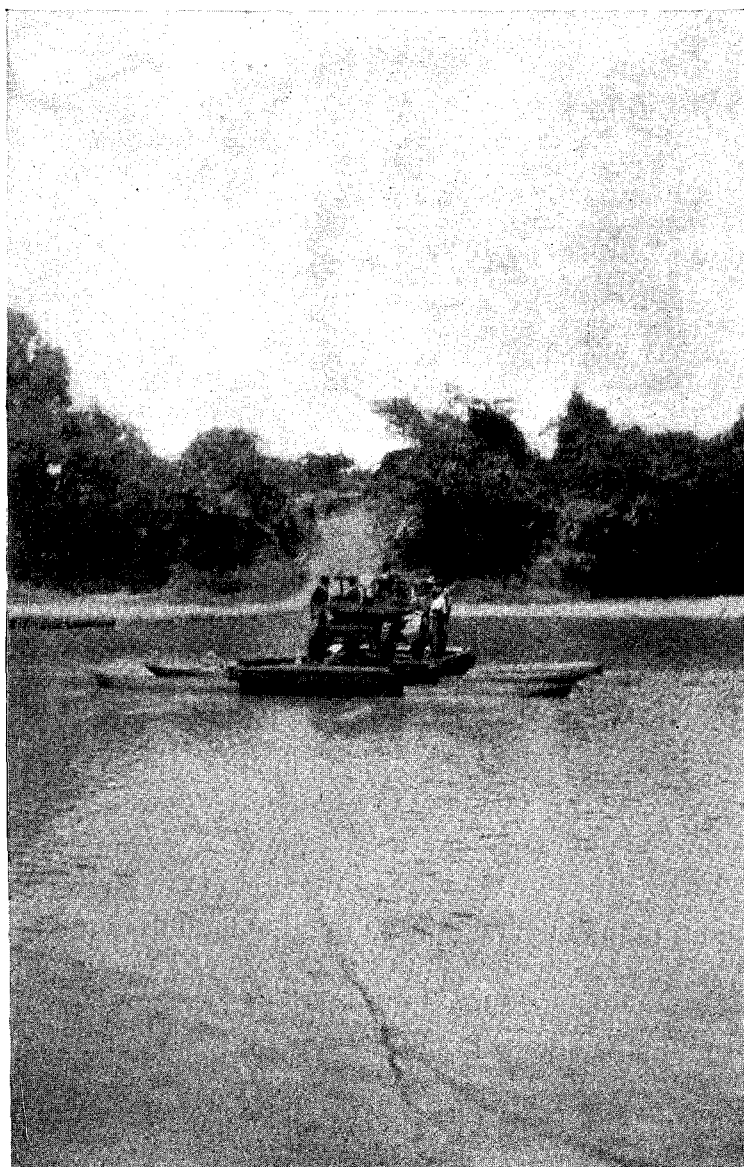
A Quest by BASIL
MATHEWS and some
stories by A. E.
SOUTHON and R. W.
ABERNETHY. 2s. 6d.
("Camp Fire" Lib-
rary: Hodder &
Stoughton.)

Physical work directors of the Y.M.C.A., responsible for developing both the ideal and the practice of physical fitness as a part of the four-square development of Christian



From The Orient I Found
By Thomas J. McMahon
(Duckworth).

A BRIDGE AT SOOCHOW.



From Letters from the Gold Coast
By H.H. Princess Marie Louise
(Methuen).

CROSSING THE VOLTA FROM THE
N.F. INTO ASHANTI AT BAMBOI, N.F.

manhood, are at work in many lands, teaching boys and men to play team games. Here is a capital story about them, a collection of stirring tales very suitable for telling round the camp fire. The spirit of playing the game is, we are told with enthusiasm, now at work all over the globe. Mr. Mathews writes his section with his usual charm and sense, in that attractive way that has made his work popular with boys everywhere. And "Barefoot Carfax," the story of a sporting Englishman who played, with bare feet, a game of football for a native side, is one of the best of a set of spirited and manly tales. This is the very book for "Sunday reading" to young folk.

THE MESSAGE OF F. W. ROBERTSON:

An Anthology from
his Works.

Arranged by the Rev.
F. G. Frost. 4s. 6d.
(Nisbet.)

"The compiler," remarks the Rev. R. J. Campbell in a friendly introduction, "is a comparatively young man. Years ago he first made acquaintance with Robertson's sermons on the recommendation of the present writer, and found them indeed to be the bread of life to him, as they have been, and still are, to millions more." How interesting it is to remember that Robertson published almost nothing in his lifetime but, thanks to the keenness of one of his woman hearers, his sermons were taken down in shorthand, which she specially learned for the purpose. These extracts are perhaps rather on the short side, and we should have liked more of them. Some are of deep significance, and we trust that this little purple-covered book will be the means of sending thousands of readers to the sermons themselves.

THINGS SEEN IN ROME.

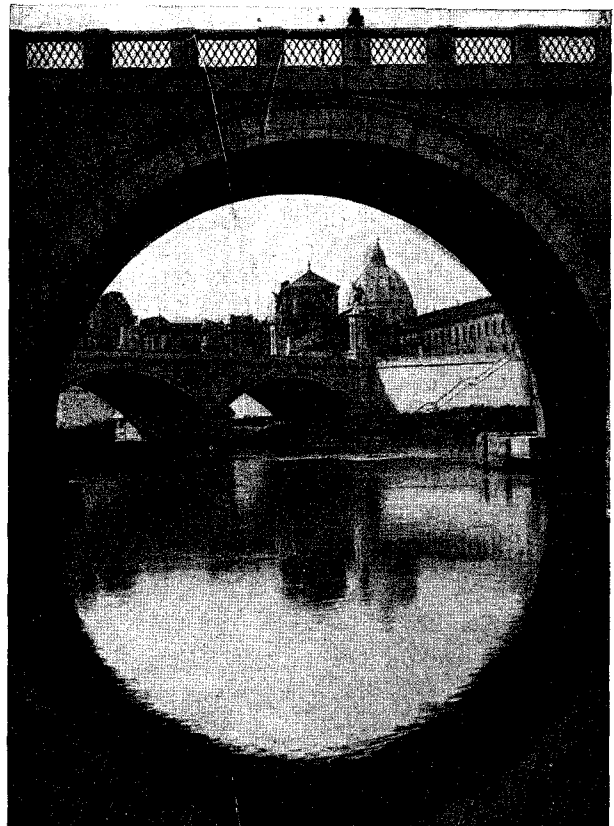
By ALBERT G. MACKINNON, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

It is with real pleasure we watch this library steadily growing. It has carried us on a magic carpet to many wonderful and delightful scenes, but to none more so than in this present addition, where the shadow of the past so vividly clings to and permeates the more modern outlook and mode of life. The colour of Rome, its charm, its everyday life, its art treasures and above all its strangely moving records in stone, are very realistically presented by Mr. Mackinnon. With the help of this slim little volume it is possible to lose oneself in the delight of piecing together the marvellous mosaic of the centuries. As we read time slips away from us and we are recreating the momentous and stirring happenings of long past days. Equally attractive to many will be the present day features and buildings, many of which are excellently reproduced in the numerous illustrations.



From Impressions : Nigeria, 1925
By Douglas Fraser
(Jenkins).

IN THE KLUFF DISTRICT.



From Things Seen in Rome
By Albert G. Mackinnon, M.A.
(Seeley, Service).

THE PONTE S. ANGELO.
(St. Peter's may be seen in the distance.)

but the sun works like blazes!" However that may be, there is no doubt that an Australian background with its vivid beauty helps this love story. And it is all love. Isma, the heroine, has a miserable time struggling between her genuine love for Lady Berriedale and Lord Berriedale's unholy passion for herself. There is no doubt that lovers of the school of Miss Ethel Dell rejoice in the situations which we find here—ardent lovers misunderstanding each other—for pages and pages. The book is sure to be popular, but it was, we think, an error to close with a death-bed scene.

THE IMMORTAL FLAME.

By MARIE BJELKE
PETERSEN. 7s. 6d.
(Hutchinson.)

"Rexie, I don't think Australia is nearly as nice as I thought it was going to be," says one of the ladies in Miss Petersen's drama. "My dear girl," is the answer, "how can you find fault with this charming place? The sky is always blue and the sun is always shining. Of course things are a little reversed here; at home it was the sun which shirked and did not know its business, but the servants were excellent. Here the servants are incapable,



From The Voyage of the "Dayspring"
By Sir John Hawley Glover
(Bodley Head).

BUBARI RAPIDS (WHERE MUNGO PARK DIED).

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1926

THE GAME'S THE THING.

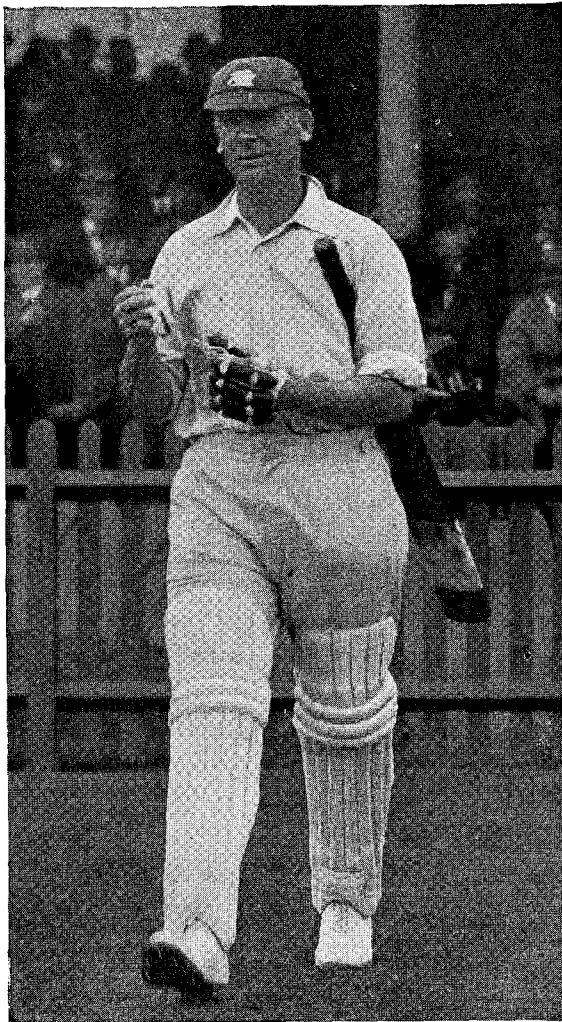
By M. A. NOBLE. With Introduction by LORD HARRIS, and 8 half-tone plates. 6s. (Cassells.)

BETWEEN THE WICKETS.

An Anthology of Cricket. Compiled by ERIC PARKER. 7s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

The literature of the game, once meagre and never particularly satisfying—cricket writers cannot all be Nyrens and Pyecrofts—has grown remarkably in recent years; and this autumn finds quite a cheerful heap of new books on the cricket-lover's table. Two of the best books that the present publishing season is likely to provide are "The Game's the Thing," by a great Australian cricketer, Mr. M. A. Noble, and Mr. Eric Parker's anthology. Mr. Noble not only knows his subject through and through; he writes well, and brings all his lifelong experience to bear on what he has to say about the game as it is played in his own country as well as in England. He speaks wisely on captaincy, batting, bowling, fielding, the different varieties of pitches, and temperament and character. He pays in addition a fine tribute to Victor Trumper, the greatest batsman who ever lived, and whose wonderful career was cut off by death before he reached the age of forty.

Mr. Parker's anthology is a sheer delight. Here is a selection, by a man of letters whose love of the game is its inspiration, from not merely the literary writings on cricket, but also from what one might call the practical workmen, so that Mary Russell Mitford, George Meredith, Nyren, Charles Dickens, Neville Cardus and James Pyecroft are to be discovered side by side with W. G. Grace, Richard Daft, Fred Gale and S. M. J. Woods. And there are poems by Andrew Lang, E. V. Lucas, Norman Gale and others. It is difficult to resist quotation from this delectable volume. Indeed one could quote for columns. What praise need be said after that?



From *The Game's the Thing*
By M. A. Noble
(Cassells.)

society of a pig and a pirate, and all sorts of attractive characters begin to come into the story, which will certainly be thoroughly relished in the nursery.

THE BISHOP'S BOOTS, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By WALTER A. MURSELL. 5s. (Gay & Hancock.)

Just why the Bishop's Boots were chosen to give the title to this book is not quite clear, save that it is perhaps one of the gems of the collection, though one of the shortest and tucked away very modestly in the middle. Certainly the picture of the Bishop, out at grass, off the chain, brushing away at his boots with diocesan vigour and spiritual ardour, is a refreshing one; so are the author's modest exploits during the war which this same vision brought to mind, and which leave the reader breathless. There is nothing pretentious about these essays, but they have a magical quality and carry the reader far away from the roar and traffic of the city. It is in fact in their honesty and refreshing banter that their great charm lies. They are the musings of one who is a keen lover of literature as well as of nature in all her aspects; one who delights to blend literary memories and associations with the interest of the moment. The subjects are many and varied, but they all have that airy charm which acts as a tonic after the day's labours.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By NESTA H. WEBSTER. (*New Edition corrected.*) 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

That the indiscriminate carnage of the Reign of Terror was part of a plan for the depopulation of France formulated by a band of fanatics, of whom Robespierre was the chief, is one of the theories which Mrs. Webster puts forward and supports with strong evidence. She refutes with vigour many impressions hitherto prevalent, particularly the idea that the Revolution as a whole was a spontaneous rising of the people against misery and oppression. The people are shown as the more or less unwilling tool of the intrigues of various factions, and the outrages which horrified civilisation are declared to have been perpetrated by a mob of hired assassins sent out with definite instructions to pillage and destroy with every barbarity their inflamed minds could conceive. A parallel is drawn between this "great experiment in democracy" and the outbreak of Bolshevism in Russia; both were "the logical consequence of attempting to establish by force a system of equality not demanded by the nation," and in both the outward manifestations were those of annihilation and bloodshed. The book is written with a vividness of description and an accuracy of research that must win the admiration of all students of history.

THE GRAND BUFFALO.

An Adventure for Big and Little Children.

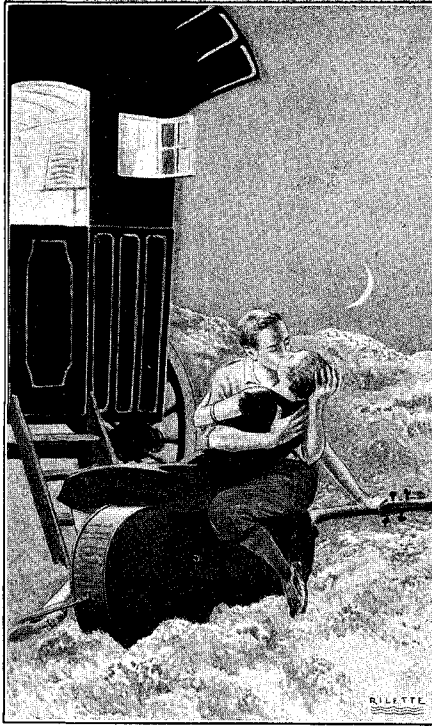
By WILLIAM GARRETT. 6s. (Jarrolds.)

A great effort has obviously been made here to produce a first-class book for children. Miss Mary Stella Edwards is responsible for many bold black-and-white illustrations, and contributes a really charming colour jacket. The binding is an excellent shade of orange, and the print everything that is good. In a playful preface the author states that "every big and little boy and girl, whose head is screwed on the right way, and whose heart is in the right place, knows that nonsense is the very realest thing in life." There is a little boy called Billy, with a cross governess called Miss Jenkinson, who always put soap in Billy's eyes when she washed him. Billy is of course longing for adventure, and is delighted to find a strange little old man with magic powers in his bedroom. The "Gnuke" spirits Billy away in a fairy motor-car. Very soon he is in the

UP NORTH.

By JOHN H. VAHEY. 7s. 6d.
(Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Vahey plunges into romance at once. He presents Captain Braid sailing to England from Buenos Ayres. It was to be his last journey as skipper. He had become heir to a large estate in Scotland, and was to take up the position of country laird. A fine athlete was Baird, and a straightforward, kindly sailor man. They ran into a bad storm. The sea leaped over the bulwarks of the ship and raced down the decks, waist-deep, foaming and yeasty. And it was then that Baird and his crew caught sight of a vessel in distress. "She was, or had been, a full-rigged barque, but the foremast was gone above the cross-trees, and the top-hamper swung perilously above the deck." There is a most dramatic account of the rescuing of the people aboard the ship. "A woman on a cargo steamer is a find, a cynosure, something to be wondered at or grumbled at," and one of the passengers rescued by Baird was a Spanish lady, who was afterwards to become the one love of his life. Baird was very good to her and to her father, and had them up to Scotland, where the plot began to thicken. A good adventure tale; fresh and readable and soundly built.



From *The Silver Lullaby*
By Ida Lascelles
(Stanley Paul).

WRAPPER
DESIGN.

compelling central situation. "Yesterday's Harvest" has all the qualities of its popular predecessors. The central situation shows Blair Maitland unable to clear himself of a terrible burden of dishonour without wrecking the happiness of the girl he loves by injuring the father she worships. The clue to the main theme of the story is given in the opening prologue, in which a Miss Granton meanly allows a man friend to be arrested for the theft of pearls which she herself had abstracted from her employer's dressing-table in a foolish fit of petulance. How Miss Granton and her unfortunate man friend entangle themselves in the love story of Elizabeth Frayne cannot be disclosed without spoiling the dramatic effect of an excellently contrived novel.

THE GLORY OF EGYPT.

By L. MORESBY. 7s. 6d. (Nelson.)

A brief but decidedly thrilling story, told with a swift vivacity and an invariable felicity of phrase that single it out from its fellows. We have a young Englishman with golden hair, wealthy and influential, setting forth on a mysterious expedition with his friend Soames, to find in the mountains round Tibet a strange city full of gold, "where is the Splendour of Egypt." All sorts of extraordinary events take place by the way. Magic pictures are shadowed forth, picturing a wonderful Eastern princess (as if the hero is not half engaged already to a petulant English girl!), also showing two men wrestling in bitter wrath at the edge of a precipice. In this vision both the hero, Ross, and Soames recognise each other. It is of course evident that Mr. Moresby has caught a good deal

YESTERDAY'S HARVEST.

By MARGARET PEDLER. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One turns to Margaret Pedler for an absorbing love story and something more—an original dramatic plot with a



From *Little Mrs. Manington*
By Cecil Roberts
(Hodder & Stoughton).

WRAPPER DESIGN.



From *Yesterday's Harvest*
By Margaret Pedler
(Hodder & Stoughton).

WRAPPER DESIGN

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of the Rider Haggard atmosphere, and consciously or unconsciously owes much to this master. Still his story is a fine one, which we can strongly recommend. There is not a superfluous word.

EPIGRAMS AND APHORISMS.

By FRANK GRAY. 2s. (Cecil Palmer.)

If we are to accept Mr. Frank Gray's confession that he never *felt* good till he became a Liberal, this book is a vital testimony to the enormous disparity that exists between fact and feeling, for there is a decided bias in the direction of naughtiness in the telling of much that Mr.



From *The Desert Thoroughbred*
By Jackson Gregory
(Hodder & Sloughton).

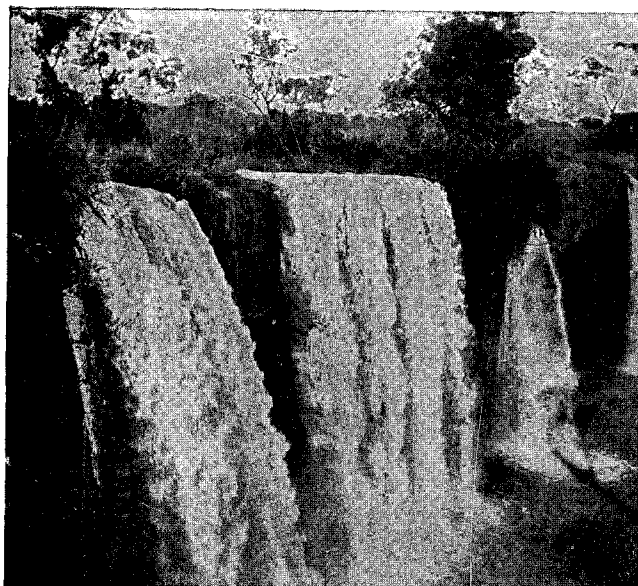
WRAPPER DESIGN.

Gray has to write about politicians and the rest of us. There is however still political hope for one who assures us that he would "as soon spit on the floor of a palace as go to the Carlton Club without gloves." This is a piquant little volume, full of dash and sparkle. It does not spare the scattered remnant of that once great Party which has made Mr. Gray feel so good. After all it is much more amusing to lampoon one's friends than one's enemies. Our friends may get annoyed; our enemies seldom do. Mr. Gray writes like a man in the wilderness, but he writes like a man in the wilderness who thoroughly enjoys being there. In putting aside this engaging little book, we are tempted by Mr. Gray's example to add an epigram of our own—no one can be so enthusiastically contemptuous of politics as an enthusiastic politician.

IN HIMALAYAN TIBET.

By A. REEVE HEBER and KATHLEEN M. HEBER.
21s. (Seeley, Service.)

In the capacity of doctors Mr. and Mrs. Heber had perhaps some of the best opportunities for getting into intimate touch with the people among whom they lived for twelve years. Medical treatment is a key which opens many otherwise



From *Impressions: Nigeria, 1925*
By Douglas Fraser
(Herbert Jenkins).

NEAR THE KLUFF.

locked doors and by its means we are able to know a great deal more of this topsy-turvy land. We may smile at first at many of the strange incongruities that prevail, but a little reflection will often show that there is something to be said for the reversal, as for instance in the case of the houses where the higher you go the better and more important the rooms, while the roof is the most used place of all. The modes of reckoning the calendar are stranger still and very complicated; to an inquiry about age, here is a likely answer, "Having been born in the sheep year of the water period, he must be three dozen and six years old." Many interesting photographs added to descriptions of the daily life of the people, their spectacular ceremonies, beliefs, industries, professions, etc., make an enlightening and thoroughly attractive book.

A DOG BOOK.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 4s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Tynan has enjoyed, we feel, putting down this record of her dog-friends, and all who admire her work—particularly if they are animal-lovers—will delight in the stories she tells of the dogs she has known and loved. Many of these stories give intimate glimpses into her home life, both in Ireland and England, and the sympathy she has with her canine companions, her understanding of their methods of reasoning, make them real and living personalities. The book is an uncommon one and contains photographs of some of her dogs, by way of illustration.



From *In Himalayan Tibet*
By A. Reeve Heber and Kathleen M. Heber
(Seeley, Service).

BALTI COOLIES.

A WAYFARER IN PROVENCE.

By E. I. ROBSON.
7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

We may think we know this land of sun and colour, but the more we read of it the more securely do its tendrils fasten round us and hold our allegiance. A great feature is its accessibility for the British visitor, and in this connection a very helpful chapter has been added by the editor of the *Auto-Car* giving particulars of all the formalities to be gone through if one is touring the country in his own car. Though this is far removed from a guide-book it is an excellent companion during a visit, bristling with good counsel and information and at the same time opening up this country's vast storehouse of historical and legendary romance. Visiting Provence is not a matter of doing so many miles to the day; it is a case of giving up oneself to the mood or spell of the moment, and getting into intimate touch with all that it unfolds practically every step of the way. In order to accomplish this no better guide could be desired than Mr. Robson, who has a wide knowledge of the country and a very happy gift of conveying it to his readers. His enthusiasm has been shared by Mr. J. R. E. Howard, whose numerous drawings reflect the glamour and charm of the country. When you go to Provence take this book with you.



From *In Himalayan Tibet*
By A. Reeve Heber and Kathleen
M. Heber
(Seeley, Service).

A LADAKI WEDDING GROUP.

FIFTY YEARS OF SPORT.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL
E. D. MILLER, C.B.E.,
D.S.O. 218. (Hurst
& Blackett.)

A record that will delight the hearts of all lovers of sport. Colonel Miller has let himself gossip in the most delightful and informal manner, and has written quite a long book, punctuated with stories. Here is one of Kitchener: "Lord Kitchener always wore a plain khaki jacket [in the South African War], and no badges of rank or medal ribbons, and so was sometimes not even recognised as an officer. He was riding into Pretoria in front of his staff when he met a most dejected-looking, dead-beat infantryman,

a straggler, left far behind by his column. He asked him who he was and what he belonged to, and received the startling reply: 'I belong to the 23rd Royal Welch Fed-Ups. What do you belong to?'" Colonel Miller has much to say of the early days of polo and many memories of polo players. He himself heard the King of the Belgians say to Winston Churchill after polo, referring to Churchill's work at Antwerp: "I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Churchill. I have often wished to be able to thank you personally for having saved my country." A cheery, informative book, which will certainly not be forgotten. Colonel Miller has played polo for thirty-eight years. But he confesses that his grand pleasure has been hunting, and you would guess that from reading his book.



From *Fifty Years of Sport*
By Lt.-Col. E. D. Miller, C.B.E., D.S.O.
(Hurst & Blackett).

ELEPHANTS BATHING IN NEPAL.



From *An Arcadian Calendar*
By Marcus Woodward
(Geoffrey Bles).

JANUARY

MALAY LAND: TANNAH MALAYU.

By R. J. H. SYDNEY. 15s. (Palmer.)

Some phases in life in modern British Malaya are here described, with many photographs by the author and a coloured wrapper design by a Chinese artist. A most refreshing book to the seeker after up-to-date information. Mr. Sydney is a born journalist; and for the host of people who desire to be able to picture Eastern existence as it really is, this is the volume, for the writer has a real *flair* for telling us little things that matter; and warns the fleeting tourist that he is not to imagine that the Englishmen he will see lazily sipping cool drinks through straws in Malayan restaurants make up the normal populace of Britishers. *They work very hard!* It is interesting to hear of the proposed Hill Station and school for English children. The chapters on "How Europeans Live" and

"A Day on my Veranda" are full of valuable facts. "Features of Chinese Life" are also explained. . . . "You must suppose that it is just nightfall, and that in the distance you see the dim glow of many lanterns. . . ." We congratulate the author on a particularly intelligent story, and commend the book to all who mean to visit Malaya. A small edition would be useful for travellers.

THE SHOEING OF JERRY-GO-NIMBLE.

By DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE. 7s. 6d. (John Laae.)

Told in the Yorkshire dialect, "Jerry-Go-Nimble" is an arresting book of poems. Each poem is a cameo. Miss Ratcliffe's love of the Yorkshire dales is evident, as also is her understanding of the folk who live in them. She sings of shepherds and gipsies, of Yorkshire farms and sheep, and moors, and horses and dogs—simple, everyday subjects, and makes of each a thing of interest and beauty. The book is illustrated with twenty delightful pen and ink drawings by Fred Lawson.

A WAYFARER IN SWEDEN.

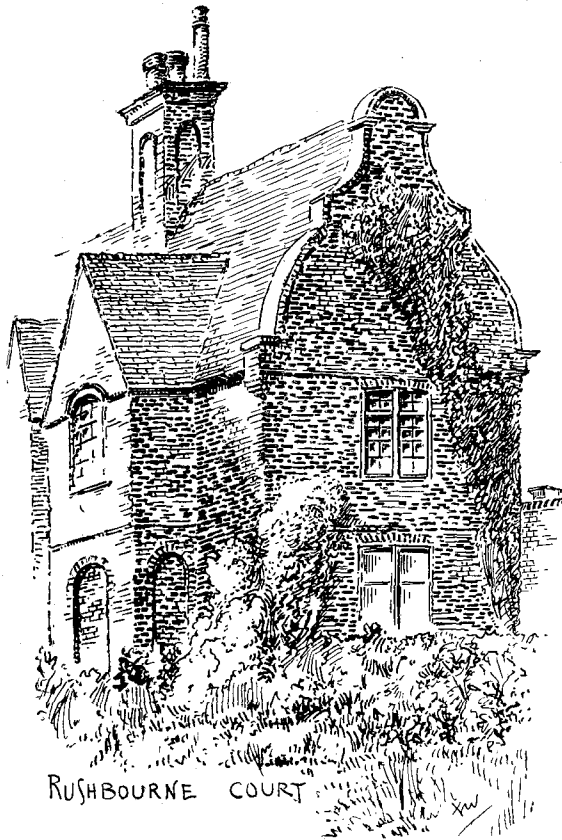
By FREDERIC WHYTE. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Sweden—mainly the author thinks owing to "amicable rivalry in the Olympic Games"—has received in England during the last few decades a steadily increasing amount of attention. But it is a country which is still too little known to us either by direct experience or through the medium of travel literature. Mr. Whyte is not only an authoritative, but an enthusiastic and very pleasant guide, and his book should do much not merely to emphasise Sweden's attractions as a holiday ground, but to give the reader a truer sense of that country's history, achievement and importance in the commonwealth of civilisation. As a holiday resort Sweden is *par excellence* the place for yachtsmen and fishermen, to whom Mr. Whyte tenders much practical advice from his own large experience. But the sportsman in Mr. Whyte has not been allowed to crush the artist and the scholar; and this well-illustrated volume, while offering attractive reading to the fireside traveller, should prove the ideal all-round companion for anyone contemplating an actual tour to Sweden.



From *The Shoeing of Jerry-Go-Nimble*
By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe
(Bodley Head).

"T'NEET 'ULL BE DREE AN' BITTERLY COLD."
(T'owd Sheep Farmer.)



From *A Saunter through Kent*
with Pen and Pencil
By Charles Igglesden
(*Kentish Express Pub-
lishing Company*).

RUSHBOURNE
COURT.

A VILLAGE ON THE THAMES.

By SIR RICKMAN J. GODLEE, Bart. 7s. 6d.
(Allen & Unwin.)

These essays dealing with Whitchurch, Oxfordshire, from its geological, historical, ornithological and entomological points of view, were written for the benefit of the author's immediate friends and included in the Parish Magazine with no thought of a further public. After repeated requests however they have been issued in book form and enriched by a Foreword by Mrs. Godlee, and a very appreciative Memorial Sketch by Sir George Newman, K.C.B. Sir George has succeeded, in a very few pages, in conveying to the reader an intimate conception of an all too rare character, who "did things and with fewness of words, turned his profession into service." Such an influence as he exerted cannot fail to live long after him, and it was a happy decision that brought his work into more permanent form.

A SAUNTER THROUGH KENT WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

By CHARLES IGGLESDEN. Vols. xviii and xix.
3s. 6d. each. (*Kentish Express Publishing Company*.)

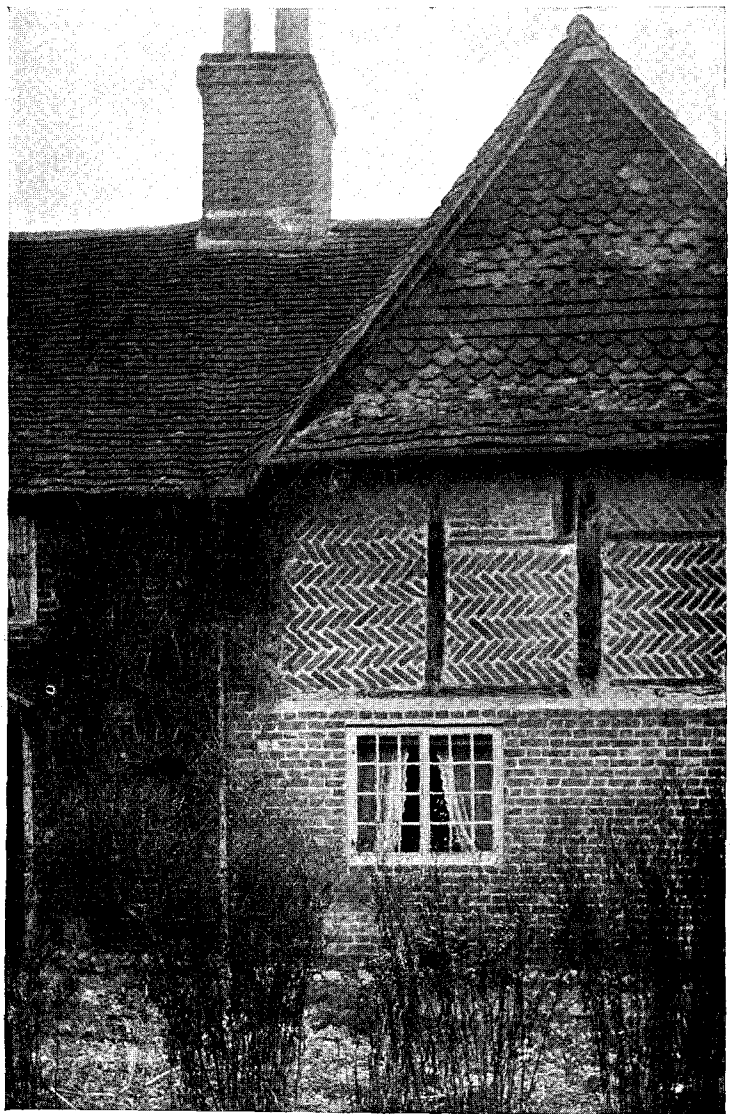
In these two volumes Mr. Igglesden continues work which has an admirable aim in view. This aim, as many know, is to retain in permanent form the beauties of Kent which are threatened by the inroads of the coal and iron industry. Many of these delightful old-world villages now nestling so peacefully in their undisturbed retreats are doomed to re-echo to the clamour and thud of machinery in a few years. That Mr. Igglesden has gone forth with his pen and pencil in a most thorough and systematic way will be seen by the number of volumes already produced, and still there is a prospect of more. More than that, he reveals the sympathy and keenness which such a task

demands, and these are no less evident in the word-pictures of the far-off days than in the delightful sketches with which a number of the pages are adorned. Particularly fascinating are the visions of the past that Sandwich conjures up, and these are rightly given a generous canvas. Easry too has its own particular claim to our interest in its one-time palace of the Kings of Kent. There is material in abundance and Mr. Igglesden makes excellent use of it.

AT THE GREEN DRAGON.

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

"This difficult world is full of joy and trouble," is one of the few philosophic asides that Mr. Farjeon allows himself in his breathless mystery staged at the Green Dragon Inn. Joy and trouble make a specially intoxicating mixture, and Mr. Farjeon knows better than most writers how to shake them into an appetising cocktail. A runaway honeymoon couple heap their car in a ditch, laming the bridegroom, and are forced to take refuge in the doubtful hospitality of a sinister wayside inn. They are followed there by a facetious tramp named Alf, who gives the subsequent proceedings that hilarious cockney light-heartedness which by now should be called "the Farjeon touch." A Chinaman and a collection of not too villainous crooks stir up a mess of trouble for these stranded love-birds, but their joy in each other is so great that even Mr. Farjeon's skill in weaving a blood-curdling mystery round them fails to damp their enthusiasm for each other and life generally. The many thousands of readers and playgoers



From *A Village on the Thames*
By Sir Rickman J. Godlee, Bart.
(Allen & Unwin).

COTTAGE WITH HERRING-BONE
BRICKWORK. WHITCHURCH.

THE BOOKMAN
AUTUMN 1926

who have read and seen "No. 17" will find something equally enthralling in the present delightful volume, which is another "joyous melodrama."

THE
OFFICE.

By NATHAN ASCH. 7s. 6d. (Holden.)

Mr. Asch's brilliant novel goes deeper than nakedness—it strips to the bone. In the opening chapters we are

PRISON MEMOIRS
OF AN
ANARCHIST.

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN. 10s. 6d. (Daniel.)

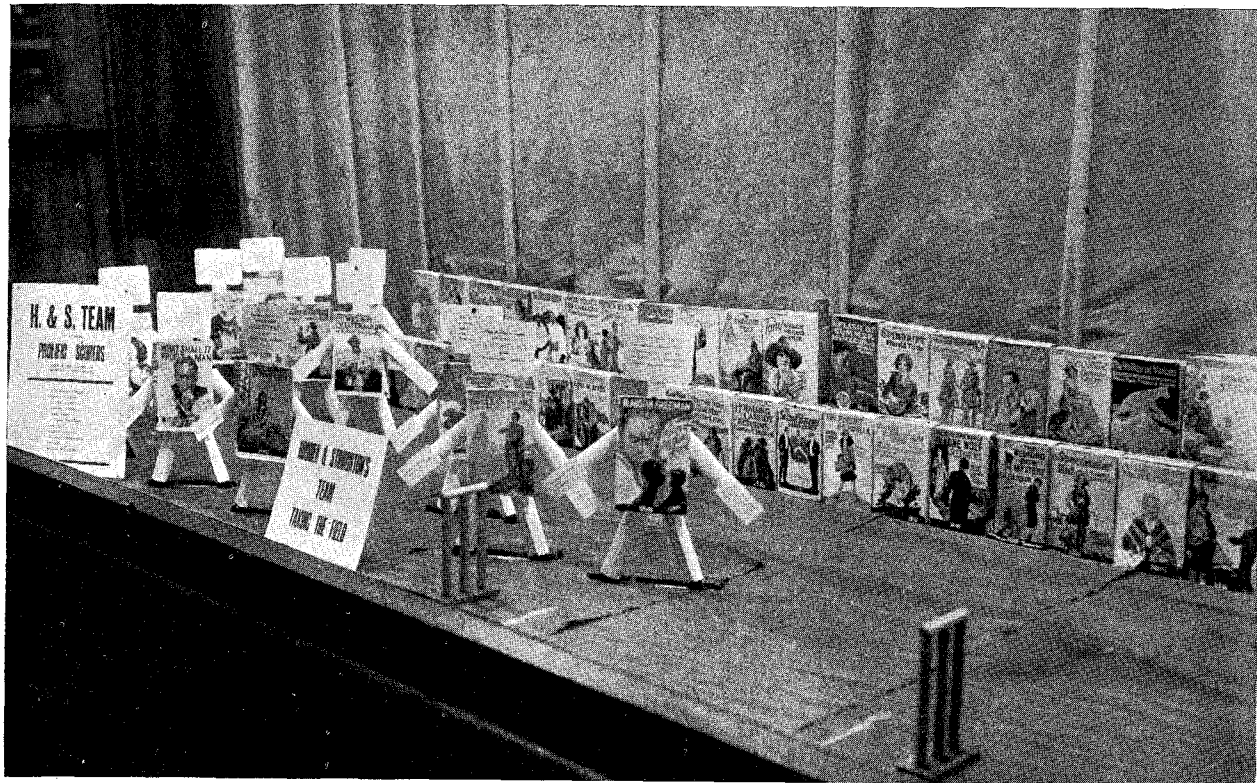
A more telling indictment against the prison system than Alexander Berkman's faithful and heart-rending chronicle of his own experiences has never been set before the public. Sentenced in 1892 to twenty-two years' imprisonment in an American jail for an attempt to kill



in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Window-Dressing Competition, awarded to Messrs. Eason & Sons, Ltd., 40-41, Lower O'Connell Street, Dublin.

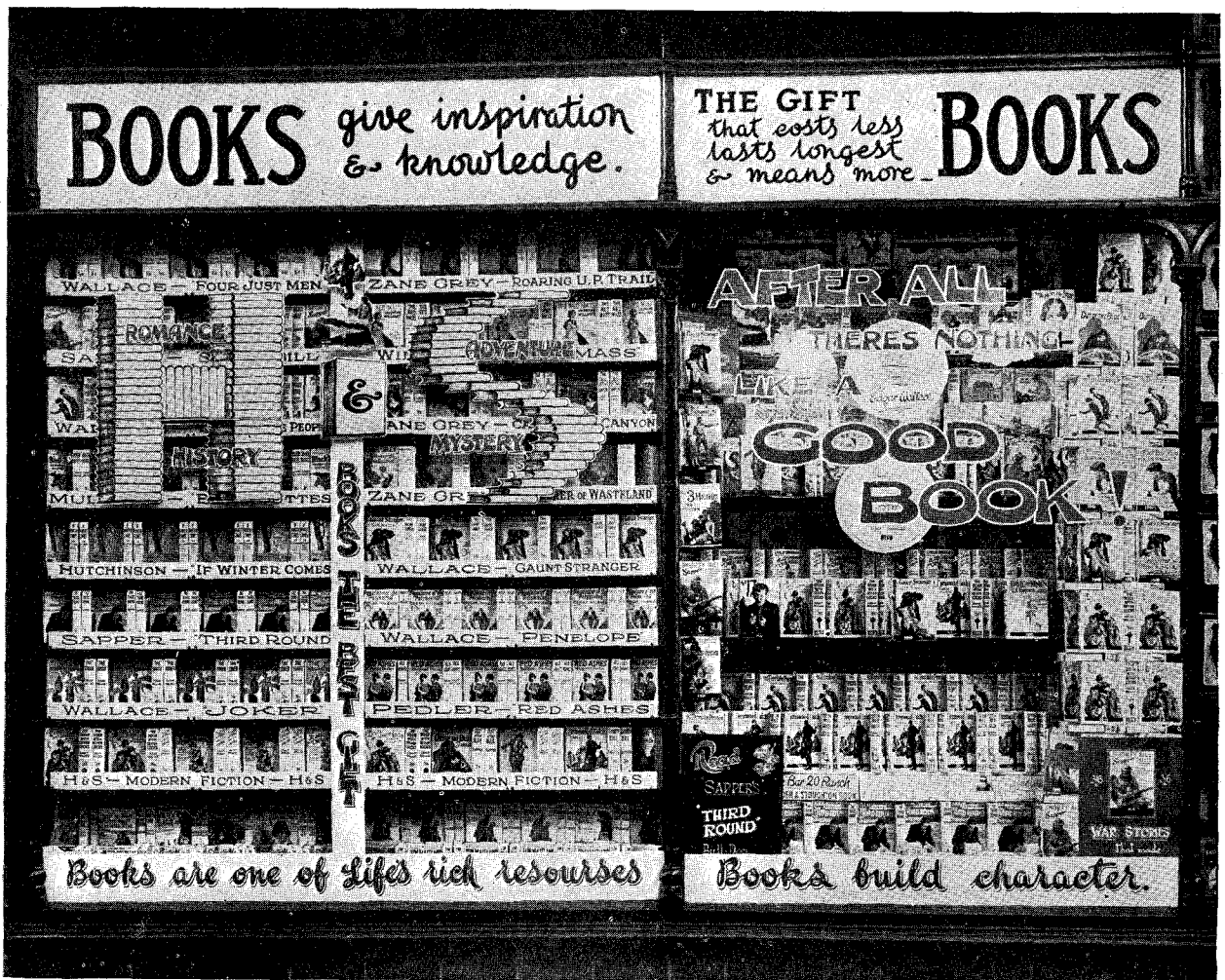
shown the normal activities of an office in Wall Street, and in a few words, as forceful and forging as hammer blows, are given a vital impression of the Most Important Street in the World, where the everlasting chase after the almighty dollar is the only thing that matters. Then one day the office fails, and with cold surgical analysis Mr. Asch lays bare the inner lives of those who have been affected by the failure. It is not so much what these people do as what they think which concerns Mr. Asch, and again and again the reader is surprised into recognising something which is identical with his own introspective experience. Yes, he will admit, life is like that—just like that. But why is life like that? It is not for Mr. Asch to answer this question. Life simply is. His insight into human intention is brilliant and hard like a diamond, and such studies as those of Gertrude Donovan and Harry Widener, in this fine book, have all the definite and determinate force of an O. Henry, and something else—a plus—which is Mr. Asch's individual property.

Henry Clay Frick, the Pittsburgh ironmaster (in connection with the strike of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers), Berkman, a fervent idealist, describes with an almost painful vividness prison life from the inside—the crushed and shattered lives with which he comes in contact, his own endeavours to improve conditions which were literally unbearable. Even those who do not agree with his sentiments as an anarchist will admit that any social system, depending on such tyranny and suffering as prison life imposes, must be intrinsically wrong. You may oppose Berkman's theories, but you will be struck by his sincerity, his high-mindedness, his literary and dramatic style of narrative which presents in such detail the degraded and unhappy souls around him, and his own feelings of despair and revolt and transitory hope. The book was originally published in America in 1912, and recently a new edition has been issued over there. It is now published in England for the first time, with an introduction by Edward Carpenter.



in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Window-Dressing Competition, awarded to Thomas Leach Ltd.,
2 & 4, Bath Street, Abingdon, Berks.
(See page 22.)

SECOND PRIZE
(20 GUINEAS)



in Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's Window-Dressing Competition, awarded to J. Gulliford and Sons
St. Mary Street, Cardiff.
(See page 22.)

THIRD PRIZE
(10 GUINEAS)

THE BOOKMAN AUTUMN 1926

THE MOUNTAIN OF GLASS.

By ALBERTA VICKRIDGE. 3s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

"Romantic poetry has its relation to life, but it is reality sifted through a web of moonshine. This then has been my own aim in making this book . . . to sift reality through a web that shall leave it maybe some hint, some film of glamour on the words and verses," writes Miss Alberta Vickridge in the preface to her new book of poems. And she carries out that aim with marked success in this tastefully produced volume. She has a graceful lyrical gift, and her verses are touched with emotion as well as with fancy. Miss Vickridge's work has strength and beauty, and to those who are tired of the realist school of poetry it will come as a refreshing change.

THE ENCIRCLED SERPENT.

By M. OLDFIELD
HOWEY.
With illustrations.
25s. net. (Rider.)

The "most widespread, comprehensive and marvellous symbol ever conceived by the human race" finds in Mr. Howey a serious and devoted historian. The serpent, at sight of which so many people still shudder, whose subtlety closed the gates of Eden to our first parents, is not always a symbol of evil; it represents at times Eternity, at times the Deity, at times Royalty, in a circle, or with wings, or on the head of Egyptian kings and queens. In all countries traces of the symbolism are to be found. It has appeared in temple decoration, in ornament, in song, poem and legend. In this beautifully illustrated volume we learn of the wisdom and influence of the serpent in all his forms, and his power for good or ill. An immense amount of labour (and we venture to think pleasure) must have gone to the making of this thorough record. It is a monument of wide and thoughtful reading, and tireless and careful research.

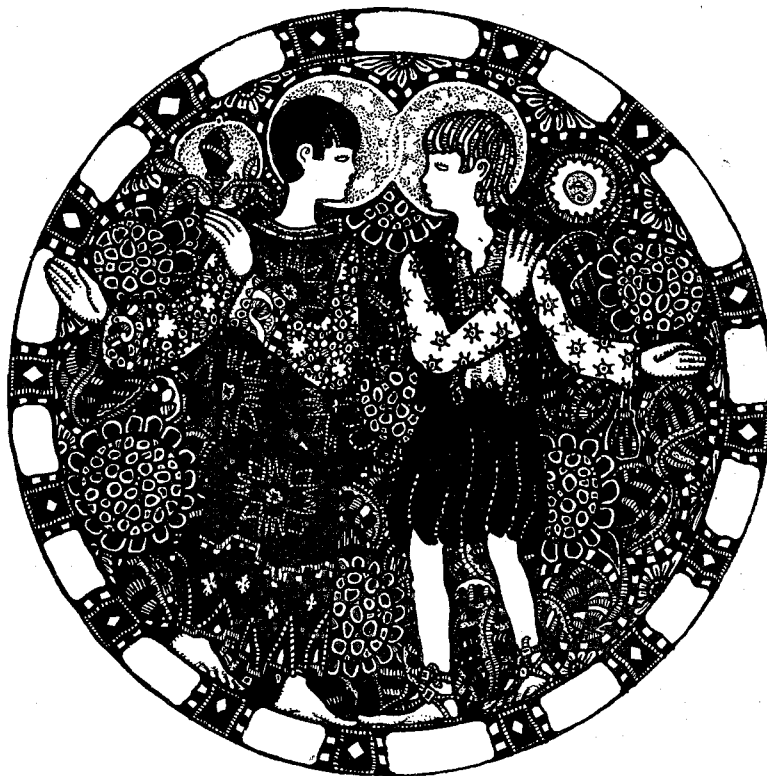
THE SAILING-SHIP.

By ROMOLA and R. C. ANDERSON.
10s. 6d. (Harrap.)

It was a happy idea to write a history of the sailing ship, and Romola and R. C. Anderson have contrived to crowd a great deal of fascinating information into their two hundred pages. Theirs is a book which the layman will

treasure and the specialist will scorn not. The story goes back 6,000 years, ancient Egypt providing the first examples. Concerning these almost prehistoric vessels little information can be gleaned, but there is enough to establish the essential similarity of the earliest and the latest sailing-ships. The authors take us through all the chief periods of sailing-ship history—ancient Phoenicia and Rome; Northern ships before the Romans; Southern ships in the Middle Ages; the full-rigged ships of the fifteenth

to the seventeenth centuries, and finally the sailing-ships of our own times, many of which are fitted with auxiliary motors and therefore have no claim to be regarded as the genuine article. The score of plates and the one hundred and thirty-four line drawings which the book contains provide evidence of the beauty of the sailing vessel in all ages, a beauty with which the steam-driven ships of our own time can hardly compete.



From *The Mountain of Glass*
By Alberta Vickridge
(Swan Press and Allen & Unwin.)

DECORATION.

THE CULTURE OF ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME.

By F. POLAND E.
REISINGER and
R. WAGNER.
Translated by JOHN
HENRY FREESE.
21s. (Harrap.)

In a book of three hundred pages it would be difficult to write of so vast a subject with anything like completeness. The Greek and Roman language, literature, philosophy and science, religion, art, private life, armies and constitution are all dealt with in this comprehensive little treatise; and our thanks must go to the authors concerned that they have contrived to make their book as interesting as it is. No small measure of that interest is due to the really splendid collection of illustrations with which the pages are so liberally spattered; and something is also due of course to the intrinsic interest of the subject; yet it still remains a creditable performance that can, whilst having the full weight of scholarly authority behind it, be palatable reading for the uninitiated. There are countless books intended to serve as introductions to this fascinating study, but we have never seen one so stimulating as this nor so wisely compiled; such a chapter as that dealing with the private life of the Greeks and Romans cannot but whet the appetite of the reader for more intimate information—which a useful appendix will guide him into finding. The beautiful illustrations alone would make the book well worth while.

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